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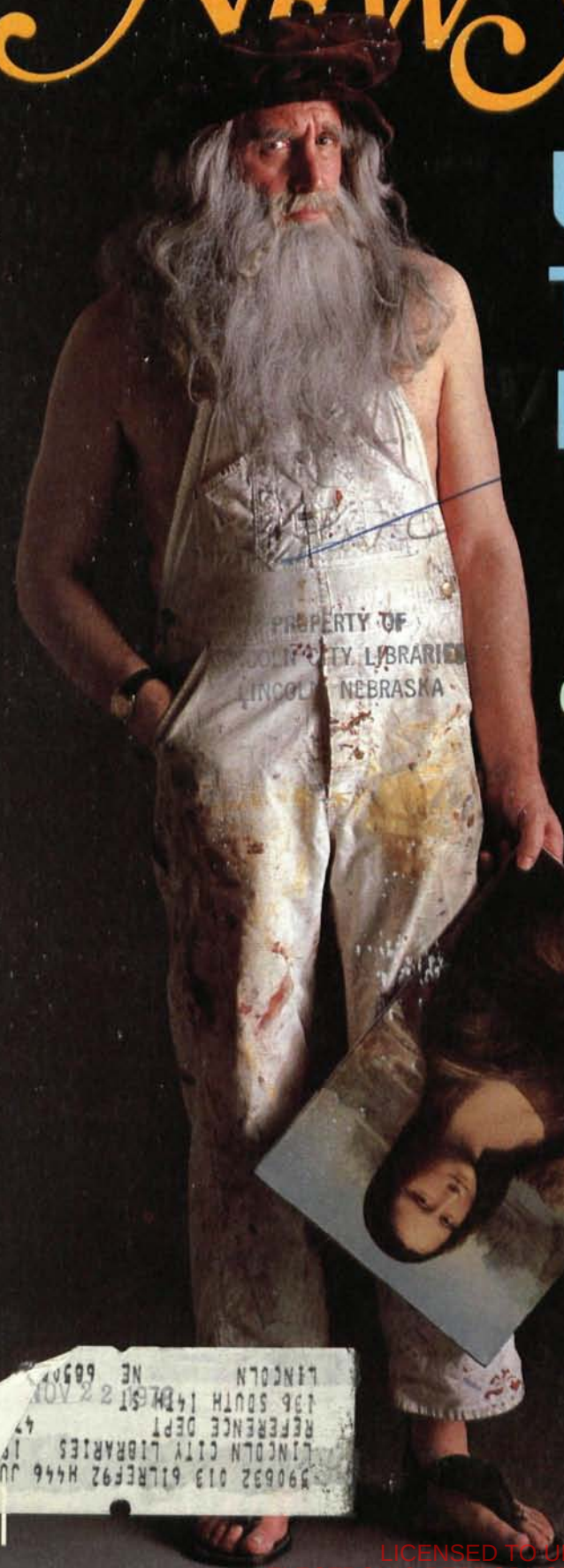
NOVEMBER 27, 1978

NEW YORK

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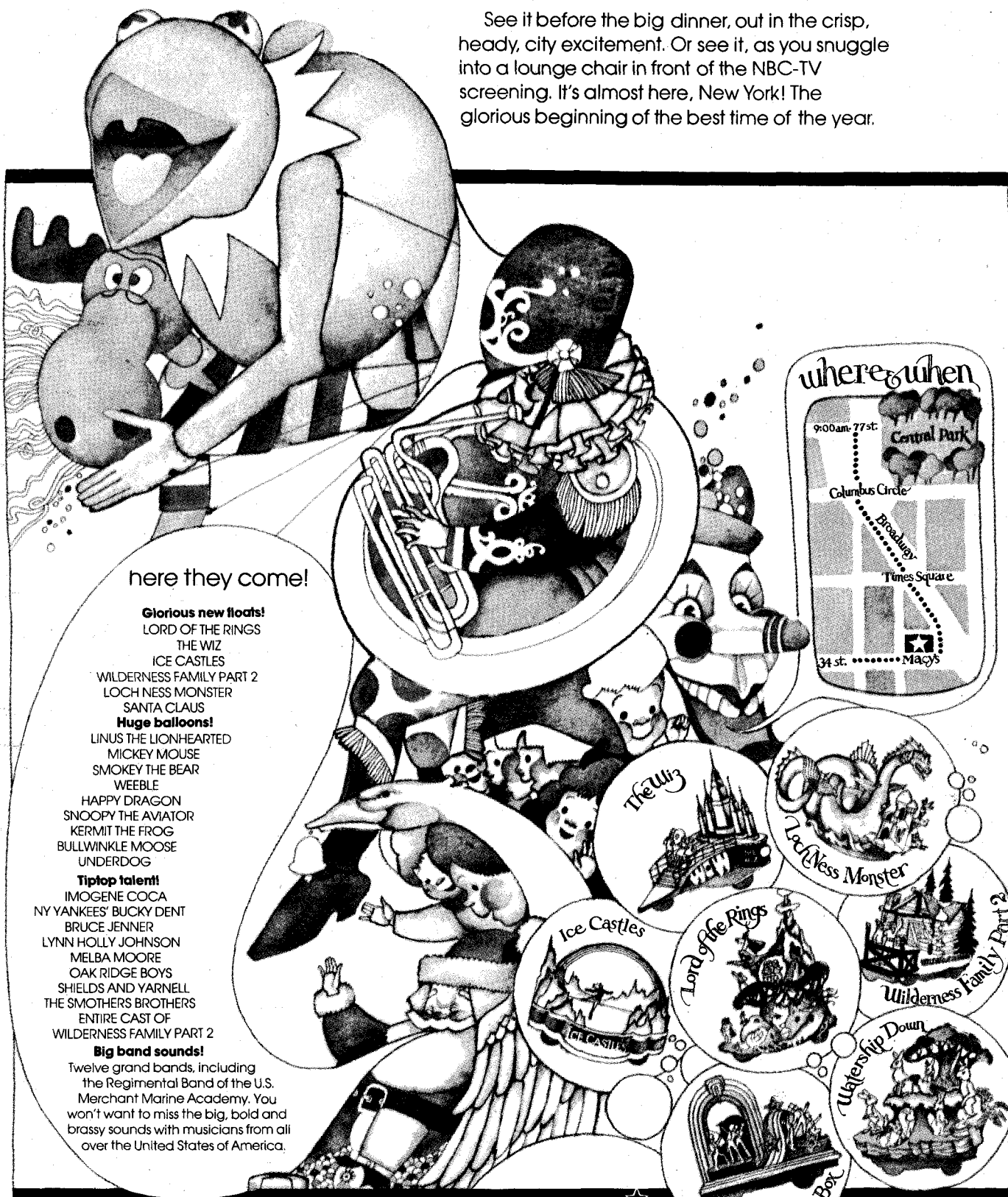
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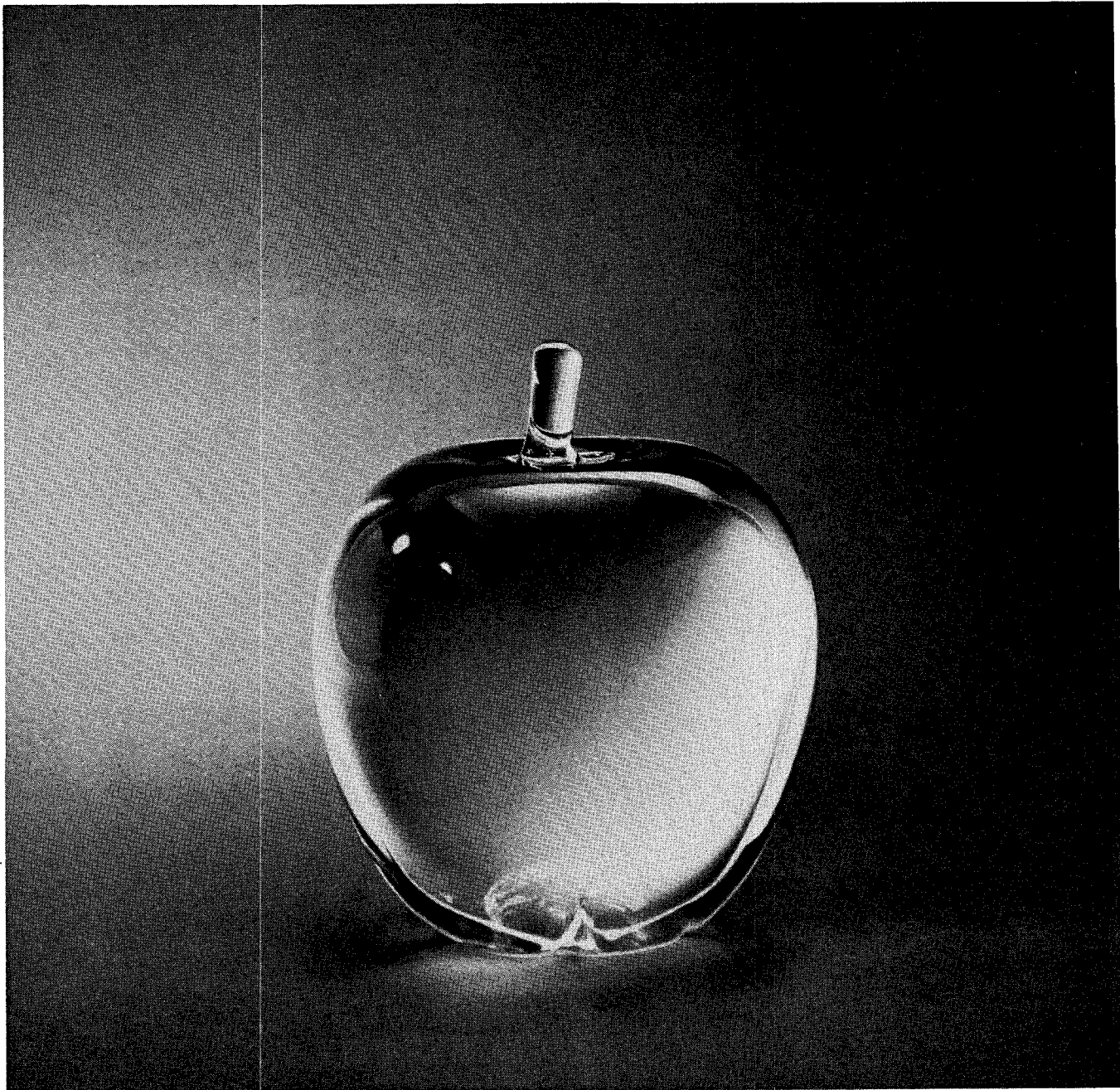
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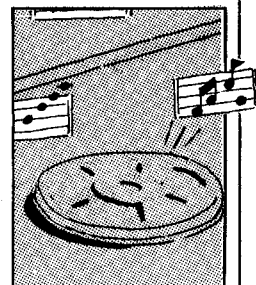
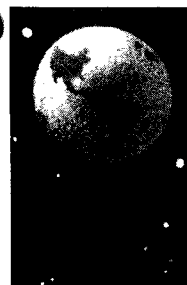
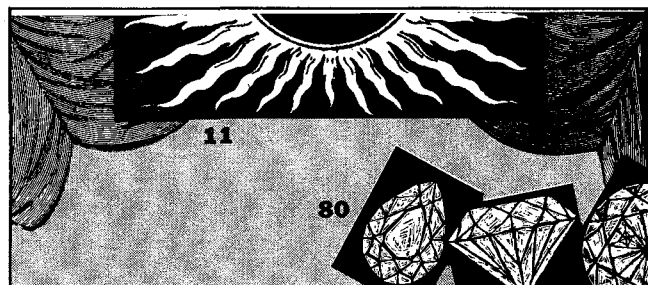
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112

122

47

Squaring Off on Park Avenue: A Gentlemen's Club K.O.'s the Real-Estate Kings

By C. Ray Smith

Hotshot real-estate manipulator that it is, Fisher Brothers seemed to be onto a good thing when it assembled the midsection of an East Fifties block for a speculative office tower. One building stood in the way, the famous old Racquet & Tennis Club. How could all that stuffy old money pose a threat to street-smart Fisher? Well, it did—or so it now appears.

Special Section: The New York Art Establishment

53

Rising Stars vs. the Machine

By Carter Ratcliff

The great art superstars of a decade ago—Warhol, Rauschenberg, etc.—have become household words, and who will replace them? There are plenty of good young artists around, reports Carter Ratcliff, but the machinery for endowing them with instant stardom seems to have broken down. In this special section Mr. Ratcliff deals with some tough realities, both personal and economic, in today's art market.

61

Making It in the Art World: A Climber's Guide

Who are the big names? Who are the new names? Whom do you have to know? Here's a directory to answer these questions and pose a few others.

68

A Prejudiced Guide to the Art Market

What, in today's market, is worth an investor's attention? What is sensibly priced? What is overpriced, and why?

73

The Stolen Secrets of Vietnam

By Gregory F. Rose

Graham Martin, former United States ambassador to Vietnam, left Saigon under siege, and with him went some top-secret documents concerning American conduct of the Vietnam war. Martin kept these documents in the trunk of his car, and when the car was stolen last year the papers went with it; they were, however, later found. Gregory Rose relates the curious story of these documents, how they got into Martin's hands, and what they contain.

DEPARTMENTS

11

New York Gazette

An Islander goes skating with John Curry, and Chuck Scarborough opens at B. Dalton's bookstore.

14

The City Politic: Levitt, Lefkowitz, and the Politics of Caution

By David Rosenthal

After more than two decades in office, Comptroller Levitt and Attorney General Lefkowitz are retiring.

80

The Passionate Shopper: A Street-Wise Guide to Diamond Buying

By Peter D. Lawrence

You can spend as much for a diamond as you can for a car, yet many people buy diamonds on impulse. Peter D. Lawrence offers a comprehensive guide to diamond buying; Mel Juffe reports on a new synthetic stone that has even some dealers fooled.

103

Movies: Two's Company

By David Denby

A couple of screen romances of decidedly variable quality fill this week's bill.

108

Restaurants: The Cygne Changes

By Seymour Britchky

Since changing chefs a while back, Le Cygne, although still wonderful, is not what it used to be.

112

Books: Beyond the Blue Horizon

By Timothy Ferris

A look at three books concerned with outer space; also, John Cheever's latest.

117

Theater: Well, Maybe Molybdenum

By John Simon

Alexis Smith keeps *Platinum* from being a perfect disaster.

122

Music: Mishegoss in Michigan, or Gray Lib Comes to Detroit

By Alan Rich

A usually gray city glowed in all colors, thanks to a Schubert festival.

136

Page of Lists: Ten Memorable Curtain Calls

By Robert Hofer

Sometimes the best performance comes after the final curtain.

MISCELLANY

- 7 Letters
- 9 Intelligencer
- 19 In and Around Town
- 106 Best Bets, by Ellen Stern
- 116 London Sunday Times Crossword
- 121 Sales & Bargains, by Leonore Fleischer
- 124 New York Classified
- 132 Travel Services
- 132 Town & Country Properties
- 134 Competition, by Mary Ann Madden

Cover: Photograph by Ken Ambrose.

NOVEMBER 27, 1978—VOL. 11 NO. 48

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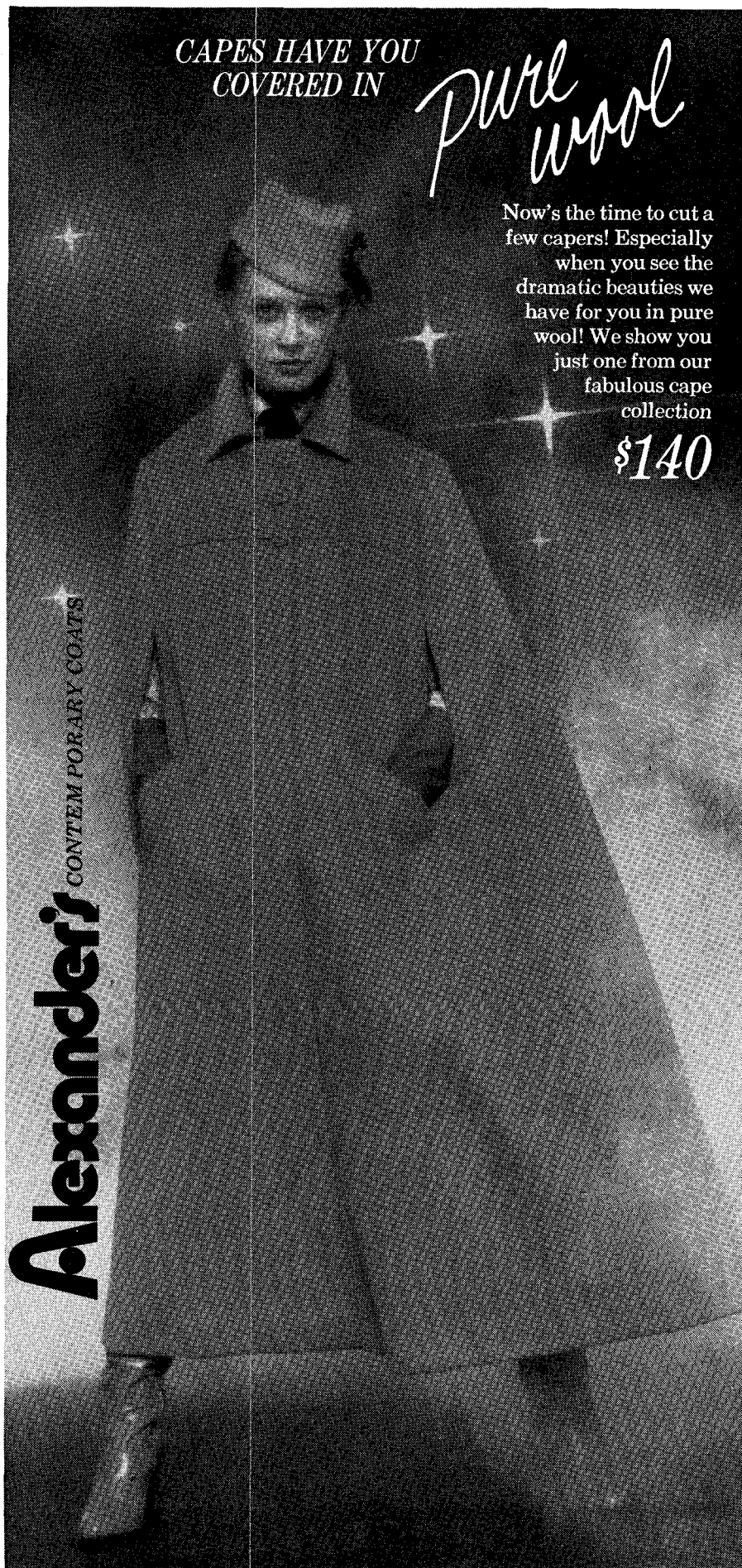
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LETTERS

Unlucky Pierre Robbers

The art of jewel theft has fallen to a new low. The last illusion of the precise planning and mental ingenuity required of this profession was completely destroyed by Philip Nobile's account, "The Man Who Robbed the Pierre" [October 23].

On the morning of the robbery, I was returning to my office, after making a house call, on my bicycle. I entered Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street. (I did not circle Grand Army Plaza against traffic, as the gang did.) I was on the straight stretch of the east drive (not the north drive) approaching the 90th Street exit, cycling in a northeasterly direction. It was at this point that the robbers' two cars passed me, going at a moderate speed. As they passed the 90th Street exit, the cars moved rather erratically. Much to my surprise, the limousine crashed through the wooden guardrail about twenty yards north of 91st Street. The second car similarly tried to make a new exit at 91st Street. I hastened to render some medical help, but no one was hurt, for they had been going fairly slowly. They brushed me off rather brusquely, backed the cars out, headed down the east drive (the wrong way), and exited, finally, at 90th Street.

Thanks for enlightening me about the strange events that I experienced that morning. Mr. Scarpetta should at least repair the guardrails, which are still completely down. Also, I would like to offer him my services on his next paper if he needs a competent guide. Yes, they got the loot, but it saddens me to see another craft disappear.

Reynald H. Chase, M.D.
Manhattan

Misprints

There are some very good points made by Alan Mendelson's article ["Getting Into Prints: A Buyer's Guide," October 30]. It is also, unfortunately, replete with misinformation.

The first piece of advice to give anyone who is buying art is to learn something about art, and to know something about art history. It does not appear from that part of the article which deals with the artistic or aesthetic considerations involved in purchasing a work of graphic art that Mr. Mendelson did the kind of research or has the kind of knowledge which one should have before going out to buy prints. Does he really regard prints by Norman

Rockwell, many of which are reproductions, as serious art?

Mr. Mendelson states, "If you want fine art, buy a limited edition only." His advice would preclude the purchase of works by such artists as Rembrandt, Goya, Daumier, Delacroix, and numerous others who made prints before there was any such thing as a limited edition.

There is an implication in the discussion of the Norman Rockwell prints that the prices of an artist's works increase when he dies. This is only rarely the case. In most cases, the death of an artist results in the decline of the price of his works.

The article implies that the print world is full of sharks anxious to cheat unsuspecting collectors. As is the case in any other business, there are some cheats in the print market. But there are also print dealers in New York who have, out of a love for prints, spent their lives helping collectors form collections of museum quality, frequently at modest prices.

Gilbert S. Edelson
Art Dealers Association
of America, Inc.
Manhattan

Miracle on 36th Street

I read with interest Philip Nobile's "Remains to Be Seen" [October 30] and wanted to inform your readers that the Pierpont Morgan Library also possesses a sizable relic of the True Cross. The relic, moreover, is preserved in the earliest extant True Cross reliquary decorated with scenes from the legend of the finding of the True Cross. The reliquary is known as the Stavelot Triptych, dates from about the middle of the twelfth century, and is on public view in the library's West Room.

William Voelkle
Associate curator of medieval
and Renaissance manuscripts
The Pierpont Morgan Library
Manhattan

Correction: The article entitled "Dodge City, the Deadliest Precinct in Town," which appeared in our August 28 issue, showed the photograph of a young man on the lower half of page 45. DSR informs us that he has never been involved in any of the criminal activities described in the article. He is an honors graduate of DeWitt Clinton High School and is registering for college.



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INTELLIGENCER

If It's Striped, It's Sammy

Sammy Davis Jr. may not have stopped the world with his recent Broadway show, but he's still number one in wife Altovise's book. She just bought him (to mark his twenty-fifth year in show biz) the ultimate status symbol: a Gucci-decorated Cadillac

Seville. The car is tricked out with Gucci symbols and, just in case you don't get the message, has the red and green Gucci stripes all round. Altovise shelled out \$22,900 for the car, but that does include a set of Gucci luggage in the trunk.

Rating Lovers Brings Bonanza

It's in the stars that *Love Signs*, Linda Goodman's latest pop-astrology book, will set a record when paperback rights are auctioned November 28. Linda's agent, Mort Janklow, has secured a floor bid of \$1 million from Bantam, whose edition of Linda's *Sun Signs* is now in its thirty-second printing. Harper & Row, which has the hardback version, has been hyping it all over the world and has got about \$200,000 for British rights alone. So what's all the fuss about? The book matches up all the astrological signs and rates each combination's chances of romantic bliss. Simple—but it could top *Fools Die* on the auction block.

Union Signs Up 'Soho' Scribes

The *Soho Weekly News*, perhaps the last bastion of outlaw journalism, is about to be unionized. Some 40 of the paper's 70 staffers have indicated that they want to join District 65 of the Distributive Workers of America, the local that signed up the free spirits at the *Village Voice*.

This will come as an unpleasant surprise to *Soho* publisher Michael Goldstein, who runs his paper like a family (you don't do your chores, you don't get your allowance). One of the first things the newly organized employees will press for is a big raise in their salaries from the present average of \$10,000 a year.

Esposito Sees Red Over Lefky



Meade: Slugging it out in court.

Meade Esposito is really mad at Louis Lefkowitz. "It's a bum rap," the Brooklyn Democratic leader growls when asked about the sum-

mons the outgoing attorney general has slapped on him. Lefkowitz charges Esposito with violating a little-known state law against doing business with a racetrack. But Esposito's advisers say the law hasn't been enforced for 30 years and that it states that a violation must be "knowingly and willfully" committed. "He didn't know about the statute, so he wasn't violating it," argues one of his lawyers. "The summons is just a final kick from an outgoing Republican who doesn't like the way Meade can deliver votes. We're going to fight this all the way rather than cop a plea."

Why Bess Pulled Rug From Burden



Jacobson, Myerson: Split loses endorsement in costliest race.

Poor Carter Burden. After expending all that money and effort, it now appears, he was undone in his 18th Congressional District race by something beyond his control. Carter had been making much of the endorsement of Bess Myerson—a proven vote getter—and was shattered when Bess denied that endorsement four days before the election. Why did Bess change her mind? City Hall sources say it had nothing to do with Burden but everything to do with his chief fund raiser, John Jacobson. For the past six months Bess and stockbroker Jacobson had been "an item" and Jacobson had told Burden he

would deliver Bess's endorsement. But the "endorsement" was never formalized. Then, the week before the election, they broke up and Bess decided she wouldn't endorse anyone who was so closely linked with her ex-beau. Tough luck for Burden.

The other young millionaire who lost on the East Side, Bill Woodward, has a better future to look to. Democratic-party chiefs were most impressed by Woody's showing against Roy Goodman in the State Senate race. They are going to find him a highly visible state or city post to ensure that he'll be in place for other, bigger contests.

No Hope Seen for Shah

The State Department is convinced the shah cannot survive the current turmoil in Iran, and it is busily studying the alternatives. Middle East experts at State believe some kind of coalition will wrest temporary control of the country, but they fear that leftists will win out in the end—and cut off the flow of Iran's oil to the West. The United States could survive that—it takes about 10 percent of its oil imports from Iran—but such nations as

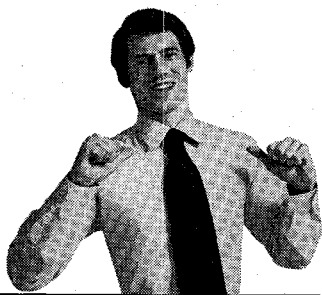
Japan (90 percent), Israel, and South Africa would be crippled. Any new regime in Iran can be expected to switch away from dollar payments for oil, and this will knock the dollar down even farther. Whatever happens, State and oil-industry experts tip a rise in oil prices in December, perhaps by 10 percent. Finally, on a social note, State experts say that even if the shah survives, his flamboyant ambassador, Ardeshir Zahedi, is through. God knows where Liz Taylor Warner will go for her caviar.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

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NEW YORK

Gazette

In which certain events are described. Some are merry, some are quite serious, some it is not possible to decide about.

November stepped up its seasonal assault last week, and news of heating-fuel-price hikes brought cold comfort. Food costs would also be up, experts said, as would the city's budget gap. New York suffered a corporate and a cultural loss: American Airlines to Dallas-Fort Worth, anthropologist Margaret Mead to the ages. And as the week wore on, we saw our first Christmas commercials on TV.

Seeking the Truth in Menus

By Jerry Della Femina

(We don't quite understand parts of the truth-in-menu bill introduced into the City Council by Carol Greitzer, so we took our puzzlement to advertising man Jerry Della Femina, of Della Femina, Travisano & Partners, Inc., who, as it turns out, doesn't quite understand it, either.)

Honest, Ms. Greitzer, this is not a bribe. I just want to take you to lunch and maybe you can explain your truth-in-menu bill.

I mean, I could be wrong. Maybe your thinking wasn't influenced by the massive doses of MSG you've eaten in Chinese food since you were a little Ms.

Now, Ms. Greitzer, I would like to take you for a great lunch at the Four Seasons. They'll make you a delicious cheese soufflé that's lighter than air.

Well, no, I don't know how much air they put in their cheese soufflé. They don't list the amount, but honest, it's going to be the most deliciously sublime air you'll ever taste.

Okay, no Four Seasons until they admit on their menus that their soufflés are light and airy.

How about the Soho Charcuterie, Ms. Greitzer? They'll whip up a Black Forest-ham omelet so good it'll make you cry.

Well, I don't really know

if they go all the way into the Black Forest for their Black Forest ham. . . . Let's skip the omelet. Maybe you would enjoy their saucisson.

Yes, they do call it a "French" sausage. No, they don't make it in France. They make it on Sullivan Street.

I see, under your new law they'll have to call it "Franco-American sausage." Well, that's it for the sausage.

How about if we split a marvelous bouillabaisse at La Colombe d'Or?

Well, I don't really know how many mussels, crab claws, clams, and lobsters you are going to get. You see, they dip into this giant bubbling pot and, honest, whatever they come up with is delicious.

I see, you want them to count out each mussel and list it on the menu.

So much for lunch at La Colombe d'Or.

Well, Ms. Greitzer, how about Windows on the World? The food is great, and the atmosphere . . . Oh, you say you can't eat atmosphere. Well, it is obvious you never tried to swallow the stuff they call food at the Sign of the Dove.

Ms. Greitzer, I am afraid it is impossible to find a restaurant in New York City, so the only answer is to invite you for lunch up to my apartment and I'll do the cooking. Now, believe me, if I'm wrong about your truth-in-menu bill, I'm ready to eat crow.

Yes, Ms. Greitzer, that would be a one-and-a-half-pound American crow with approximately four ounces of feathers, a beak, and two clawed feet that are inedible. . . .

Authors Push New Bookstore

By Chuck Scarborough

"Hurry up! Get your number. We're taking the picture at two."

It was 1:50. Weather unseasonably balmy. Scene strange. Very strange. The sidewalk on the west side of Fifth Avenue at 52nd was clogged with people holding books in one hand and large numbered cards in the other.

I was No. 30 of nearly 100, part of what was billed as the largest assemblage of authors in history. The occasion was B. Dalton's assault on the nation's literary Mecca.

B. Dalton's book chain began in Minnesota, staggered a bit, then spread throughout the country. The store that opened last Tuesday at 666 Fifth Avenue is number 347 and claims to be the biggest bookstore in the United States, 25,000 square feet, the Bloomingdale's of bookdom.

Outside, on the sidewalk, the opening-day hype neared its climax. A middle-aged man was standing atop a station wagon shouting through a megaphone: "One, two, four, and seven! Up front!"

Around me were authors of all shapes, a lot of them women holding books designed to nudge America's mothers into promiscuity. I caught surreal glimpses of books on running, eating, murder, madness.

I took temporary refuge in conversation with two fellow authors who offered to show me their numbers if I showed them mine. Amazing. They were 29 (running) and 31 (flying). I was 30. Another author joined us. Dared we ask? Yes! Number 31!

"Okay, let's tighten it up a little," the man with the megaphone shouted as the photographers, more serious now, aimed this way and that. The mood began to change. Whatever camaraderie the writers had been enjoying dissolved as we began jockeying for camera position.

"Hold your numbers up!"

We did, like so many convicts. Cameras snapped.

"Now hold up your books!"

We did, like so many soap salesmen. The historic photo was made.

"That's it. Thank you." The man on the station



wagon was happy.

Inside, on the lower level of the new Dalton's, is a pit, in which fourteen authors signed books during the course of the day, from superstar Charlton Heston down to me.

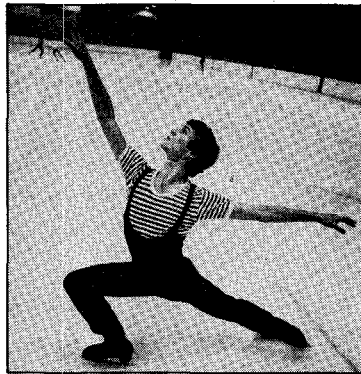
Spiderman crept by in his red tights, ignoring his creator, Stan Lee, my companion in the pit along

with Craig Claiborne of the *Times* and about half a dozen photographers firing strobes.

"Been quite a day," I said to a B. Dalton official who was opening copies of my book, *Stryker*, and sliding them under my pen.

"This store is going to redefine bookselling," he replied.

An Icy Encounter



On ice: Hockey player Potvin (left) meets figure skater Curry.

By Denis Potvin

The John Curry show, *IceDancing*, is coming to the Felt Forum on November 18, and there has been much talk about this skater's art. Being a hockey player for the New York Islanders, I am familiar with life on ice and was happy to join Curry for an afternoon while he and his troupe practiced for their opening.

As I watched John Curry skate with JoJo Starbuck and the others—spinning, going through routines, occasionally taking a spill—it became apparent that though a figure skater doesn't have to keep his head up for fear of being separated rather physically from the puck by an opposing player, he does rub his sore knee after a spill and does ice down a pulled muscle after a performance on an unreliable ice surface.

There is, however, a considerable difference between the skates worn by John Curry and those that I wear for hockey. His boots are not, understandably, made with any protection, like the Fiberglas toe caps, ankle guards, or Achilles-

tendon guards found in hockey skates. The flat blade and the toe picks of figure skates would hardly be practical in a footrace for a loose puck but, again, are a necessity if John Curry is to manifest his brilliance on ice.

As we talked, Curry kept hopping back and forth on the ice, showing the precision possibilities of his skates. Rather than talk, he demonstrated.

Stamina is a key element in any athletic performer's success and is controlled by individual discipline. Curry, who skates in six of the nine routines in *IceDancing* and has choreographed the other three, shows uncommon stamina in leading a group of thirteen skaters through a series of dance routines unparalleled by any hockey player. Of that I can assure you.

On the other hand, John told me, "if you took the hockey sticks away from hockey players and left them to exploit their own skating ability, they could very possibly create a new modern dance without knowing it."

Farewell to Genêt

By Patrick O'Higgins

"Who are you?" Janet Flanner nudged a recent visitor, after vividly describing Hemingway's sexual habits, Picasso's gastronomic ones, and Chanel's language. The outer circuits of her memory had failed her. But the core remained. Shortly thereafter, Janet Flanner became a victim of angina. And on November 7, at age 86, it felled her. Quietly.

Gertrude Stein described Janet Flanner some 30 years ago as being "a dead ringer for the Indian head on the buffalo nickel." "I'm a hermit crab," Janet Flanner would say of herself. "I believe in traveling light. I have few possessions and fewer clothes. I never wanted a home." She lived in a small hotel bedroom overlooking the Tuileries gardens for 30 years.

New Yorker founder Harold Ross, upon hearing Janet Flanner's description of Paris and the French during the twenties, said, "Put it all down on paper and I'll print it." She did so for the next several decades, complaining it was hell. (As Janet Flanner herself pointed out, the reason *New Yorker* readers knew her as Genêt was that Harold Ross thought the name was French for "Janet.")

Married, many years ago, Janet Flanner always

pretended not to recall anything of her brief union. She would say, "You see, I'm essentially a single woman who has, on occasion, enjoyed lasting friendships." Her lasting friendships were every artist, writer, editor, and social luminary on both sides of the Atlantic. This included an Italian lady of distinction, Natalia Murray, in whose New York apartment she had been living for the last few years.

The death of Janet Flanner was saluted with a memorial service that featured "one of the greatest arrays of literary luminaries ever seen at Campbell's funeral parlor," according to Glenway Wescott, who gave one of the four eulogies. "It was quite a group of intellectuals."

This "array" included Lillian Hellman, who spoke with feeling: "Janet showed me Paris as no one has ever done since." Then Glenway Wescott, Marian Seldes, and Celeste Holm spoke. A female quintet played Rameau, and throughout the hour-long ceremony, looking wide-eyed and fascinated, sat Jacqueline Onassis, the newest member of New York's literary establishment. In final tribute, Janet Flanner's poet sister, Hildegard, recalled that, when only six, the future Genêt wanted to be a streetcar conductor.

Broadway's Booming

Although the holiday season is not yet upon us, business was booming on Broadway last week. Paid attendance was up 5,339, according to *Variety*. Following are the best-selling shows of the week (figures represent percentage of seating capacity and total attendance; percentages above 100 reflect standing room):

1. *Annie* (101.5 percent; 10,836)
2. *Ain't Misbehavin'* (96.7 percent; 8,281)

3. *A Chorus Line* (94.2 percent; 11,089)
4. *First Monday in October* (93.2 percent; 10,793)
5. *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (87.2 percent; 9,360)
6. *Dancin'* (86 percent; 7,908)
7. *Oh! Calcutta!* (81.8 percent; 3,267)
8. *The King and I* (80.5 percent; 12,453)
9. *The Inspector General* (80.5 percent; 4,184)
10. *Tribute* (79.6 percent; 6,932)

Shooting in The Streets

More and more, New York is becoming Film City. Currently being shot in whole or in part around town are the following:

1. **All That Jazz**, Roy Scheider (Columbia)
2. **Kramer vs. Kramer**, Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep (Columbia)



'Kramer vs. Kramer': Dustin Hoffman, director Bob Benton.

3. **Manhattan**, Woody Allen, Diane Keaton (United Artists)
4. A new Robert Altman production based on Judith Ross's *Rich Kids* (United Artists)
5. **Starting Over**, Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, Candice Bergen (Paramount)
6. **The Wanderers**, Thomas Waites, Michael Beck (Orion)



'The Wanderers': The Baldies on Fordham Road in the Bronx.

7. **Father Brown, Detective**, Barnard Hughes (NBC-TV)
8. **You Can't Go Home Again**, Chris Sarandon, Lee Grant (CBS-TV)
9. **The Hollow Image**, Robert Hooks, Sandra Sharp (ABC-TV)
10. **Bertolucci's La Luna**, Jill Clayburgh (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Girl Needs Hole in Head

By Anthony Haden-Guest

The subject was boring and rather interesting. Which is to say the subject was the boring of a hole in the skull. Amanda Feilding, a young Englishwoman of fetching looks and formidable family, premiered a film last Wednesday at the Suydam Gallery on East 85th Street wherein she took hold of a dentist's drill and did just that. Bored herself, that is.

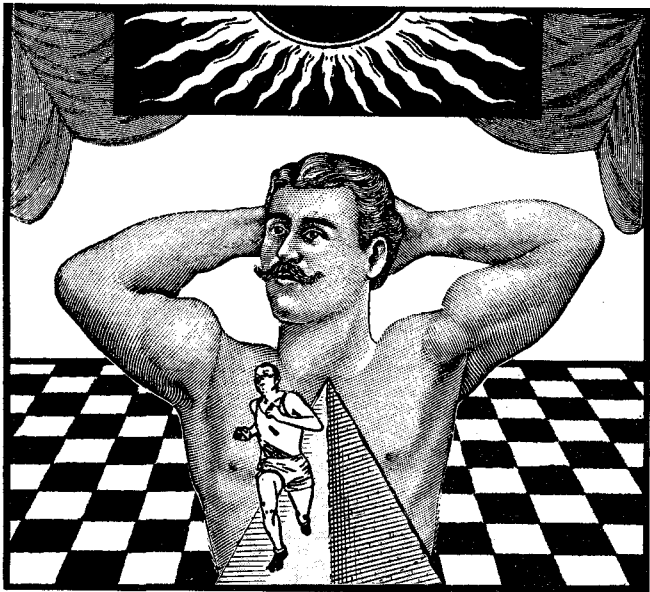
"I trepanned myself to regain the consciousness of childhood," Ms. Feilding told the very Upper East Side audience, briskly.

In the film, Ms. Feilding cut off her fringe and applied the drill. Minutes flitted by like hours as she lost one and a half pints of very Technicolor blood. Behind me, there were sounds as of ripe plums thudding on turf as the audience thinned out. "The dark glasses I wore to keep the blood from trickling into my eyes," she explained.

Afterward Ms. Feilding sat in front of us. She was wearing black velvet and white silk, and looked as though in half a sec a chap was going to come bounding through the French windows with a tennis racquet. She answered our extremely boring questions. No, she did not advocate people doing it to themselves but thought the service should be available. Yes, she felt better, but not transformed. "You still have your neurotic patterns, but they're slightly less exaggerated," she said.

Common-sense stuff. Different from a California trepanner, who would certainly by now have mentioned spiritual rebirth and the cosmos. Shades of the shaven heads of Synanon. Ms. Feilding's movie concludes, sensibly, thus: "It wouldn't take more than half an hour if it were done in a clinic." Mozart and fade-out.

Getting Into 'Human Potential'



By Priscilla Tucker

The media was the message at the Event, Jerry Rubin's fascinating and tacky cosmic confab of human-potential people on November 12. As usual, though, the media concentrated on sex and money.

TV cameras rolled in just in time for Masters and Johnson's words about ambisexuality, and most reporters seemed to be thinking about the price of the tickets (\$60 tops) and the fees paid to speakers like Buckminster Fuller; body-builder Arnold Schwarzenegger; est's Werner Erhard, who looked straight off Madison Avenue and got the biggest ovation; superjogger George Sheehan; comedian Dick Gregory; and saintly-looking Esalen founder George Leonard.

This Whitman's Sampler of mind/body stars showed up even though the Event had been moved to the small, seedy auditorium at Julia Richman High School when ticket sales failed to make a dent in the space available at the Felt Forum. Despite this change of venue, the Event speakers really believe that self-transformation is the wave of the eighties, that pushing your mind or body

past what Arnold Schwarzenegger calls the pain threshold can save the world. "What individuals can do on behalf of all humanity, nations cannot do," Buckminster Fuller said.

The trick, then, is to reach individual minds. This is what the media do, but it may be too much to ask them to do it on apple cider and health-food crunchies, provided in the pressroom by Pinch of Love, a Maine cooperative, and in the presence of entrepreneurs hawking pyramids in the lobby.

Most of the press had skipped out on the sixteen-hour day by the time Raul Julia, in full Dracula regalia, passed out sign-up cards reading THE HUNGER PROJECT IS MINE COMPLETELY.

Was the Event a success? One longtime observer of the awareness scene said he felt it was and that the Event's leader, former anti-war pitchman Jerry Rubin—a carnival barker right down to his red carnation—had succeeded in turning the human-potential movement into theater. This, our expert said, would probably be the first of many Events—light shows for the eighties, with free Perrier.

The City Politic/David Rosenthal

LEVITT, LEFKOWITZ, AND THE POLITICS OF CAUTION

End of an Era

The curtain's finally falling on the Arthur and Louie Show.

It's been running longer than *The Fantasticks*, and if you try to remember the last time neither man was serving in high public office, you will have to think all the way back to 1952.

State Comptroller Arthur Levitt and Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz are suddenly among the outs. For over two decades, each has filled his respective office as if by divine right, and it is fitting that each is leaving not through electoral defeat but by abdication. Although there's some suspicion that both have been able to retire relatively unscathed by virtue of jobs well done, that perception may have arisen owing to their never having really done them at all.

Lefkowitz and Levitt, you see, are the last great non-activist public officials in New York. In the great tradition of earthshakers Malcolm Wilson, Abe Beame, and even Robert Wagner Sr., neither made waves nor seemed particularly inclined to question the old assumptions about politics in the Empire State. That they lasted so long is tribute not so much to their vigorous tenures as it is to the high visibility gained through their relentless pursuit of longevity itself. Both men are non-ideological; both have been the most impressive vote getters of the state's two main parties, their attachment to politics as an art form outstripping any commitment to the Democratic-Republican debate.

Their exit from Albany signals the end of an era when governing the least spelled governing best; their absence could well mark the beginning of a shift in the balance of power from the governor's mansion and Legislature to other realms within the infrastructure of the state—which should make life more interesting for all.

Arthur Levitt made a career—one which he'll continue come January over at the Lincoln Savings Bank—as the defender of the fiscal faith, the high priest of audit. Protect the employees' pensions (even at the expense of New York City's solvency). Condemn waste. Express moral outrage at the slightest hint of the plunder of our tax coffers. All in all, he was the accountant's advocate. Politics? Levitt ate his share



The old pros: Levitt (left) and Lefkowitz didn't make waves.

of chicken dinners, but his relations with his Democratic leaders deteriorated as he saw himself as a man above the fray. When he endorsed Stephen Berger as his successor, the county leaders pretty much looked the other way.

Just as Levitt played the bottom line, Louis Lefkowitz might be remembered as the man who brought political caution to new heights of reason. When in doubt, do nothing. Not that the attorney general's office has much constitutional muscle to flex anyway, but the most visible part of Lefkowitz's existence has been the little placards appearing quadrennially in subways, displaying his countenance and warning us against being gullible consumers. Had he extended this caveat to include our conduct in the polling places, Lefkowitz might forever be recognized as a truly great man.

What typified Lefkowitz's endurance more than anything else—and to a large extent this applies also to Levitt—was his well-earned reputation as a reactive politician. What to do with a runaway prosecutor like Maurice Nadjari? Defend him, but only after the governor tries to fire him. Meade Esposito? Wait till the newspapers make your case, then throw the book at Brooklyn's Democratic chieftain. Slap a few wrists, issue more press releases than anybody else, and be sure you introduce whichever Wasy GOP

pol is running for a city office to blintzes at Ratner's.

Surely, both men, with all their faults, will be missed. But nostalgia based on stability and the status quo should not necessarily be equated with a genuine admiration for the policies of the past.

And so, the ascensions of Erie County Executive Ned Regan and Bronx Borough President Bob Abrams to the posts of comptroller and A.G. On the face of it—questions of talent aside, albeit those can be major questions—both men will likely strike major changes in their new jobs not just because of their youth but also because they share a common trait absent in their predecessors: ambition.

Lefkowitz and Levitt were able to maintain their suites easily at least in part because they rarely aspired to anything more. Not so Regan and Abrams. Each is looking ahead, with visions of electoral landslides dancing along with sugarplum fairies in their dreams. When you want more, you gamble more. And you realize that visibility alone may net you re-election but it cannot get you the upward mobility desired so much these days by selfless public servants.

So Regan can be expected to be on the offensive, attacking the Carey administration with harsh reports of financial irresponsibility. And Abrams, well honed by years of blood wars in

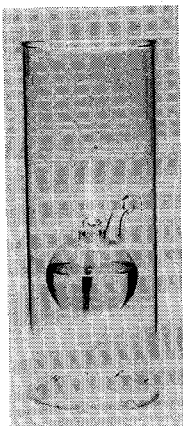
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the Bronx, will likely find ways to expand the purview of his office and, while he may not necessarily engender real change, he certainly will make real headlines.

It's unlikely Regan and Abrams will run as long as *The Fantasticks*, but then, there are only so many times anyone wants to see the same show.

Where or When?

With the city's financing problems finally resolved, attention has once again been turned to New York's dire economic straits. The general assumption is that over the course of the city's four-year financial-recovery plan, City Hall will have to cover a cumulative budget gap of \$2.3 billion—give or take a few hundred million bucks.

That massive budget cuts must be made all parties agree. But while most assessments have focused on the what and where of cutbacks, the *when* has emerged as an equally compelling question.

Because of a number of factors, the most difficult of the budget cutbacks will likely be made for 1981—in other words, they will be announced in spring 1980 to be put into place July 1 to accommodate our fiscal year.

What this does is establish a fascinating political scenario with national implications.

Come spring 1980, of course, one James Earl Carter Jr. will be running for re-election as president of the United States. If he is to win a second term, it is virtually imperative that he carry New York State—something which can be accomplished only by his rolling up a big margin in the five boroughs.

So when Ed Koch—who must face the voters himself again in 1981—starts to wield the budgetary ax, he'll be looking for a place to spot the blame. And where better to turn than to the White House, which the mayor can conveniently assert is the root of our monetary handicaps.

This could serve to pressure the president into more city aid, which would take the heat off Koch—but then again, given the increasingly conservative bent of Congress, such dollars may legitimately be hard to find. The president will attack Congress for failing our urban areas, the mayor will respond in kind, and the labor unions—whose contracts are up for renewal during that period—will join the chorus of bad-mouthers. All told, it is unlikely to bode well for the president's chances, a situation both City Hall and Washington hope can be remedied by a timely bailout by Hugh

Carey and the State Legislature in Albany. After all, what are friends for?

Help Wanted

With the election's creating two important vacancies in state and local government, a furious game of musical chairs has commenced among seven of New York's most ambitious politicians. At the center of the fray is the Bronx, which may have lost a borough president when Bob Abrams was elected attorney general but may gain an Assembly majority leader if Oliver Koppell gets his way. The liberal assemblyman is vying for the job left by Brooklyn's Stanley Fink—a virtual shoo-in as speaker, replacing the departing Stanley Steingut. Ultimately Fink will choose his majority leader, but Koppell believes that "if he were to canvas the members, he'd find I have the broadest base of support."

Another local boy anxious for the job and popular with fellow assemblymen is Queens's Alan Hevesi—who made a name for himself during the nursing-home investigations—but other considerations will also affect Fink's final decision. Some observers can't see another Assembly led by two New York City Jews.

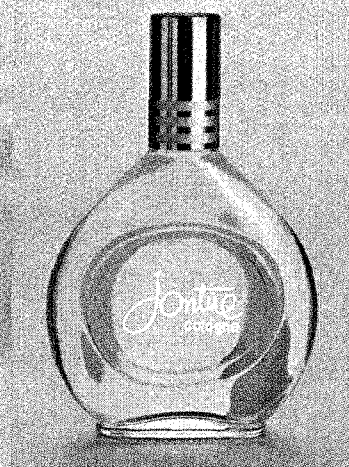
Leading the list of upstate candidates are Dan Walsh of Olean, not considered ideologically compatible with left-of-center Fink, and Buffalo black activist Arthur Eve, who might not get along with his upstate colleagues.

One of Koppell's biggest boosters is Bronx Democratic chairman Stanley Friedman. Koppell's corner is foreign territory for Friedman; some cynics suggest the county leader would like nothing better than to get Koppell enscathed in Albany and out of the race for the borough presidency. Friedman's favorite for that job is Councilman Stanley Simon, but the mayor's office is said to be pushing for a minority candidate. Everyone's choice would be a proven vote getter and past Bronx borough president, Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo. He's rumored to be unhappy in his City Hall post, but says, "There is no way I'd go back to that job. Just like there's no way I'd return to Congress. Those things are behind me."

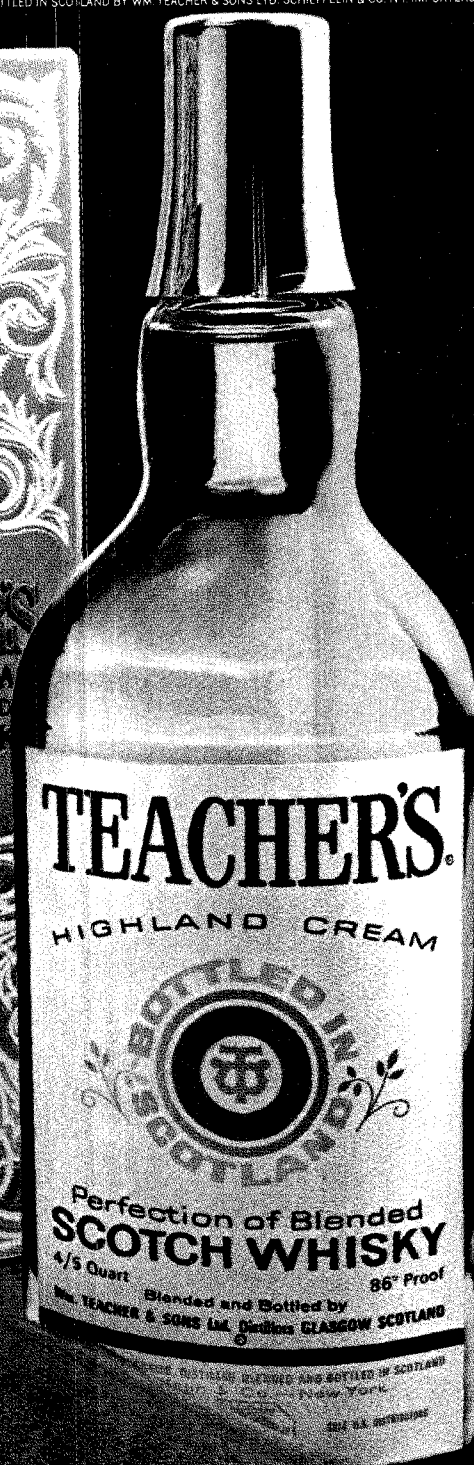
Other names mentioned for his old job are former Deputy Borough President Jorge Batista—yet to be tested in an elective contest—and two-term Assemblyman Jose Serrano, who announced his candidacy last week. The interim president will be chosen by a vote of the Bronx councilmen, the mayor breaking a tie, but whomever they pick, he's certain to be challenged come next year's primary. —Hillel Levin

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HIGHLIGHTS

Maxine Sullivan stars in "My Old Friends," opening November 23 at La Mama.



Singer/actress Badomi De Cesare opens at **The Ballroom** November 21.

Candido is featured in "Lain Fire" at the **Chateau Madrid**.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

November 21 thru 28

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MOVIES

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Bread and Chocolate*.
St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 11/21, *The Big Fix*; *Chinatown*. 11/22-28, *Heaven Can Wait*; *Slaughterhouse Five*.
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 11/21, *A Free Soul*; *Riptide*. 11/22, 23, *High Society*; *Kiss Me, Kate*. 11/24, 25, *Murder She Said*; *Murder at the Gallop*. 11/26, 27, *The Wizard of Oz*; *Singin' in the Rain*. 11/28, *Green Hell*; *The Impatient Maiden*. 11/29, *Just Imagine*; *Floradora Girl*. 11/30, *Royal Scandal*; *Lifeboat*.
Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 11/21, *The Godfather, Pts I & II*. 11/22, 23, *The Cheap Detective*; *Gumshoe*. 11/24, 25, *Auntie Mame*. 11/26, 27, *Distant Thunder*; *Siddhartha*. 11/28, *The Man Who Loved Women*; *Bed and Board*. 11/29, 30, *Elmer Gantry*; *Marjoe*. 12/1, 2, *A Star Is Born*; *Cabaret*.
Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Magic*.

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). *Water-ship Down*.
Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The Wiz*.
34th St East, nr Second Avenue (683-0255). *Death on the Nile*.
Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Water-ship Down*.
Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). Thru 11/21, *A Wedding*. From 11/22, *Movie, Movie*.
Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Comes a Horseman*.
Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *The Wiz*.
Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Autumn Sonata*.
Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Boys From Brazil*.
D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Up in Smoke*.
Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 11/21, *Days of Heaven*. From 11/22, *Same Time, Next Year*.
Cinema II, 3rd nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Slow Dancing in the Big City*.
Gemini I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *A Dream of Passion*.
Gemini II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Midnight Express*.
Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Magic*.
68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Once in Paris*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Death on the Nile*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 11/21, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. From 11/22, *Heaven Can Wait*.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison (794-0600). 11/21-26, Films of Kathryn Bigelow, Manuela De Landa, and Betty Ferguson.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Bread and Chocolate*.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Wiz*.

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Paradise Alley*.

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). *Message from Space*.

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Midnight Express*. II. *The Wild Geese*.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St (989-2994). 11/23-26, 30-12/3, *The Wedding Camels* (Judith & David MacDougall).

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 11/22, *October*; *Triumph of the Will*. 11/23, *Os Fuzis*; *Cuba: Battle of 10,000,000*. 11/24, 25, *The Philadelphia Story*; *Woman of the Year*. 11/26, *The Goalie's Anxiety*; *In a Lonely Place*. 11/27, *Lucky Luciano*; *F.I.S.T.*; 11/28, *Zatoichi's Rescue*; *Samurai Spy*. 11/29, *The Traveling Players*. 11/30, *Cantata de Chile: The Promised Land*.

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd St (WA 9-8037). *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Comes a Horseman*.

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). I. *Interiors*. II. *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?* III. *Up in Smoke*. IV. Thru 11/21, *Interiors*. From 11/22, *A Wedding*.

National, Bdway at 44th (869-0950). *Magic*.

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Wiz*.

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *The Wild Geese*.

Loews State II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Message from Space*.

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *Comes a Horseman*.

Victoria, Broadway & 46th (354-5636). *Goin' South*.

Embassy I, Bdway at 46th (757-2408). *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Embassy II, III, IV, Bdway at 47th (730-7262). II. *Foul Play*. III. *Saturday Night Fever*. IV. *Grease*.

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). *Death on the Nile*.

RKO Cinerama I, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Up in Smoke*.

RKO Cinerama II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Midnight Express*.

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Paradise Alley*.

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). *Caravans*. On the stage: "The Nativity."

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Watership Down*.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 11/21, noon, Matisse programs; 2:30, *Beau Brummel*; 6 p.m. What's Happening? 11/23, 2:30, *Un' Avventura di Salvatore Rosa*. 11/24, 2:30, *La Nave Bianca*; 6 p.m. *Beau Brummel*. 11/25, noon, *Happy Birthday, Mickey Mouse III*; 2:30, *La Peccatrice*; 5 p.m. *Un'Avventura di Salvatore Rosa*. 11/26, noon, *Mickey Mouse III*; 2:30, *La Nave Bianca*; 5 p.m. *Pickpocket*. 11/27, noon, *Matisse*; 2:30, *Le Cena delle Baffe*; 6 p.m. *Teresa Venerdì*. 11/28, noon, *Matisse*; 2:30, *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend*; 6 p.m. What's Happening? 11/30, 2:30, *Teresa Venerdì*; 6 p.m. *Le Cena Melle Baffe*; 8:30, *La Corona de Ferro*.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Lord of the Rings*.

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Interiors*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 11/21, *Lola*; *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. 11/22, *Lord Love a Duck*; *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter*. 11/23, *Children of Paradise*. 11/24, *Seven Beauties*; *To Be or Not To Be*. 11/25, *Fellini Satyricon*; *Decameron*. 11/26, *The Life of Verdi*; *The Great Caruso*. 11/27, *Ivan*; *Thunderbolt with Black and Tan*. 11/28, *The Traveling Players*. 11/29, *When the Clouds Roll By*; *Carefree*.

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 11/21, *The Big Fix*. From 11/22, *Foul Play*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Boys From Brazil*.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Violette*.

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *A Wedding*.

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Magic*.

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 11/21, 22, *Cat Ballou*; *Lilith*. 11/23-25, *Klute*; *Madigan*. 11/26, 27, *Sometimes a Great Notion*; *Hired Hand*. 11/28, 29, *Easy Rider*; *Wild Angels*. 11/30-12/2, *Julia*; *You Only Live Once*.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Bread and Chocolate*.

Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Midnight Express*. II. *Heaven Can Wait*. III. *National Lampoon's Animal House*. IV. *Up in Smoke*.

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Interiors*.

Midtown-Broadway & 99th (222-1200) (99¢ at all times). Thru 11/21, *The Cheap Detective*; *Casey's Shadow*. 11/22-28, *Revenge of the Pink Panther*; *The Front*.

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 11/21, *All That Heaven Allows*; *Autumn Leaves*. 11/22, 23, *Bedlam*; *The Leopard Man*.

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 11/21, *The Big Fix*; *Gray Lady Down*. 11/22-28, *Heaven Can Wait*; *The One and Only*.

AUSTRALIAN FILM FESTIVAL



11/27, 8 p.m. *Sunday Too Far Away*. 11/28, 7:15 p.m. *The Devil's Playground* (above, Peter Cox a Nick Tate featured). 11/29, 7:15 p.m. *In Search of Anna and The Night the Prowler*. 11/30, 7:15 p.m. *The Singer and the Dancer, Backroads, and The F. J. Holden*. (See next week for more) Lincoln Center Library, 111 Amsterdam Ave (799-2200).

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Autumn Sonata—In Ingmar Bergman's new film, Ingrid Bergman (in a brave, fully rounded performance) is a successful concert pianist, and Liv Ullmann is her 35ish daughter who is convinced that her mother's neglect of her as a child has ruined her life. She takes revenge in guilt-provoking accusations that are loathsome, fascinating, and ultimately baffling. A bald, untutored, tirade-film, in which Bergman seems lost in resentment and guilt that he hasn't quite comprehended or worked out. Baronet.

The Boys From Brazil—Gregory Peck barks Nazi rhetoric directly at the camera as a scientist-war-criminal plotting to re-establish the Third Reich, and Laurence Olivier, an aging Viennese Nazi hunter, struggles heroically to foil his plans. It might have been exciting and fun if directed by a Warner Brothers hack of 40 years ago, but Franklin J. Schaffner (*Patton*) kills it with his pompous, big-movie stodginess. Adapted from Ira Levin's novel. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Bread and Chocolate—Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Embassy 72nd; Art; Tranx-Lux 85th.

Caravans—A big, slow, old-fashioned adventure movie based on James Michener's novel and set in "Kashkhan, Zhadestahn... somewhere in the Mideast" but actually shot in the mountains and deserts of Iran. The desert landscape, captured in Douglas Slocombe's excellent, wide-screen photog-

raphy, is often quite intriguing, but the rest of the movie isn't. Michael Sarrazin, looking like a Beverly Hills lawyer in his tailored bush jacket, wanders around in a jeep searching for Jennifer O'Neill, a rebellious girl who has "crossed the Khyber pass alone on a donkey" in pursuit of her husband (Behrooz Vosoughi), only to leave him for the aging leader of a nomadic tribe (Anthony Quinn). The story doesn't make any sense, but kids should enjoy the scenery. James Fargo directed—dully. On the Big Stage: "The Nativity." Radio City Music Hall.

Comes a Horseman—Every big-time director commits a grand folly sooner or later, and this movie is Alan J. Pakula's. It's a solemnly high-minded Western with an ecology twist about two small ranchers (Jane Fonda and James Caan) who fight off a greedy cattle baron (Jason Robards) while oil interests scheme to destroy the land. The conflicts are ludicrously stark and finally unbelievable, and the movie's style conforms to a misbegotten ideal of authenticity—parched, underplayed performances, barely audible dialogue, lighting that is often affectedly dim. After 90 minutes of rectitude Jane Fonda finally smiles at Caan and the effect is like that of the sun breaking through clouds. But most of the movie is gray. The muddled screenplay is by Dennis Lynton Clark. Criterion; Trans-Lux East; Greenwich.

Days of Heaven—Terrence Malick's much-awaited second feature (the first was *Badlands*) is extraordinarily handsome but perversely undramatic and uninvolved. Set in the Texas Panhandle around 1915, it's both an oddly unerotic triangle drama and a quasi-biblical parable about the fall of a prosperous farmer and a young couple who prey on his wealth. This isn't a movie, it's an art-history lecture. Starring Sam Shepard (the playwright), Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, and Linda Manz. The miraculous cinematography is by Nestor Almendros. Thru 11/21, Cinema I.

Death on the Nile—A ponderous, slow-paced, unexciting adaptation of Agatha Christie. (If Christie wasn't a quick read, then what in the world was she?) Peter Ustinov plays ace detective Hercule Poirot soberly, which is a bore. Bette Davis and Maggie Smith are fun together, but no one else in the huge cast distinguishes himself. What is the point of this dreadnought approach to a basically frivolous genre? Loews Tower East; 34th St E; Forum.

A Dream of Passion—Melina Mercouri ramps her way through the floridly written role of a famous Greek actress who returns home to play Medea on stage. During the rehearsal period she meets an imprisoned American woman (Ellen Burstyn) who has killed her own children in order to punish her adulterous husband—a real Medea, savage and desperate. The encounter should produce a change in Mercouri but instead it only produces an occasion for more self-display. The movie is a bit much. Written and directed by Mercouri's husband, Jules Dassin. Gemini I.

Goin' South—Jack Nicholson is a scruffy outlaw about to be hanged, and newcomer Mary Steenburgen is a virgin with an inherited gold mine who claims him as her husband. Their Punch-and-Judy life together is occasionally charming and funny, but the material just isn't fresh enough to cause many surprises. Nicholson, who directed the picture himself with a mischievous love of disorder, is obviously having a good time, but the attractive Steenburgen, who pouts and poses a lot, looks trapped in a terribly old-fashioned role. Another beautiful job of cinematography by Nestor Almendros. Victoria.

Grease—Why do kids love John Travolta so much? Perhaps because he's a romantic hero with a broad streak of silliness and self-parody, beautiful one moment and odd-looking the next. He never gets the chance to bust loose in this big, klutzy musical, but he's still sensationally funny. The rest of the movie is an inflated pastiche of '50s musicals (calling it a parody doesn't help—it's still banal). Stockard Channing, as the class bad girl, displays some nifty comic timing, but Olivia Newton-John is so bland that you wish a juvenile delinquent would come along and stomp on her. Patricia Birch did the undistinguished choreography and Randall Kleiser directed. Embassy IV.

Interiors—Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody. nearly out-Bergmans

Bergman in scenes of frustration and self-hatred, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Festival; New Yorker, Thru 11/21, Quad.

Lord of the Rings—Parents planning to punish their children this holiday season should take them to see this confused, violent, charmless adaptation of J. R. R. Tolkien's classic narrative. Animator Ralph Bakshi, best known for his hellish urban comedies (*Fritz the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*), has produced a battle epic in red and black that is often striking visually but impossible to get into emotionally. Stunned by a mess of mysterious names and creatures, the uninitiated viewer hasn't the slightest idea who is killing whom, or why any of it matters. Where is Tolkien's charm, his storyteller's clarity and sweep? Disney's animated features were often scary but they were always lucid, they didn't leave children suspended in the air, whereas Bakshi, too nihilistic to tell a story straight, frightens viewers without resolving anything. Ziegfeld.

Magic-A shallow, gimmicky thriller about a psychotic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins) and his demonic dummy. Who dominates whom? And who cares? Much of William Goldman's screenwriting is on the level of an old Rod Serling show; specifically, the plot seems stolen from the Michael Redgrave episode in the infinitely superior 1946 British horror film, *Dead of Night*. Ann-Margret is on hand as the owner of a Catskills resort (?), and Burgess Meredith, also trying to be Jewish, plays a tough old talent agent based on "Swiftly" Lazar. The movie works you up over nothing. Richard Attenborough has improved as a director and should find some decent material. With Ed Lauter. National; Beekman; Paramount; Gramercy.

Message From Space-A Japanese-made science-fiction spectacular directed by Kinji Fukasaku, starring Vic Morrow and Sonny Chiba, with an international cast. Loews State II; 86th St East.

Midnight Express—The true story of Billy Hayes, an American student arrested in Turkey in 1970 for drug possession (hash) and sentenced to years of torment in an Istanbul prison. Brutal, scary, and occasionally very exciting, the movie never overcomes the basic problem of glorifying a boy more foolish than heroic. It's also violently and irrationally anti-Turkish (without exception Billy's Turkish fellow prisoners, as well as the guards, are subhuman). It seems to be a gigantic cautionary tale for middle-class tourists: Don't get caught. Starring newcomer Brad Davis and featuring John Hurt, Randy Quaid, and Mike Kellin. Alan Parker directed. RKO 86th St I; Gemini II; Cinerama II.

Movie, Movie—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, Barbara Harris, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, and Harry Hamlin in a comedy that spoofs movies in the era of free dishes. Opens November 22nd at the Sutton.

National Lampoon's Animal House—A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Waverly; U.A. East; Embassy I.

Once in Paris—A surprisingly effective and enjoyable little movie by Frank D. Gilroy (he wrote, directed, produced) about a naive American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who goes to Paris to work and falls in with two people who have been around the track a few times—a tough, alarmingly versatile chauffeur (Jack Lenoir) and a beautiful English woman (Gayle Hunnicutt, who's from Texas, but you'd never know it) looking for a temporary bed partner. The movie might be called "bittersweet" (with an emphasis on bitter), but that sounds clichéd, and there are no clichés here. *Once in Paris* is the only true "adult movie" in town. 68th Street Playhouse.

Paradise Alley—Written and directed by Sylvester Stallone, and a bizarre ego trip it is. Set in the Italian section of Hell's kitchen in 1946, the movie is about love and rivalry among three brothers—half-witted Victor (Lee Canalito), who becomes a wrestler; sinister Lenny (Armand Assante, imitating

Pacino), who serves as Victor's manager; and Cosmo (Stallone), the neighborhood loser, a boring garrulous man we are supposed to love solely because Stallone plays him (we don't). Trying for warmth and color, Stallone has written a script that sounds like a nagging, fake-chummy old radio show. In the upbeat ending he uses the fifth-rate sport of wrestling as an audience turn-on. But wrestling isn't boxing, and Lenny isn't Rocky. The movie is both opportunistic and hopelessly out of it. Rivoli; Loews Cine.

Same Time, Next Year—A housewife and an accountant become lovers and meet once a year for 26 years. Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda star. Robert Mulligan directed. From November 22, Cinema I.

Slow Dancing in the Big City—"Why did you become a dancer?" the man asks, and without batting an eyelash the woman replies, "The sky always seemed a better place to be." Has there ever been so much high-flown gibberish in a single movie? Wind seems to be blowing through the empty spaces in the screenwriter's head. Written by Barra Grant and directed by John G. Avildsen (*Rocky*), this romance between a pathetic, man-of-the-people newspaper columnist (Paul Sorvino) and a high-strung, ailing ballet dancer (Anne Ditchburn), is probably the most shameless and synthetic tear-jerker since *Love Story*. Sitting through it is like watching all 18 hours of a Jerry Lewis telethon. Cinema II.

Up in Smoke—The comedy team of Cheech and Chong try to get high and stay high in a genial, casually lousy pothead farce set in Los Angeles. Without jobs, plans, ambitions, or responsibility, they devote themselves to dope and seem as happy as Henry Miller's scruffy expatriates in *Tropic of Cancer*. As you watch this often funny film, you sink into the disreputable comforts of sloppiness. Written by the two comics and directed by their record producer, Lou Adler. D.W. Griffith; RKO Cinerama I; Quad.

Violette—Based on a true story (from the early thirties) about an 18-year-old Parisienne who poisoned her father and stole his money. The child of repressed and hypocritical lower-middle-class parents, Violette sneaks out of the house at night in her lipstick and black furs (she looks like a hooker in a Brassai photograph) and searches for adventure. But in Claude Chabrol's perversely muted and ironic film, starring Isabelle Huppert, Violette doesn't have a good time even when she sins. With Stéphane Audran and Jean Carmet. Paris.

Watership Down—Film based on Richard Adams's book focusing on a warren of rabbits who are forced to abandon their habitat to seek a safe new one. Directed by Martin Rosen, animated, features the voices of Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrew, Denholm Elliott, and the late Zero Mostel. Guild; Eastside; Bay Cinema.

A Wedding—Two large families—one old-money WASP (with an admixture of Italians), the other nouveau-riche vulgar—gather at a posh Illinois mansion to celebrate the marriage of their children. What results is a total shambles. Robert Altman's comedy, his twelfth film in nine years, is in his satirical multiple-vignette style, but the satire is a little thin and derivative this time. The movie is a considerable formal achievement, but it's deficient in feeling. The huge cast includes Lillian Gish, Carol Burnett, Vittorio Gassman, and Mia Farrow. Cinema III; thru 11/21, Sutton; from 11/22, Quad.

The Wild Geese—An adventure film about a group of mercenary soldiers who attempt to rescue the imprisoned leader of an emerging African nation. Roger Moore stars. Loews State I; RKO 86th St II.

The Wiz—Monstrously overproduced and underfelt all-black musical version of *The Wizard of Oz*. Diana Ross, singing and acting well in a basically synthetic role, is Dorothy—not a teenage girl but a 24-year-old Harlem schoolteacher afraid of life. She travels through Oz (a half-realistic, half-fantastic New York) looking for the Wiz (Richard Pryor) and accompanied by the Scarecrow (high-voiced Michael Jackson), the Tin Man (Nipsey Russell), and the Lion (Ted Ross). Tony Walton's huge sets serve mainly as static backdrops, and director Sidney Lumet can't seem to find a place to put the camera. The gigantic production numbers are shot from so great a distance that we can't see dance movement. *The Wiz* is a Radio City Music Hall version of soul. With Lena Horne and Mabel King. Loews Astor Plaza; Plaza; Murray Hill; Loews Orpheum.

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Friday, November 24

Man and Superman—George Bernard Shaw's play, with George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, Philip Bosco, and Bette Henritze. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews start tonight prior to a 12/14 premiere. Runs thru 2/18/79. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bway (581-0720).

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'—Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaire Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie—*Oliver Twist* in drag, but — given such surefire ingredients as a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a dog called Sandy — only a churl could cavil. Thomas Meehan's book is a far cry from Harold Grey's comic-strip *Annie*, as is Charles Strouse's score from his best work, but Shelley Bruce is touching in the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-0246).

Chapter Two—Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of a couple and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon, Tues, Wed, Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St*. Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

The Crucifer of Blood—A new Sherlock Holmes mystery play starring Paxton Whitehead, directed by Paul Giovanni who based it on Doyle's writings. Timothy Landfield plays Dr. Watson and Glenn Close the female lead as Irene St. Clair. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Da—On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'—Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like interecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and

a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap—Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and Richard Woods. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula—Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Eubie!—Based on songs by Eubie Blake, revue is a nice old-fashioned black musical of the kind we could have seen with rapture on Broadway some four or five decades ago. There is talent here and there is fun to be had. But if you can get into *Ain't Misbehavin'* you can see the same sort of thing brought brilliantly up-to-date. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (541-6490).

First Monday in October—High-minded hokum about the first woman justice of the Supreme Court. Henry Fonda plays a dyed-in-the-wool liberal and Jane Alexander, the much younger, nobly conservative new justice. Rather than explore the social and psychological problems this might give rise to, the play falls back on a tried-and-true formula: inveterate antagonists having at each other until they arrive at warm mutual respect laced with a hint of, shall we say, an impossible love. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3. Thru 12/9. ANTA, 52nd & Bway (CI 6-6270).

Gemini—Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game—A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Maureen Stapleton and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease—Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's non-sense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife—The Smothers Brothers are now appearing in this tale of wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of skits, with a Cy Coleman score and the direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

King of Hearts—A very bad movie which became a cult film has now been made into an even worse musical. Joseph Stein's book follows the movie's idiotic plot fairly faithfully, and heaps on the surefire ingredient of an adorable booby hatch such further favorites as a make-believe whorehouse and a fantasy circus. Ron Field's staging is inept and his choreography is scarcely better. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Minskoff, Bway at 45th. (869-0550).

The King and I—Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m.; & a 5 p.m. perf on Sun. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!—Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century—Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Platinum—Alexis Smith stars in a new musical with book by Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch, described as a charade about Hollywood's Sunset Strip and the recording industry, with the focus on a fading film star who tries to recapture her plummeting career by becoming a recording artist. Music by Gary William Friedman. With Lisa Mordente, Richard Cox, and Damita Jo Freeman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bway (PL 7-7064).

Playboy of the Weekend World—Emlyn Williams in a new solo entertainment adapted from the comic short stories of H.H. Munro (Saki). Playhouse, 357 W 48th St (541-9820).

Runaways—This entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Tribute—Bernard Slade's play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family infighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Thru 12/2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz—Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (247-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory—Mad Dog Blues by Sam Shepard, directed by Shan Covey. 12/1-3, at 9 p.m. Bill Manhoff's *The Owl and the Pussycat*, 12/1-3, 8-10, 15-17, 29-31, at 7 p.m. \$3. Academy Arts, First Ave at 51st (486-1431).

Acme Repertory—G.B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*; Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy*. Both run thru 12/30. The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (279-9321).

Actors' Alliance—Copi's *Daydream of a Young Lady*, directed by Rick Pagano, about a fanciful and sensual inner world. 11/21, 22, 24, 25 at 8; 11/26 at 3. \$3. 124 W 60th (LO 7-9376).

American Dance Machine—A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m.

Sun at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

Approaching Zero—Thom Thomas's play, based on Georg Kaiser's *The Gas Trilogy*. Tues thru Sun, 11/24-12/23. \$5. La Mama, E.T.C., 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been—Eric Bentley's play of the Hollywood witch-hunt of the 50s, directed by John Bettenbender. With Jerry Ver Dorn, David Barker, Benjamin Bettenbender, and Robert Nichols. 11/21-26, Barbara Baxley plays a cameo role. Promenade Theater, Bway at 76th (799-7690).

As You Like It—Directed by Eric Hoffman. 11/23-26 at 8. \$3. Stage 73, 321 E 73rd (222-3581).

The Boys in the Band—Mart Crowley's drama. 11/24, 25 at 8:30. Encore Studio, 415 7th St (837-0647).

Can-Can—Revival of the musical by Cole Porter and Abe Burrows. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 12/10. Equity Library Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Catholic School Girls—A play by Casey Kurtti, directed by Madeline Gaidzik. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7:30, thru 12/3. \$3.50. Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

Chekhov One, Two, Three—The Boor, The Evils of Tobacco, and The Wedding, directed by Jean Leslie Goodman. Wed, Fri & Sat, 11/22, 24, 25, 29; 12/1, 2, at 8 p.m. Sats, extra perf at 6:30. \$3. Hartley House, 413 W 46th (246-9872).

The Coach with the Six Insides—Jean Erdman's staged version of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* features pantomime, dance, and vignettes. Thurs thru Sun at 8; mats at 2 p.m. 11/22 and 29. \$4. Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th (534-6909).

CSC Repertory—Shakespeare's Hollow Crown Trilogy—*Richard II*, *Henry IV, Parts I & II*, in rotating repertory thru 12/17, Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10:15 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. (On 11/25, the trilogy will have an afternoon/evening marathon at 3, 7 & 10:15 p.m. Tickets are \$10 for all three plus free refreshments.) CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Double Bill—William Packard's *War Play* and *Ty Cobb*, directed by Mark Jeffrey Harrison. Wed thru Sun, 11/22-26. \$3. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

Double Bill—Lanford Wilson's *The Great Nebula in Orion*, and Peter Shaffer's *The Private Ear*. 11/22-25 at 8 p.m. \$3.50. Gallery Theater, 161 W 22nd (LT 1-6470).

Drama Committee Repertory—Stephen Crane's *The Blue Hotel & The Monster*, Sun, 5 & 8 p.m. Mon & Tues, 8 p.m. thru 12/31. Gogol's *The Nose and Marriage*, Wed & Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 10:30, thru 11/21. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan*, Fri & Sat at 8, Sun at 2. Thru 12/31. \$3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Drinks Before Dinner—Christopher Plummer stars in a new play by E. L. Doctorow, which takes place in a fashionable New York City apartment where seven people are gathered for a dinner party. With Charles Kimbrough, Zohra Lampert, James Naughton, Virginia Vestoff. Directed by Mike Nichols. Newman/Public Theater, 424 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Family Business—Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but interminably embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10; Sun 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks—Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleeker (OR 4-3838).

The Fight for Barbara—D.H. Lawrence's play about the flight of a British woman from her family to the bed of her lover. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. thru 12/24. \$5. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

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AROUND TOWN

Four One-Acts Tonight—Tad Mosel's *Impromptu*; Eugene O'Neill's *Moon Over the Caribbees*; Susan Glaspell's *Suppressed Desires*; Tom Rodman's *Little Battles*. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 11/26. \$3.50. American Theater Arts, 133 MacDougal St (777-2571).

The Gingham Dog—Lanford Wilson's play, directed by Judy Kay Tate. 11/24-26, at 7:30 p.m. \$3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (869-3530).

The God of Vengeance—Sholem Asch's work, set in a large Polish city at the turn of the century. Thru 11/26. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. \$3. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

The Golden Apple—Revival of the Jerome Moross/John LaTouche play, directed by Janet Walker. Fri thru Sun, 11/24-12/10. \$3. Church of Heavenly Rest, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

Hay Fever—Noel Coward's play. 11/24-26, 12/1-3, at 8 p.m. \$3. 47 Bond Street Gallery (475-3899).

Him—A play by e.e. cummings, directed by Craig Laplount. Absurdist theater. 11/24-27, 30-12/3, at 8 p.m. \$3. New York Stage Works, 15 W 18th (242-3967).

The Hollow—An Agatha Christie mystery comedy-melodrama. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. 11/24-12/17. \$3. Meat and Potatoes Theater, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road—This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle-aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat & Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in an excellent and entertaining revue featuring a cast of expert magicians from all parts of the world. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m.; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

The Inheritors—Sholem Aleichem's comedy about the trials and tribulations of heirs apparent. Folksbeine Playse, 123 E 55th (755-2231).

In the Beginning—Joan Harvey's play. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. \$3.50. Truck and Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (254-5060).

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Thomas Middleton's Elizabethan comedy, *A Mad World, My Masters*, written in 1608; Percy MacKaye's *The Scarecrow*; Eugene Ionesco's *Exit the King*. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

Keep An Eye on Amelia—A comedy by Feydeau, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 12/17. \$3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Laugh a Lifetime—Yiddish musical, directed by Zalman Mlotek. Sat at 8:30, Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. thru 12/3. Norman Thomas Theater, 111 E 33rd (686-3535).

The Lesson—Eugene Ionesco's play starring Owen S. Rachleff and Didi Conn. Followed by a film, *The California Reich*, about the Nazi Party in the U.S. today. Harold Clurman Theater, 412 W 42nd (279-4200).

Life in the Day of Joe Swann—Michael Miller's new play about a New York actor, directed by David Rotenberg. 11/24, 25, 26, 30; 12/1-3, 7-10, at 8 p.m. \$3. 78th St Theater, 236 W 78th (595-5240).

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Sonia Moore. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 12/17. \$6. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th St (755-5120).

The Lucky One—A.A. Milne's play. Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/2. \$3. New Shandol Theater, 137 W 22nd (675-3384).

Manhattan Theater Club—Upstairs: *Nongogo*, by Athol Fugard, directed by Oz Scott. Wed thru Sun at 8. Thru 12/10. \$4. Downstairs: *A Lady Needs a Change*, directed by Bill Gile, a musical salute to Dorothy Fields, featuring over 20 songs. Wed thru Sun at 8:15. Fri & Sat also at 10:30. Thru 12/10. \$4. 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Mrs. Dally Has a Lover—William Hanley's play. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. thru 11/25. \$3. 236 W 78th (595-0850).

My Old Friends—Musical "about old people, by old people, for old people," by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, starring Maxine Sullivan. Thurs thru Sun, 11/23-12/10. Free. La Mama E.T.C., 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Outward Bound—Sutton Vane's play, directed by James Fox. 11/24, 25. Dramatic Workshop, 333 6th Ave (243-9225).

The Passion of Dracula—A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Pins and Needles—Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWU, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 12/17. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Porno Stars at Home—A play by the great Leonard Melfi, with a cast including Alan Brooks, Jody Catlin, Justin Deas, Tara Tyson, and Meg Witner, directed by Ken Eulo, from 11/21. Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (765-9540).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead—An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

The Rear Column—Simon Gray's play about five Englishmen stationed at an isolated camp in the Congo. Tues thru Fri & Sun at 7:30; Sat at 6:30 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/10. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Rebel Without a Cause—Directed by Nick Swyrdenko. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 12/3. \$3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Room/Raum—Written and directed by Linda Mussman, performed in English and German. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. \$3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (243-9268).

The Sea Gull—Anton Chekhov's play which takes place in turn-of-the-century Russia, directed by Fred Gorelick. 11/21, 28-30, 12/1-3, at 8 p.m. mat 12/2 at 2:30. \$3. The Space, 260 West Bdway (925-1666).

Soho Rep—Michel de Ghelderode's *Miss Jaius*. Jean Giraudoux's *Amphitryon 38*. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Tennis Game—George W. S. Trow's play which uses tennis as a metaphor in tracing the changing life-styles in American society over three generations. Directed by Timothy Mayer. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 11/26. \$7. South St Theater, 424 W 42nd (279-4200).

13th St Repertory—Israel Horowitz's *Line*, Thurs & Fri at 7:30, Sat at 10 p.m. Horowitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx*. Sun at 9:30. Alan Rossett's *Double Dreamburger*, Thurs & Fri at 10; Sat at 7:30. Brother Theodore entertains, Sat at midnight. *Success!*, a musical by Steven Matay, Sun thru Tues at 7:30. 13 St Theater, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Troupe Repertory—G.B. Shaw's *The Man of Destiny* and *Annajanska*, the *Bolshevik Empress*. Three one-acters by Stan Lachow: *The Old Woman*, *If I Were the Only Boy*, and *Double D*. Thru 11/26. Andy Milligan's *Black Mirror*. Osnato & Flynn's *Lady of Means*, thru 11/30. Phone for times. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

The Unicorn in Captivity—Mel Arrighi's play of idealism and loyalty set in the political area. Directed by Ted Story. Thurs thru Mon at 8 p.m. mats Sun at 3 p.m. \$3. Thru 11/27, Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Grease*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Victoria's Closet—19th century erotica by Laurence Carr with material by Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Mark Twain, Frank Harris, others. 11/24-27. \$2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Terry Walker, with Dimo Condos and Paul Ladenheim. Fri thru Mon, thru 12/4. \$3. (Mon, \$1.90). Counterpoint, 152 W 66th (799-6954).

Waiting for the Dough—A new play by Lawrence Willette. Thurs thru Sat at 11 p.m. Thru 11/25 (no perf on Thanksgiving). \$3. Westbeth, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Winning Isn't Everything—Lee Kalcheim's political satire. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/10. \$6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Women and the Family System—*Daughters*, written and directed by Clare Coss, Sondra Segal, and Roberta Sklar, plays 11/25; 12/2, 3, 6, 7, 8. *Sister/Sister*, by the same people 11/26, 29, 30, 12/1, 9, 10. At 8 p.m. Interart Theater Annex, 552 W 53rd (279-4200).

New York Ticket Service

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Chateau Madrid—48th St & Lex. Thru 12/31, "Latin Fire," a fantasy revue, at 9:30 & midnight; Sat at 8:30, 11:30 & 1:30. Closed Mon (PL 2-8080).

Club Athens—216 W 46th. New Greek supper club, in the theater district, featuring the dance rhythms of American and Greek disco and ballroom dancing, and singers Hector, Marie, Haris, and Panos. Closed Mondays (840-7494).

Club Ibis—151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a lively revue with chorus girls and specialty acts. Showtimes Mon-Fri, 9:30 & midnight. Sat, 8:30, 11:45 & 1 a.m. Disco dancing until 4 a.m. Closed Sun (753-3471).

Comic Strip—1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana—10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment featuring the disco group Goody Goody, 11/24, 25. Closed Sundays (755-6010).

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Cotton Club—666 W 125th. "Chocolata Comes to the Cotton Club," by Ed Bullins & Mildred Kayden. Wed thru Mon (exc. Sun) at 10 & 12:30 p.m. Disco dancing to the music of the Cotton Club Orchestra. Showcase every Tuesday. (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields—1118 First Ave. Monte Rock III & his revue thru 11/23, at 9:30 & 11:30. Comedian-impressionist David Frye 11/24-12/16. Talent shows from 9:30 Sundays (593-1650).

David K's Aquarium Lounge—1115 Third Ave. Singer/pianist Hugh Shannon here nightly Wed thru Sun from 9 p.m. thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

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Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington & his trio, 11/20-12/31, nightly exc. Sun at 10 midnight, and 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio plays Mon thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun & Mon evenings (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's—239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Maryeurs—Madison at 77th. Terry Hammond entertains, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. (828-3333).

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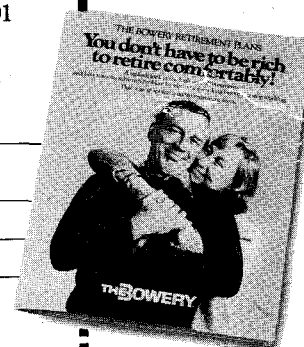
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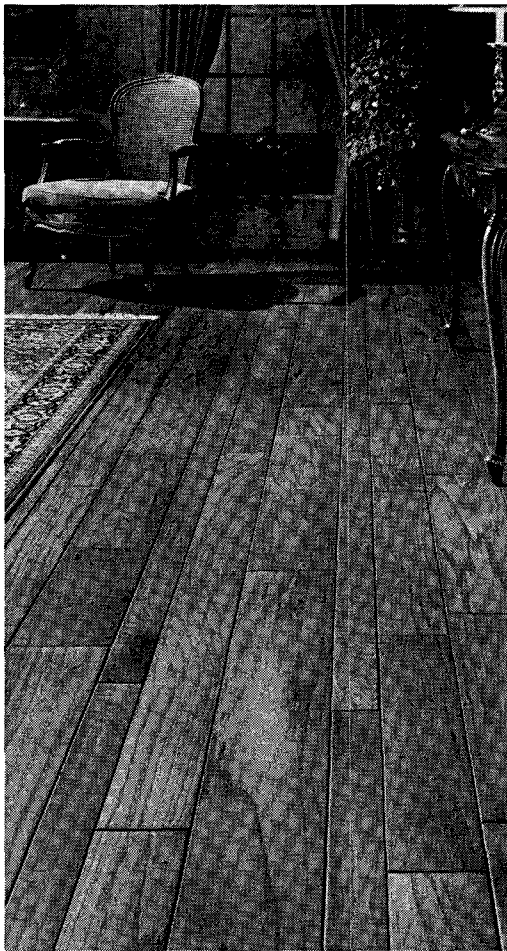
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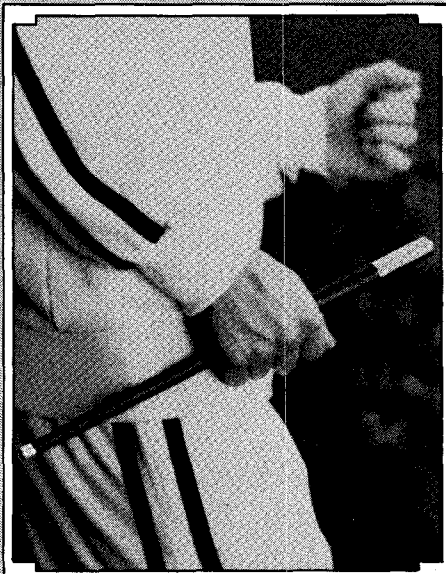
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AROUND TOWN

to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. On Tuesday nights the evanescent Mississippi bell, Dardenelle, plays piano and vibes with astonishing vigor, and sings with a worldly sweetness that has all but disappeared from popular singing (683-0044).

L'Oubliette—2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club—5 E 59th. In Lainie's Room: 11/20-12/9, jazz/pop artist Maxine Weldon. In the Cabaret: 11/24-26, comedian Carl Waxman (840-7494).

Rainbow Grill—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys. Thru 12/31. Between & after shows—Disco-dancing to a light show (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room—65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exclusive, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra nightly, except Monday (PL 7-9090).

Reflections—40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge—309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, nightly, from 7 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte—137 E 55th. Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 Orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland—239 W 52nd. Enormous ballroom open for dancing Wed & Fri from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American & Latin bands, with Ruben Hernandez officiating at the disco's midnight sessions, Wed, Fri & Sat (247-0200).

Shepherd's—Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. Miss Christian Cooper with songs, dance routines & comedy at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat. (421-0900).

Sirocco—29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club—112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches—190 Third at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St at Madison (687-7000, ext.424). The Phillips Brothers, with drums and piano, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Mon thru Fri.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe**: thru 12/31, Bobby Short plays Tues thru Sat at 9:45 & 11:30. **Bemmelmans Bar**: Tommy Flanagan plays piano Mon thru Sat from 9 p.m. thru 12/2. Barbara Carroll returns 12/4-31.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe**: A very ritzy joint, and the trio that plays for dancing is also worth listening to. The reason: seven-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, who leads a trio Tuesdays thru Saturdays, playing ballads and swingers and an occasional Django Reinhardt meditation. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. A pianist takes over Sunday and Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room**: Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's**: Turn of the century lounge-cabaret. 11/20-12/16, New Life, featuring Joann Greco nightly, except Sun, from 9:30 to 1:30 a.m. **The Falstaff Room**: Singer-pianist Judy Keithley, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. singer/pianist Jennifer Scott.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole**: Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Fri, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist Bob Page, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge**: Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting

AROUND TOWN

for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Monday through Friday.

Waldorf-Astoria, 49th St & Park Ave (355-3000).
Peacock Alley Lounge: Cole Porter melodies played on his own piano, Tues thru Sat, 7:30 to 12:30 a.m. by pianist Jimmy Lyon.

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Ali's Alley—77 Greene St. Leon Thomas, who went from Count Basie band singing to Pharoah Sanders yodeling, will probably do both, 11/21-25. On Monday nights, Jaki Byard, a bustling, brilliant pianist-arranger-bandleader, fronts the Apollo Stompers, a rolling 17-piece band with singers and a tap dancers who does "Take the A Train" (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern—57 Grove St. On Monday nights, 9:15 until 1 a.m., this cozy neighborhood bar rings with the vigor of amateur Dixieland; in its 18th year, it's the longest running gig in New York, and always packed. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly—16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beate songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom—458 West Bdw. Singer/actress Badomi De Cesare sings about love, 11/21-26, Tues thru Sat at 8:30 & 10:30 p.m. accompanied by Hunt Cole on the piano (673-9121).

Bondini's—62 W 9th St. Thurs thru Sat, Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings, and the all-girl orchestra of Miss Faun, present a musical fantasy, "To the Happiness of Us All," Thurs at 11; Fri at 11:30; Sat at midnight (777-0670).

The Bottom Line—15 W Fourth St. 11/21, Jean Carn. 11/22-25, Helen Schneider and Richard Belzer. 11/27, 28, Sea Level and Albert Collins (228-6300).

Bradley's—10th & University. Thru 11/26, Bob Dorough, a pianist with a declarative, infectious style and a singer with an eccentrically high-pitched southern drawl, teams with bassist Bill Takas (228-6440).

Cafe Fanny—Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always. The Curtis Sisters, Gale on violin and Prudence at the piano (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern—165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. And he plays on possibly the best instrument in town, an August Foster piano. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens—64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse—1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's—144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by clubowner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery—University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter is fast becoming a landmark, having established herself as a near-permanent resident of this famous restaurant-boite. She sings standards and originals, and she's swinging and irreverent way beyond her 83 years. Rose Murphy, she of the chichichis, comes in on Sundays (OR 4-4450).

Coriander—314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Phil Leshin (794-2700).

Crawdaddy—45th St & Vanderbilt. Genuine New Orleans restaurant. Buddy Tate is one of the pyramids of swing tenor sax, and his barrelchested tone will be well displayed in a bass-drums trio context Mondays thru Fridays all month (687-1860).

Entrance—227 E 56th. Don de Natale stars in "Dancin Disco," a revue at this new restaurant/cabaret/discotheque. The twin Hill Sisters are featured. Thru November (421-5511).

Great Aunt Fanny's—340 W 46th. Pianist/singer Gladys Easter is currently celebrating her fourth year here and plays Wed thru Sat from 9:30 til closing. In the heart of the theater district (765-7374).

Gregory's—First Ave at 63rd. Mondays, this very handy bar with an exceptional juke box, presents Al Haig, one of the masters of modern jazz piano; Chuck Wayne, the fleetest of bop guitarists, comes in on Tues, and his former partner in duets, guitarist Joe Puma, joins with pianist Hod O'Brien for the rest of the week. Alicia Sherman sings with them Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hors d'Oeuvre—One World Trade Center. Tues thru Sat, pianist Russ Kasoff from 4:30; the Al Gafa Trio, for dancing, from 9:30 until 1 a.m., alternating with Roger Ram. Sun, Roger May Trio, from 4 to 11:30. Mon, Russ Kasoff from 4:30, and Roger May Trio, 7:30 until 12:30 (938-1111).

Jazzmania Society—14 E 23rd. The atmosphere is unbeatable—it's a penthouse loft—and the jamming engaging. There are also musician lectures and swap nights—call for details (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. The electrifying trumpeter Roy Eldridge is at his second living room (eight years at the same stand), and is always worth a late night visit. He is at the helm of a quintet, with the expert drummer Eddie Locke, and plays and sings blues, cotton curtain items, ballads, and fiery swingers. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

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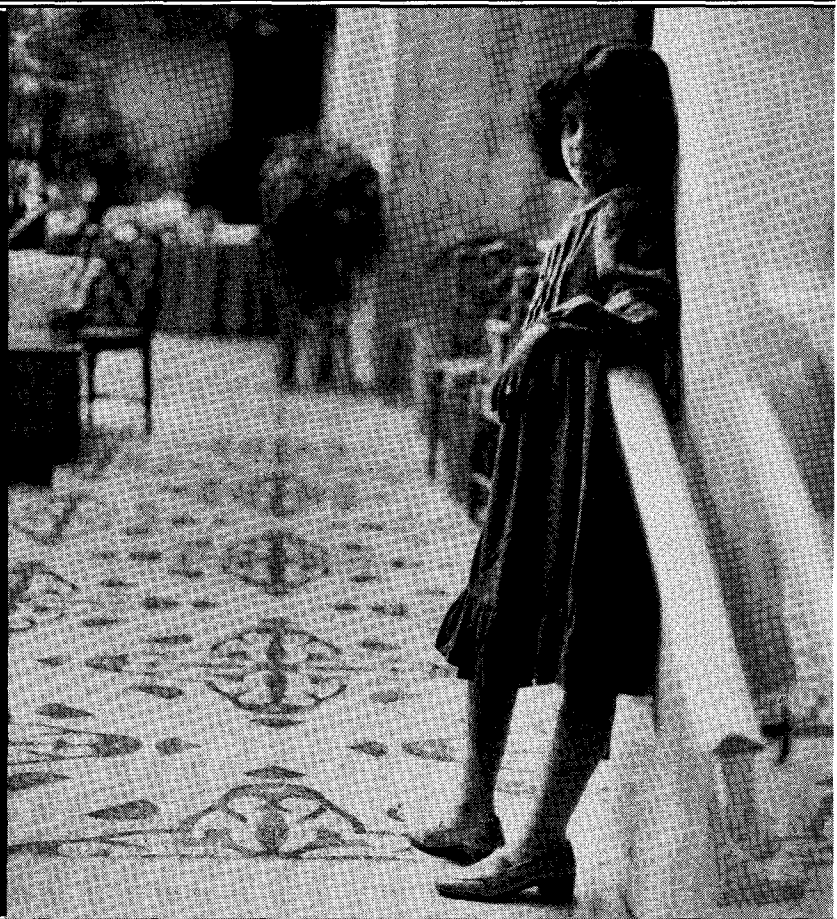
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Photo by Rina Talcott



JACK STEINER

Mainly about Midhattan

TELEPHONE BUFFS who can remember the first long-distance hook-up with the West Coast (I still can hum "Hello, Frisco, Hello") will enjoy a restaurant listed as *Ma Bell's*, which runs the length of Shubert Alley, between 44th and 45th, just around a corner from most of the hit shows in town. Walls and menus are adorned with photos of past and present celebs in funny telephone gags. Old-time stand-up phones on every table allow you to make local calls for free. Best gimmick is the revised menu and smartened-up service; and you ought to see that huge bar before, during and after the shows. *Ma Bell's* is a bright bet when you're on Broadway.

Another restaurant sensation, yclept the *Boss*, combines a time-tested "meat & potatoes" operation with an exciting idea whose time has come. The *Boss'* ploy: Make great burgers (or steak, chicken, fish, etc.) at easy-to-take prices; add the best-stocked salad bar in town, loaded with help-yourself greenery, plus 4 daily-different schissels of gourmet salads (ready made by experts) to mix and match (as many trips to the salad bar as you wish). At lunch (with entree) saladry unlimited is \$1.45. At dinner, not only is your salad free; so is all the beer, wine or sangria you can drink. Considering that you can get sirloin steak, all the salad you can eat and all the beer you can drink for \$6.95, you can see why the *Boss*, starting from scratch some 60 days ago, has almost a dozen places around Midhattan; you must catch the "flagship" of the fleet; the huge, handsome *Boss* at Broadway and 44th, in the theatre district.

But let's not forget some old favorites. At *Luchow's*, New York's venerable restaurant landmark, His Eminence Terence Cardinal Cooke once again pushed the button to light up *Luchow's* famed Christmas Tree; which means that thousands of families will trek to 14th St. & Irving Place to give kids a sight of New York's tallest indoor Christmas Tree and the miniature Nativity Scene that surrounds it. *News Note:* After 96 years *Luchow's* is entitled to be stubborn: It still carries a full-course family dinner on the menu for a mere \$9.95 . . . including the Oompah Band, the Victor Herbert Strings, the festive ambience and all the holiday *Gemutlichkeit* that only *Luchow's* brings to New York.

The combination of song, syncopation, steak and *spiritus frumenti* unlimited make the Empire State Bldg. *Riverboat* (New York's largest nightclub) the biggest entertainment buy in town. Currently the sensational Millie Vernon handles the songs superbly. The "World's Greatest Dance Band" and "The Sound Experience" provide the dance rhythms; the sirloin steak dinner special includes *all you can drink* (booze, beer, burgundy, you name it!) *on the house*, all for \$11.95 plus the miniscule \$2.95 music charge. Same tariff for the *'Boat's* upcoming Arthur Prysock Revue, Dec. 25-31 (except New Year's Eve). If there's any deal between South Ferry and Spuyten Duyvil to match this for beauty, bands, beef and booze, nobody has told me about it.

Monday nights (6 to 6:45) at the *Steer Palace* in Madison Square Garden, watch Mike Zimet's "Sportstalk" radio show being broadcast over WNYC-AM (830 on your dial) and listen to Mike and his sportceleb guests field questions from "call-in" listeners. Different guests every Monday, of course; if you can't come in, call in.

AROUND TOWN

Lone Star Cafe—Fifth Ave at 12th. Texas food and entertainment, Mon thru Sat, 9:15 to 3 a.m. Sun, 8:30 to 2 a.m. (242-1664).

Los Madriles—236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun, 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. (582-3193).

Luchow's—110 E 14th. Venison festival thru 12/1. Oompah Band, Fri thru Sun, from 6 p.m. Herbert Strings, Tues thru Thurs at 7 (477-4860).

Michael's Pub—211 E 55th. Singer/pianist Freddy Cole here through 12/2. Performances begin 9:15 with three sets nightly. Woody Allen continues to hold forth on Mondays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II—61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Ricardo Roda entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels—227 E 67th. Cozy ambience and good food. Customers can sing along with Jerry Scott at the piano, from 8:30 until closing (794-2331).

Oliver's—141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with music nightly by singer/pianist Danny Deaver or Elaine Francis, from 6 p.m. to midnight (753-9180).

O'Lunney's—915 Second Ave betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music, Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 8 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's—160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Michael Spavack band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End—149 Bleeker St. 11/20, 21, Stefan Grossman & John Renbourn, guitarists. 11/22-25, bluesman Dave Van Ronk. 11/27, 28, blues harmonica player James Cotton (673-7030).

Park Place—363 Park Ave So. A new restaurant with a vaguely Oriental approach to "health" food, has the good taste to present Dardanelle, singing and playing piano and vibes, Wed thru Sat. Usually she's accompanied by a bassist (LO 8-2724).

Ponte's—39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine. Every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory—224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Ramayana—123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too—1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon, Jazz A Cordes; Wed, the Lynn Oliver Swing Band; Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Tues, the New Orleans Nighthawks; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies. Saturday Night Stompers on Sat (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney—126 W 13th St. 11/21-26, Gotham, a male group, at 9 & 11:30 p.m. 11/28-12/2 at 11:30 p.m. Don Scardino, with Victor Garber. Also, Zora Rasmussen sings here Sat nights at 12:55 a.m. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

The Sea Breeze—27 W 72nd. Seafood establishment, with singer/pianist Edward Linderman entertaining Tues thru Sat from 8 p.m. on (595-2534).

Seventh Avenue South—21 7th Ave So. Jazz nightclub. 11/21, 22, Richie Boukas. 11/23-26, Dave Liebman Quintet. 11/28, 29, Brad Catron's Cafe. Music starts at 10 (242-4694).

Story Towne—41 E 58th. Drummer Elvin Jones and his Quartet here 11/23-25. Shows at 9:15 & 11:30 nightly; three shows on Saturday (755-1640).

Sweet Basil—88 7th Ave So. Art Farmer, the flugel-hornist with a mellow, lapidary sound, is here with a quartet thru 11/25. His lyric improvisations and splendid technique are too rarely heard in these parts. (242-1785).

Tramps—125 E 15th. 11/24, 25, High-Heeled Women. 11/30-12/2, Stormin' Norman & Suzy. Thurs at 9 & 11; Fri & Sat at 10 & midnight (260-0370).

Restaurants

Below, mini-reviews of restaurants recommended by our restaurant critics, who chose the restaurants independently and dined there anonymously. (S.B.) Seymour Britchky. (G.G.) Gael Greene. The code: AE, American Express; CB, Carte Blanche; DC, Diners Club; MC, Master Charge; V, Visa.

Highly Recommended

Auberge Suisse—Citicorp Bldg. 153 E. 53rd. The setting is modern and cool, and it takes a crowd of diners to warm the place up. But the Swiss food—of sparkling ingredients—is handsomely presented and vividly flavored. The escargots Café de Paris is a wondrous dish dominated by herbs, brandy, and browned Swiss cheese. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Dinner entrées \$7 to \$12. AE CB DC MC V (421-1420). (S.B.)

Dimitri—152 Columbus Ave nr 66th. New to bustling Columbus Avenue, this unfussy bistro offers modest prices and surprisingly good, eclectic food—a little French, a little Greek, a little Italian. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées \$5 to \$9. AE CB DC MC V (787-7306) (G.G.)

Gage & Tollner—372 Fulton St, Bklyn. The most elaborate seafood menu in the city is available in this carefully preserved nineteenth-century relic. There are great rows of huge arched mirrors, well-worn mahogany tables, and ancient chandeliers within which, on winter nights, gas flames flicker in century-old fixtures. The clam belly broil is understandably legendary. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées \$6 to \$23. AE DC MC V (875-5181). (S.B.)

La Gamelle—59 Grand St nr West Broadway. Gutted, stark, and stogy, this new SoHo spot is promptly packed with the colorful "bohemians" of that blooming quarter. Straightforward French food interpreted in high flavor. The blackboard menu changes from day to day. Tues thru Sun noon to 3 p.m. & 6 to midnight; Mon 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées \$7.50 to \$8.75. No credit cards (431-6695). (S.B.)

La Metairie—189 W 10th. This, the best French restaurant in Greenwich Village, is tiny and rather relentlessly charming in the rustic manner. The dishes on the brief blackboard menu change regularly, and the well-prepared food varies from the sturdy to the elegant. Courtesy common here. Apéritifs and wine only. Tues thru Sun seatings at 7 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$9 to \$12.50. No credit cards (989-0343). (S.B.)

Mon Paris—111 E 29th. A little hard on the eyes, what with crimson fleurs-de-lis of velvety flocking on the walls, but the good French country cooking has been placating the vast appetites of an addicted clientele for decades now. Regulars know to order the unlisted soufflés for dessert. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$7 to \$14. AE MC V (683-4255). (S.B.)

La Petite Ferme—973 Lexington betw 70th & 71st. This is the best exponent of simple French cooking in town. The setting is of studied bucolic simplicity, with such accents as an ancient rack standing in a corner, plaid dish towels for napkins, doves in a cage. The mussel appetizer, with chopped red onions and a vinaigrette dressing, can inspire the jaded, revive the forlorn. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$10 to \$13. AE DC MC V (249-3272). (S.B.)

Takezushi—11 East 48th St. Sushi fans cheerfully wait for a seat at the counter to commune with these Japanese masters. Try the sea-urchin tuna, the bellyfish roe, the sea clam, and the celestial mackerel. It helps to have a familiar to help order in Japanese, but if you love the taste of the sea, almost anything you point to will be a pleasing mouthful. By the piece, 60¢ to \$1, or order lunch at the table. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10 p.m.; Sat 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. Dinner entrées \$6 to \$12. AE CB DC MC V (755-6534). (G.G.)

Le Veau d'Or—129 E 60th. Contented crowds have been coming here for hearty French country cooking for decades, and the place seems hardly ever to change. Le Veau d'Or has the warmth of golden wood, of red leather, and of a contented and civilized clientele to whom fashions are merely fashions. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m.

A Fluke of Nature

I'm a farmer. And the story I tell you is the absolute truth, as incredible as it may seem.

It all started in a grove owned by Dr. Webb, our family doctor. One of the men who was picking fruit in the doctor's orchard came up to the Webb house holding six of the strangest grapefruit anyone had ever seen! A single branch of an ordinary grapefruit tree had produced these six unusual fruit.

These were big grapefruit, unusually big. And they had a faint red blush on their skin. When Dr. Webb sliced open the grapefruit, the fruit was a brilliant ruby red in color.

Doctor Webb decided to taste this strange new grapefruit. The fruit was perfect, juicy and luscious. It wasn't sour like other grapefruit either - it was naturally sweet without sugar.

For some reason, we'll never know why, nature had chosen to produce an entirely new kind of grapefruit here in our Magic Rio Grande Valley. It was incredible - men had labored for years to produce the ideal grapefruit, and had failed. But suddenly on a single branch of one tree in one grove, Mother Nature had done it all herself!

YOU CAN IMAGINE THE EXCITEMENT From the fruit on that one branch, grove after grove now produces our own Texas Ruby Red Grapefruit. When I say, "not one man in a thousand has ever tasted this grapefruit." - you can easily understand why.

To begin with, Ruby Reds are rare. You can look for them in stores, but I doubt if you'll find one. You may find pink grapefruit, but seldom if ever do you see the genuine Ruby Reds.

So you start with the rarity of Ruby Reds, and to get to ROYAL Ruby Reds you have to get rarer yet. Only 4 to 5 percent of the entire crop will qualify as a "Royal Ruby Red."

Each Royal Ruby Red weighs a pound - or more! Each has a rich red color, flowing juices, luscious naturally sweet flavor, and the ability to stay this way for many weeks.

Why, we won't even consider harvesting a grove until I've checked out the fruit for tree-ripened maturity myself. I check for "natural sugar," low acid balance and high juice content. I check to see that the fruit is plump and meaty, and I even check to see that the skin is thin. Not only does each factor have to check out, but all the factors have to be in a proper relationship to each other before I'll harvest a grove.

And when we pick the fruit we're just as fussy. Every one of us takes a "picking ring" when we harvest. If the



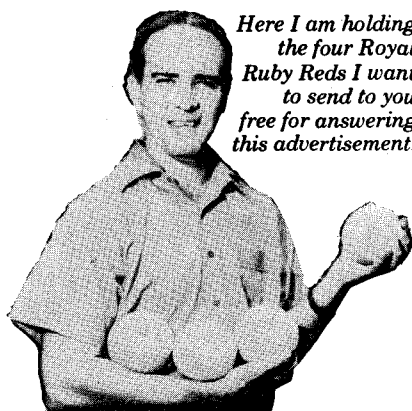
This is a picture of the actual harvest of this season's first Ruby Reds.

fruit is small enough to pass through this ring - we don't pick it! It simply isn't big enough to qualify as a Royal Ruby Red!

Even after picking there are other careful inspections each fruit must pass before I'll accept it. I size the fruit. And I grade it for beauty. Sometimes the fruit will be wind scarred. I won't accept it. Or sometimes it will have a bulge on the stem end that we call "sheep nose." I won't accept it. You can see I really mean it when I say I accept only perfect Royal Ruby Reds.

When I realized that the Royal Ruby Reds were the ultimate fruit, I decided to form a club and sell only to my club members. In this manner I can control my production to insure that nobody will be disappointed.

But before I ask you to join my club, I want you to sample my Royal Ruby Reds for yourself, at no cost to you whatsoever. Let me send you a box prepaid of 16 to 20 Royal Ruby Reds. Place four of them in your refrigerator until they are thoroughly cool. Then cut them in half and have your family sample this unusual fruit.



Here I am holding the four Royal Ruby Reds I want to send to you free for answering this advertisement.

You decide whether or not Royal Ruby Reds are everything I say. You determine whether or not eating a Royal Ruby Red is the fantastic taste experience I promise.

You decide. I'm confident that you and your family will want more of this superb fruit - and on a regular basis, too. If the

A new grapefruit discovery may change your concept of fruit —

four Royal Ruby Reds make you say "yes," then keep the remaining fruit. Otherwise return the unused fruit (at my expense) and you won't owe me a single penny.

But you are never going to know just how wonderful genuine Royal Ruby Reds are unless you place your order right quick.

This way you are sure to receive your package containing 16 or 20 Royal Ruby Reds for you and your family to sample a few days before Christmas. But since the supply is strictly limited it's important to place your order now.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

I'll put the bill for \$10.95 for this first shipment on the top of the box. That's a saving of \$5.00 off the regular price of \$15.95. All delivery charges are prepaid by me. Remit only after my Ruby Reds have proved themselves, otherwise you don't owe a thing.

Now suppose you do like Royal Ruby Reds - suppose you love them - can you be sure of getting more?

You surely can. By saying "yes" to my first shipment you have the privilege of automatically joining my Winter Fruit Club. Please be assured you pay nothing in advance. But each month during the winter I'll ship you a \$15.95 pack of 16 to 20 orchard fresh, hand selected, hand picked Royal Ruby Reds.

Every Royal Ruby Red you receive will pass my tough tests. Each will weigh a pound or more. Safe delivery is guaranteed. This fruit is picked, packed and shipped each month, December through April.

You pay only after you have received each shipment. And you may skip or cancel any shipment, simply by telling me your wishes.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER

Call my toll-free number below, or send your name and address to me at the address below.

Remember it obligates you to nothing, except making a taste test of the best grapefruit that has ever been grown. And this taste test is on me!

Of course, as you can well imagine, when I say supplies are limited - I'm not kidding! There's just so many club members I can accept before I must close my membership this year.

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AROUND TOWN

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Ambassador Grill—United Nations Hotel, 1st Ave at 44th. Luxurious comfort in a setting of hard-edged modernity, starkness and posh, marble floors and burgundy velvet, polished crystal and fresh flowers, and an overhead trompe l'oeil arrangement of glass and mirrors that recedes upward like an inverted glittering cascade. The food is mostly French, and the simpler dishes are very well prepared. Daily 7 a.m. to 11 a.m.; noon to 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées. \$9 to \$15. AE CB DC MC V (355-3400). (S.B.)

Box Tree—242 E 50th. This tiny restaurant is lovingly assembled, with an impeccable eye for ornament. It is like a dark jewel, bejeweled. The food is of French inspiration, but idiosyncratic and often superb. The vacherin—a hazelnut meringue filled with whipped cream and berries—may be the most sublime dessert in New York. Mon thru Fri lunch at 12:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat dinner sittings at 6:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m.; Sun at 7:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner \$28.50. No credit cards (758-8320). (S.B.)

Nirvana—30 Central Park So. From this heavily adorned, fifteenth-floor Indian aerie one is afforded a panoramic view of Central Park. Much of the menu is standard fare, but there are several interesting rarities, including a spectacular lamb curry that is heavily laced with fresh spinach. Daily noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées \$4.95 to \$9.95. No credit cards (752-0270). (S.B.)

The Russian Tea Room—150 W 57th. The Tea Room is a glittering heterogeneity of things to eat, people to see, objects that adorn. It is intoxicating, even without its list of exotic vodkas. The food is splendid, most notably the blini—browned and fluffy buckwheat pancakes you wrap around sour cream and caviar. Sun thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Complete dinners \$8.75 to \$18.75 AE CB DC MC V (265-0947). (S.B.)

Tavern on the Green—Central Park at W 67th. A fantasy glass pavilion dripping with Baccarat chandeliers and other magnificent excess from the irrepressible dream-merchant, Warner LeRoy. So far, no one has been able to get the kitchen to sparkle too, but the desserts are wonderful. Mon thru Fri noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sat 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sun 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight. Dinner entrées \$6.95 to \$21. AE CB DC MC V (873-3200). (G.G.)

The "21" Club—21 W 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Mon thru Sat noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées \$12 to \$16. AE CB DC MC V (582-7200). (G.G.)

Nice and Inexpensive

The Big Kitchen—1 World Trade Center. This, the best-designed and handsomest fast-food enterprise in New York, is a wondrous joy. It's a collection of stands—deli, rotisserie, ice-cream-parlor, health-bar, soup station. Magnificent fresh oysters and clams, pasta with clam sauce cooked to order, good barbecued ribs, hand-shaped burgers, and fine croissants, and the same celebrated pastries served 107 stories up at Windows on the World—to eat now, or carry away. Mon thru Fri 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat & Sun 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. No credit cards (938-1153). (G.G.)

The East West Restaurant—105 E 9th. Health food à la Japanese, with an emphasis on vegetables, fish, and tempura cooking. You may bring your own beer or wine, but the chopstick-wielding young people who keep this simple place busy drink tea, mostly. Clapboard walls, hanging plants, and lots of long hair. Daily 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées \$3.50 to \$7.50. No credit cards (260-1994). (S.B.)

El Tenampa—304 W 46th. By New York Mexican-restaurant standards, this small, homey, family-run establishment is highly experimental, even radical, for the menu goes well beyond tortillas and mole poblano. Some of the food is painfully hot, much of it is available nowhere else in New York, and almost all the dishes have the sprightliness of food just made. Bring beer. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$3.75 to \$6. DC (840-9398). (S.B.)

Hee Seung Fung (HSF)—46 Bowery. The town's most splendid parade of dim sum. Point to what you want and pay by the dish. Don't miss the paper shrimp,

AROUND TOWN

crab claw, stuffed green peppers, vegetarian egg roll, and tiny ribs in black bean sauce. Big, bright, crowded. Takout too. Daily 7 a.m. to midnight. Dim sum lunch 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dinner, also, noon to midnight. No credit cards (734-1319). (G.G.)

Sushiko—251 W 55th. Most Japanese restaurants in New York are frequented by Japanese businessmen. The whole family comes to this one. Sushiko has one of the best and most educational sushi bars in town, offering such rarities as abalone, salted Japanese eel, and tuna stomach. The less exotic meat dishes are good, too. Simple surroundings. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Dinner entrées \$3 to \$8. AE CB DC (974-9721). (S.B.)

Ukrainian Restaurant—140 Second Ave nr 9th. The place is as straightforward as its name; the decor is knotty-pine roadhouse ballroom; and the food ranges from solid to hefty, including a hot borscht that is tart and earthy. The servings are immense so you will not mind the absence of interesting desserts. The waitresses wear folk blouses. Mon thru Thurs 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri 5 p.m. to midnight; Sat & Sun noon to midnight. Dinner entrées \$3.50 to \$4.25. No credit cards (533-6765). (S.B.)

Vincent's Clam Bar—119 Mott St. Liquor and seafood bars up front, plastic-topped tables in the back. Raw clams and oysters, steamed mussels and conch, and deep-fried soft-shell crabs and calamari make up most of the menu. The alternative sauces—medium and hot—are both very hot. Large portions or small. No desserts. A nuts-and-bolts restaurant. Mon thru Thurs 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.; Fri, Sat, & Sun 11:45 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinner entrées \$2.50 to \$3.75. No credit cards (226-8133). (S.B.)

The Greats

Christ Cella—160 E 46th. Spartan of appointments, lavish with quality, this place knows the value of customers and treats them accordingly. The broiled steaks and broiled lobsters are superb. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:30 p.m.; Sat 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$10 to \$25. AE CB DC MC V (697-2479). (S.B.)

The Four Seasons—99 E 52nd. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich, even strongly romantic. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set: grilled food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Sat noon to 2 p.m. Dinner entrées \$8.50 to \$14.50. Pool Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$12.50 to \$18.50. AE CB DC MC V (754-9494). (G.G.)

Gloucester House—37 E 50th. A number of seafood restaurants in New York are reliable for their simple fish dishes. This is one of them. But this is the only such place that also serves good chowders and shellfish stews; vegetables that are crisp and fresh; light-as-air French-fried onion rings; and strawberry shortcake made with real biscuits and true whipped cream. Amazingly expensive. Handsome nautical decor. Daily noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées \$10.50 to \$21.50. AE CB DC MC V (755-7394). (S.B.)

Hunam—845 Second Ave nr 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Mon thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées \$5.25 to \$10.50. AE CB DC (687-7471). (G.G.)

Lutèce—249 E 50th nr Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Tues thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 6 to 10 p.m. Mon & Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées \$16.50 to \$17.25. AE (PL 2-2225). (G.G.)

Oyster Bar & Restaurant—Downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Dinner entrées \$4.95 to \$11.95. AE CB DC MC V (532-3888). (G.G.)

The Palace—420 E 59th. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star

excess in America. In this, the most obscenely expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat seating 6:30 p.m. thru 9:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner \$80, but figure \$300 for two, with wine. AE CB DC MC V (355-5150). (G.G.)

The Palm—837 Second Avenue nr 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées \$7 to \$24. AE CB DC MC V (687-2953). (G.G.)

Shun Lee Palace—155 E 55th. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Daily noon to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées \$9 to \$19; prix-fixe dinner \$14. AE CB DC (371-8844). (G.G.)

Trattoria da Alfredo—90 Bank St at Hudson. Crowded, noisy, often booked days ahead, this food-establishment hangout does sublime things with vegetables, lush pastas, and a good fish soup. At times, sad to note, the waiters, normally sweetly manic, grow testy, if not arrogant, and even the kitchen sometimes sputters. Bring wine. Wed thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$4 to \$7. No credit cards (929-4400). (G.G.)

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan—1059 Third Ave nr 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat noon to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées \$5.95 to \$19.75. AE DC (838-0850). (G.G.)

Windows on the World—1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. If the food is sometimes pedestrian, the views are so splendid you may not notice. Mon thru Fri 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sun noon to 7 p.m. (buffet). Dinner entrées \$10.75 to \$17.95; prix-fixe dinner \$19. AE CB DC MC V (938-1111). (G.G.)

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Oven-to-Table Cookware	50% off original	
Limoges Decorated Miniature Tureen	36.00	15.00
French Charente Wine Glass (set of six)	60.00	25.00
French Charente Extra-Large Wine Glass (set of six)	120.00	40.00
Stainless Steel Serving Pieces	50% off original	
Crystal Candy Box with Bronze Base	300.00	50.00
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Limited Edition French Limoges "Noel" Bells	32.00	15.00
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12" Hand Cut Crystal Pocal	180.00	60.00
Crystal and Bronze Ashtray Cut	14.00	4.00
Hard Liquor Decanters	140.00	40.00
Vodka Decanter	150.00	60.00
Crystal Ashtray	72.00	32.00
Crystal Vase 10"	100.00	40.00
Crystal Compote	240.00	100.00
Scotch Decanter	150.00	50.00
Liquor Decanter	140.00	50.00
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AROUND TOWN

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
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Special Events

COOL CATS



Lion tamer Jewell New and his feline friend Ken are just one of the sixteen new acts in the 108th edition of the **Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus**, opening Wednesday, November 22 at Nassau Coliseum. This year's "Greatest Show on Earth" runs thru December 3 and include 23 performances (516-794-9100).

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100), 11/22 at 7:30, 11/23 at noon, 11/24-25 at 11, 3 & 8, 11/26 at 1 & 5:30, 11/28 at 3:30 & 7:30.

John Curry's Icedancing, Felt Forum (563-8000), 11/21 at 8, 11/22 at 2 & 8, 11/23-24 at 8, 11/25 at 2 & 8, 11/26 at 2 & 7, 11/28 at 8.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 A.M.-7 P.M. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more information, call 586-4763.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Tuesday, November 21

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.

Dalida, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Alice Artzt, guitar, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Zubin Mehta conducts, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Works of Schubert, Schumann, and Gabrieli, at 7:30.

Sonos Chamber Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Hebrew Arts Chamber Orchestra, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

San Francisco Mime Troupe, Entermidia, Second Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191), at 8:30.

Wednesday, November 22

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Zubin Mehta conducts, with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Simon Estes, bass-baritone. Works of Schubert and Bruckner, at 8:30.

McDonald's All-American High School Band, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Shirley Morrison & Claire Snoultten, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Tomas Vasary, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

San Francisco Mime Troupe, Entermidia, Second Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191), at 8:30.

Thursday, November 23

Ukrainian Song Festival, Carnegie Hall, at 6:30.

Gregg Smith Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Friday, November 24

Alice Lindsay, viola, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 11/22, at 2.

San Francisco Mime Troupe, Entermidia, Second Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191), at 8:30.

Oregon, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Benita Meshulam, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

John Abercrombie Quartet, Public Theater, at 10:30.

English Chamber Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Hanna Lachert, violin & **Joseph Bloom**, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Roy Bookbinder, folk music, Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave. (243-9714), at 8.

Saturday, November 25

Pete Seeger, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 11/22, at 8:30.

San Francisco Mime Troupe, Entermidia, Second Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191), at 3:30 & 8:30.

John Abercrombie Quartet, Public Theater, at 10:30.

New York Renaissance Band, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Grant Johannesen, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Boris Amarantov, mime, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Nurit Tilles, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Music by Arnolds Sturms, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Queens Symphony Orchestra, Queensborough Community College, 56th Ave. at Springfield Blvd. (268-3440), at 8:30.

Good Times Duo & Musical Mime Theater, Market Atrium of Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at noon.

Bern String Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, November 26

GRAND PIANIST



Murray Perahia was the recipient of the first Avery Fisher Award in 1975. On Sunday, November 26, as part of the continuing Great Performers series in Lincoln Center, he will perform works by Beethoven, Chopin, and Schubert in a solo recital at Alice Tully Hall. At 8 (362-1911).

André Watts, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Cornelia Vasile, violin, Carnegie Hall, at 3.

San Francisco Mime Troupe, Entermidia, Second Ave. at 12th St. (475-4191), at 3:30 & 8:30.

Bach Cantatas, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, CPW at 65th St. (877-6815), at 5.

Apple Brass Quintet, New York Botanical Garden (220-8700), at 1.

New York Sinfonia Orchestra, Central Baptist Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 92nd St. (864-5907), at 4:30.

Ivan Rebroff, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Lisa Joy Sitjar, piano, New-York Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), at 2:30.

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Eastman Trio, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Musical Mime Theater & Opera in a Suitcase, Market Atrium in Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at 3.

Melba Moore, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

John Challenger, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Monday, November 27

Concord Woodwind Quintet & Eddie Preston's Musical Artists (Jazz), Market Atrium in Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at 6.

Robert Goldsand, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Horacio Gutierrez, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Marie-Thérèse Ghirardi, guitar, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

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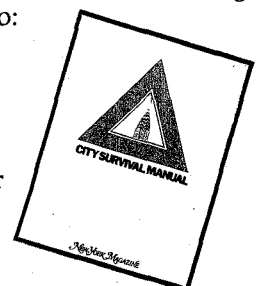
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AROUND TOWN

Tuesday, November 28

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Riccardo Muti conducts, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. Prokofiev's *Alexander Nevsky*, at 8.

Guarneri Quartet/Alicia de Larrocha, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Camerata String Quartet & Mini Carnival, Market Atrium of Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (831-8110), at 6.

Anton Kuerti, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 11/22, at 7:30.

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 11/21 at 8: **The Bartered Bride** with Stratas, Gedda, Vickers, Talvela, Kraft. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designers: Svoboda & Skalicky. Wed, 11/22 at 8: **Aida** with Cruz-Romo, Dunn, Chauvet, Quilico, Flagello. Conductor: Patané; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa & Hall. Thurs, 11/23 at 8: **Carmen** with Crespín, Mitchell, Chauvet, Devlin. Conductor: Patané; director: Igesz; designers: Svoboda, Walker & Reppa. Fri, 11/24 at 8: **Luisa Miller** with Ricciarelli, Dunn, Carreras, MacNeil, Plishka, Morris. Conductor: Levine; director: Merrill; designers: Colonnello & Caine. Sat, 11/25 at 2: **Aida** (Same cast as 11/22). Sat, 11/25 at 8: **The Bartered Bride** (Same cast as 11/21. Craig for Stratas). Mon, 11/27 at 8: **Luisa Miller** (Same cast as 11/24). Tues, 11/28 at 8: **Carmen** (Same cast as 11/23. Bini for Chauvet).

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *The Magic Flute*, 11/25 at 7:30, 11/26 at 2:30.

Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *Regina*, Thurs-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 3. Thru 11/26.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Student Prince*, 11/21 at 8:30, 11/22 at 2 & 8:30, 11/23-24 at 8:30, 11/25 at 4 & 8:30, 11/26 at 4.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (744-9120).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 11/21 at 8: *Agon*; *Calcium Light Night*; *Afternoon of a Faun*; *Chaconne*. Wed, 11/22 at 8: *Interplay*; *Harlequinade*. Thurs, 11/23. *In the Night*; *Harlequinade*. Fri, 11/24 at 8: *Stravinsky: Violin Concerto*; *In the Night*; *Chaconne*. Sat, 11/25 at 2: *Interplay*; *Harlequinade*. Sat, 11/25 at 8: *Jewels*.



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AROUND TOWN

motifs from 1932 to 1945, thru 12/2. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Mark Rothko-Murals from 1958 to 1959/African masks and figures, thru 11/25. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Richard Smith-New editions, thru 12/30. Jacobson, 24 W 57th (581-8346).

Lowell Tostedt-Illusionistic surface series drawings using draped forms, thru 12/30. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Alice Valenstein-Abstract watercolors, thru 11/30. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***Charmion von Wiegand**-Thirty years of collage, thru 11/25. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).

Christopher White-Summer in West Virginia, thru 11/25. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

Randy Williams-Book constructions, thru 12/9. Just Above Midtown, 50 W 57th (757-3442).

***Susan Wilmarth**-A wax and oil paint medium applied with metallic brushes, thru 12/2. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Darrell Austin-Atmospheric landscape visions, thru 12/2. Perls, 1016 Mad Ave (472-3200).

***Romare Bearden**-Collages from the 20s, thru 12/16. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Dimitrie Berea-Impressionism, thru 12/2. Harkness House, 4 E 75th (794-0203). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat till 2.

***Jake Berthot**-New paintings and skull drawings, thru 12/9. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

***Emile Branchard/William Fellini**-Two American primitives working in NYC in the first half of the 20th century, thru 12/23. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Anthony Chen-Nature paintings, thru 12/5. Galerías Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

Elba Damast-Figures and objects obliterated by splashes of color, thru 11/30. Galeria-Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Ken Davies**-Realist still-life and trompe-l'oeil views of rural America, thru 12/2. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th (535-8810).

***Edgar Degas**(1834-1917)-Major oils and pastels, thru 12/3. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (734-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

Jose De Rivera-Recent sculpture, thru 11/25. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Dominic Di Mare-Mythic assemblages using paper, thru 11/25. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163).

***Otto Dix**(1891-1969)-Drawings and watercolors, thru 12/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Frazer Dougherty-Halftone screens of aerial photos, thru 11/25. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

Lucile Driskell-Bronze and marble sculpture thru 11/30. Environment, 205 E 60th (MU8-5880).

Sharon Gold-Dark acrylic and canvas on wood, thru 12/9. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

***F.R. Gruger** (1871-1953)-Charcoal illustrations, some from the *Saturday Evening Post*, thru 11/22. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Meraud Guevara-Surreal women, thru 11/30. Sallander, 831 Mad Ave (879-6606).

Gary Kuehn-Recent paintings, thru 12/9. Cucalon, 145 E 72nd (472-8741).

Vinton Lawrence-Drawn paintings, thru 12/4. Bartholet, 55 E 76th (BU8-4642).

***David Levine**-Watercolors and satirical drawings, thru 11/25. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Pat Mainardi-Recent paintings, thru 12/6. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

***Alice Neel**-Retrospective of drawings and watercolors, thru 11/25. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

***Giovanni Battista Piranesi** (1720-1778)-Etchings of ancient and modern Rome, thru 11/25. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

Donna Polseno-Raku baskets and boxes using classic Japanese motifs, thru 11/25. Elements, 766 Mad Ave (744-0890).

Antoine Poncet-White and black marbles and bronzes, thru 11/30. Weintraub, 992 Mad Ave (TR9-1195).

Robert Quijada-Cut pieces of canvas and paper sewn, glued, and painted together, thru 12/9. Ericson, 23 E 74th & 737-6155).

Joseph Rebolli-Long Island, thru 11/22. Christopher, 766 Mad Ave (737-3224).

***Larry Rivers**-Themes from the 50s and 60s in two large canvases, plus studies, thru 12/2. ACA, 21 E

AROUND TOWN

67th (628-2440).

Edwin Schlossberg—Vinyl panels, inks, and acrylics creating 3D poetry, thru 12/30. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Sidney Simon—Stone, bone, and mirror sculpture, thru 12/23. Sculpture Center, 167 E 69th (879-0430).

Edward Sokol—Urban views and junglescapes, thru 12/31. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

***May Stevens**—History paintings, thru 11/30. Lerner-Heller, 789 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Robert Sweeney—New England interiors and landscapes, 11/25-12/22. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Walasse Ting—Recent works, 11/23-1/6. Lefebvre, 47 E 77th (RH4-3384).

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Space figures in bronze and steel, thru 12/9. Deutsch, 43 E 80th (861-4429).

SoHo

***Dottie Attie**—New work, thru 12/6. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Lynda Benglis**—Numerical associations, thru 12/9. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Thomas Berg—Folding chairs in paint, thru 12/2. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Andre Cadere (1934-1978)—Wood batons and poles, thru 11/25. Bromm, 90 W Bdw (732-6196).

David Cundy/Bill Wilman—Mixed-media/Texas realism, thru 11/22. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Nino De Faveri—Head trips, thru 12/2. Lohman, 485 Broome (966-7173).

Marjorie di Lascia—Memorial show, thru 12/6. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

***Tom Doyle**—Large wooden sculpture to be entered and walked on, thru 12/30. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Valerie Dubac/Robert Leis—Faces in cloisonné by both, thru 11/26. Spring Street Enamels, 171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri till 9.

Diane Fitzgerald—Ocean close-ups on canvas and paper, thru 11/30. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342).

Kent Floeter—Works, thru 12/14. Boone, 420 W Bdw (966-2114).

Marian P. Froehlich—Large white constructions, thru 12/3. Pindar, 127 Greene (533-4881).

Sideo Fromboluti—Larger-than-life women and landscapes, thru 11/23. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Kathleen Gilje**—Groups of women or baboons in pencil drawings and oils, thru 12/2. 55 Mercer (431-7758).

***Tina Girouard**—Cut, folded, and painted sheet-steel roofing, 1977-78, thru 11/22. Solomon, 392 W Bdw (925-1900).

Gerry Griffin/Ursula von Rydingsvard—Weapons, tools, structures in rattan, reed, wood/Bear Mountain cedar modules on the roof, thru 12/9. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Richards Jarden/Donald Lipski—Mats/Gathering dust, thru 12/16. Artists Space, 105 Hudson (226-3970).

***Margie Katz**—Sculptural canvas works, thru 11/29. Razor, 464 W Bdw (533-3427).

Jack Lembeck—Frame-within-a-frame gestural abstractions, thru 11/30. Meisel, 141 Prince (677-1340).

Abe Lubelski/Alan Shepp—Heavy layer paint reliefs/Sandblasted marble, granite, and slate, thru 12/14. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Arnaldo Miccoli—Multifaceted drawings and mask abstractions, 12/2. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Paul Mogensen, Spirals, thru 1/6. Boone, 420 W Bdw (966-2114).

Mary Nicholas/Sai Sirugo—Turning totems and zigurats in wood/Turbulent landscapes and faces, 11/25-12/14. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Susan Reinhart—Clay pillows and slabs tied and suspended, thru 12/3. 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson (966-5790).

Garry Rich—Dark symbolic landscapes, thru 12/7. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Dorothea Rockburne—3D structural drawings on paper and vellum, thru 12/21. Weber, 420 Bdw (966-6115).

Barbara Rossi—Linear design on multilayered Plexiglas, thru 12/2. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Paul Sarkisian**—Microscopic views of paper done on linen, thru 11/22. Hoffman, 429 W Bdw (966-6676).

Janet Shafner—Tools, fruit, bread, and balls, thru 12/10. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

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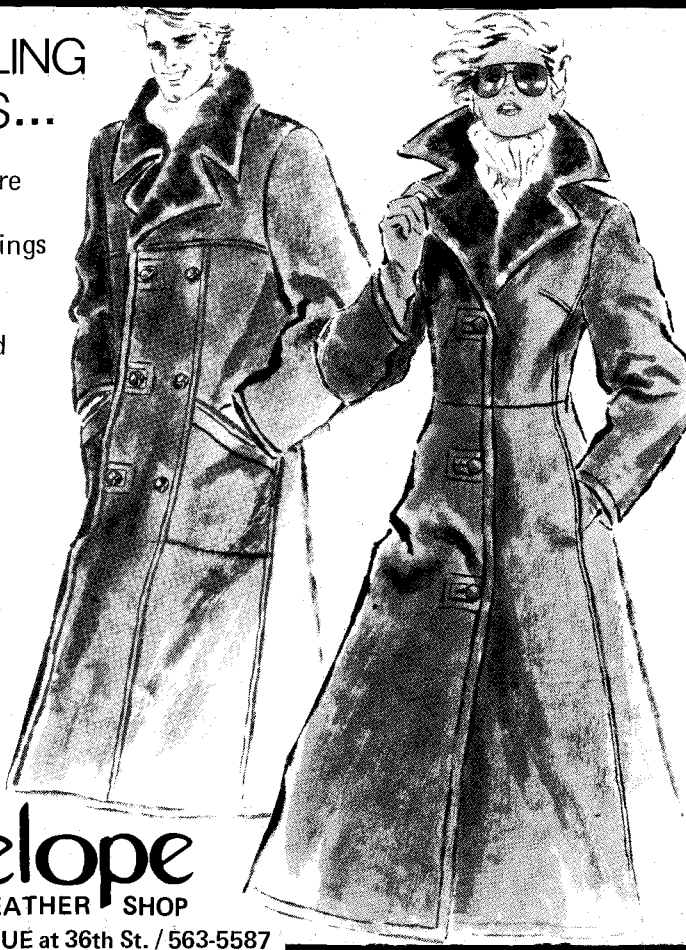
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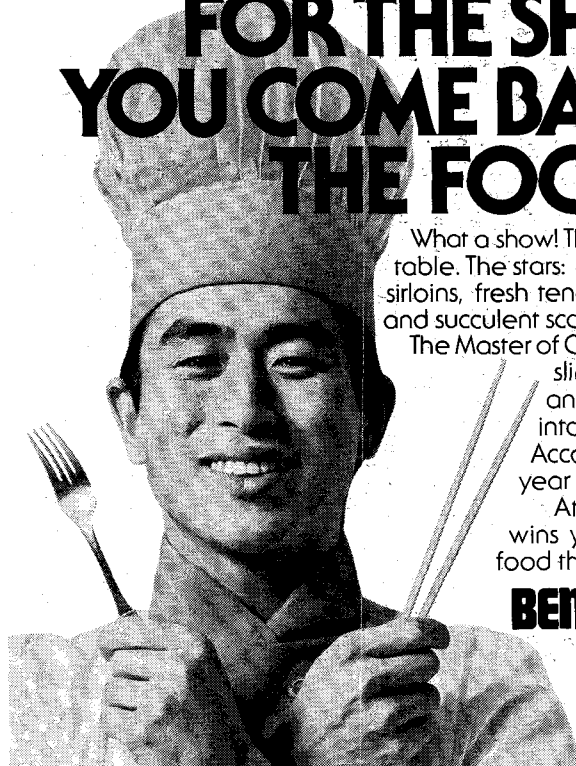


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For information on group functions call: (212) 354-7477. In New Jersey call: (201) 467-9550

AROUND TOWN

- ***Ernest Shaw**—Ruins in steel tubing, thru 11/25. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).
- ***Michael Singer**—Indoor sculpture, drawings, and outdoor documentation, thru 11/25. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).
- Cy Twombly**—A ten-part painting dealing with Ilium, thru 1/20. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380).
- Una Wilkinson**—Relaxed, witty East Hampton oils, thru 12/7. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).
- Sanford Wurmfeld**—Recent paintings, thru 11/25. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

OTHER

- Lydie Egosi**—Tapestries with Judaic themes, thru 1/5. Union House, 838 5th Ave (768-5895). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.
- ***Janet Fish/Juan Hamilton**—Large still-life objects of recent date/Ceramic and bronze sculpture, thru 11/30. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).
- J. Gary Kornmayer/Erma Martin Yost**—Black-and-white photo-paint, collages of NYC/imaginary landscapes, thru 11/26. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6.
- John Perretti**—Actual still-life objects that melt on the canvas, thru 12/6. St. Bartholomew, 109 E 50th (PL1-1616).
- Larry Sutton**—Wooden women, thru 12/3. Works of Art, 87 Atlantic Ave, Bklyn (834-9677). Tues-Fri 2-6, Sat & Sun 12-6.
- Joachim Thamel**—Ceramics and bronze masks, thru 11/30. Westbeth, 155 Bank (OR5-8179).
- Lynton Wells**—Connecticut on photo-sensitized linen, thru 12/2. Droll/Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave (541-6006).
- Betty Woodman**—Earthenware, thru 12/9. Greenwich House, 16 Jones (CH2-4106). Tues-Sat 1-5.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

- ***Jackson**—521 W 57th (586-4200). Small sculpture by Frank, Katzen, Segal, others, thru 12/2.
- ***Schab**—37 W 57th (758-0327). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30. Drawings, etchings, and engravings of the Italian, French, and Austrian stage from the 16th to 18th century, thru 11/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

- ***Carus**—1044 Mad at 79th (879-4660). Works by Lissitzky, Moholy-Nagy, Nolde, Kirchner, thru 12/16.
- ***Davis & Long**—746 Mad Ave (861-2811). English sketches and studies by Cox, Gainsborough, Fuseli, Turner, thru 11/25.
- ***Grolier**—47 E 60th (838-6690) Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat till 3. Noah Webster's first editions; letters from Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, thru 12/2.
- Gurewitsch**—55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Tues-Sat 1-5. Provincetown artists, thru 12/2.
- L'bis**—667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Ancient Egyptian bronze dieties and Attic pottery, thru 12/16.
- ***Julie**—687 Mad Ave (688-2345). Dolls by members, thru 12/6.
- ***Kerr**—49 E 82nd (628-1340). Luminist American landscapes from 1850 to 1870, thru 11/25.
- ***Knowlton**—19 E 71st (794-9700). American realist landscapes, thru 11/29.
- ***Laboetie**—9 E 82nd (535-4865) Works done in German art colonies before WW I by Heckel, Jawlensky, Klee, Vogeler, others, thru 11/30.
- Ronin**—605 Mad Ave (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6. Sosaku Hanga (creative prints) from 1913 to 1976 in Japan, thru 11/30.
- ***Stone**—48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Abstract expressionists de Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Pollock, Leslie, thru 12/21.
- Touchstone**—118 E 64th (826-6111). Books and notations by Aycock, Shaw, Steir, others, thru 11/30.

SoHo

- Bayard**—456 W Bdwy (477-3804) Works by Northwest Coast Indians, 1915 photogravures by Curtis on the Kwakiutl, thru 11/30.
- Buecker & Harpsichords**—465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Wed-Sat 12-5. Science-oriented works of the 60s, including Bas-Cohain, Shannon, Sonfist, thru 12/23.
- Drawing Center**—137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed till 8. Works by Biederman and Kaplowitz, thru 12/30.
- Dreams & Reality**—130 Greene (431-3344). Paintings by Birhett, mixed-media by Kuhns, thru 11/23.
- ***OK Harris**—383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Baeder, sculpture by DeAndrea and Myer, photos of

AROUND TOWN

Las Vegas by Abrams and Fowler-Gallagher, thru 12/2.

***Jewelweed**—72 Thompson (431-6893). Silver *objets d'art* by Callahan, Gaiss, and Hecht, thru 11/30.

Spring Street Enamels—171 Spring (431-8151). Paintings and objects in enamel, thru 1/7.

22 Wooster—(431-6445). Works in all media, thru 12/16.

Ward-Nasse—131 Prince (925-6951). Fiber works by Beron, sensual flowers by Dukess, aluminum sculpture by Firedman, and black-and-white paintings by Samilow, 11/25-12/14.

OTHER

***America Hurrah**—316 E 70th (535-1930). Mon-Sat 12-7. American hooked and sewn rugs from 1825 to 1925, thru 12/2.

American Academy—633 W 155th (368-6361). Tues-Sun 1-4. Gropper, Koch, and Rattner, thru 12/30.

***Armenian General Benevolent Union**—628 Second Ave (684-7530). 3,000 years of Armenian metal art, thru 11/22.

Bishop—1059 Third Ave (751-9703). Indonesian batiks and ikats, thru 12/2.

***China Institute**—125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. The origins of Chinese ceramics, thru 1/28.

Gallery 62—National Urban League, 500 E 62 (644-6500). Mon-Fri 10-4. Illustrations of black life from 1923 to 1949 by Bearden, Lawrence, White, thru 11/30.

Glassmasters—621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). Mon-Fri 11-5:45. Stained- and blown-glass objects and ornaments, 11/22-1/2.

***Hall of Science**—Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Handicrafts by German artisans, thru 12/31.

Interart—549 W 52nd (246-1050). Mon-Fri 12-6. A video environment using a cab and a 1950 Chevy convertible, thru 12/9.

***Mall of CUNY**, 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6. Black America on stage, including photos, posters, costumes, thru 12/8.

NY Public Library—at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 10-8, Tues-Wed 10-6, Fri-Sat 12-6. Zero Mostel (1915-1977): paintings by him, Hirschfeld caricatures of him, photos and personal notes, thru 12/30. George M. Cohan centennial; thru 11/30.

***NYU**—Grey, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603) and Loeb Center 566 La Guardia Pl (598-2027). 20th-century European and American paintings from the Gallatin Collection/The Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors from 1940 to 1978, including Barnett, Gross, Nevelson, thru 12/16.

Profile—113 Jane (860-2415). Tues 4-10, Wed-Sun 12-6. Drawings by sculptors Nania, Rabinowich, Williams, thru 11/30.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame—One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Union Carbide—270 Park Ave (535-4250). Works by Gillespie, Gussow, others, thru 11/30.

Photography

Christopher Altamari—TV images, thru 11/30. Automation House, 49 E 68th (628-1010).

Barbara Bordnick—Portraits of legendary women in jazz, thru 12/21. Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776).

Theodore Cohen—Israel, thru 11/29. Guild, 1145 Mad at 85th (861-3776).

Jay S. Colen—Paris on high-speed film during, thru 12/12. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (223-9751). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Double Exposure—340 Sixth Ave (260-6051). Contemporaries from New Zealand, thru 12/10.

Nancy Dunn—Distorted color images of New Jersey, thru 12/2. Nikon House, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

***Elliott Erwitt**—A retrospective with 150 images, thru 11/25. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Nathan Farb—The Russian people, thru 11/26. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri till 4.

***Foto**—492 Broome (925-5612). Tues-Sat 1-6. Totems by Davenport, black and whites by Adams, and tattoos by Webb, thru 11/25.

Deborah Freeman/Chris Mackey—Israel on her 30th/Lower East side children and Orchard Street, thru 11/30. Educational Alliance, 197 E Bdwy (GR5-6200). Sun-Thurs 10-9:30, Fri 10-5:30.

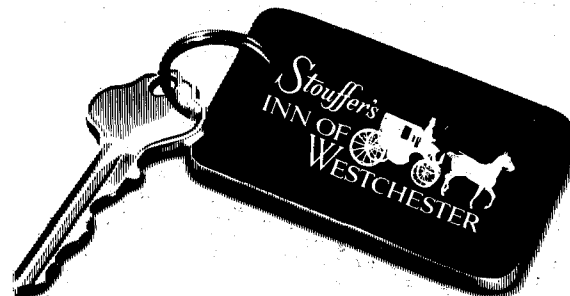
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Produced & Directed by STANLEY DONEN

With **TRISH VAN DEVERE** • **BARBARA HARRIS** • **RED BUTTONS** • **BARRY BOSTWICK** • **ANNE REINKING**
ART CARNEY as the Doctor and **ELI WALLACH** Written by **LARRY GELBART** & **SHELDON KELLER**

Executive Producer **MARTIN STARGER** • Baxter's Beauties Musical Numbers Staged by **MICHAEL KIDD**

Music by **RALPH BURNS** • Released by **WARNER BROS.** A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY



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AROUND TOWN

- ***Benno Friedman/Joe Maloney**—Mexican pyramids and western landscapes/Maine, Long Island, and New Jersey, thru 11/25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).
- Ralph Gibson**—Color, perception, the image, thru 11/25. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).
- Rene Groebli**—Color fantasies, thru 1/2. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).
- João Hafers**—Beach sculptures in color, thru 12/9. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).
- ***Serge Hambourg**—People carrying things in black-and-white, thru 12/16. French Institute, 22 E 60th (355-6100).
- ***Erich Hartmann/Jill Lynne**—Nudes and landscapes using the laser light form/Spacescapes, thru 11/25. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.
- Nancy Iddings**—Photos, thru 12/3. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).
- ***Kodak**—1133 Sixth Ave. (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *The Story of Christmas*, thru 1/7.
- ***Sheila Metzner**—Simple, personal, portraits, nudes, and landscapes, thru 12/9. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).
- ***Duane Nichols**—Sequences of Egypt, homage to Cavafy, thru 11/25. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).
- ***Herbert J. Seligmann**—50 vintage works, including NYC's architecture, the plight of the Jews in 30s Germany, thru 12/9. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).
- ***Soho Center**—114 Prince (226-1995). People by Bissel, Davis, Rodam, others, thru 12/2.
- Soho/Stieglitz**—34 W 13th (242-9198). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Village people by Boretz, details by Spaventa, portraits and landscapes by Albert, thru 11/28.

Museums

- American Museum of Natural History**, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces: The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world*; thru 1/15. *The Making of a Dinosaur: The process of restoring dinosaur fossils. Unseen Flowers of the Desert: Robert I. Gilbreath's photographs of the tiny flowers that grow in the arid American West*; thru 2/28.
- Asia House**, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-8:30. *The Ideal Image: Gupta sculptural tradition and its influence*, thru 12/3.
- Bronx Museum of the Arts**, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 12:30-4:30.
- Brooklyn Museum**, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Africa in Antiquity: The arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan*; thru 12/31.
- Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6868). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Ornament in the 20th Century*; thru 1/7. *Artists' Postcards: Original works of art in postcard size*; thru 12/2.
- Fraunces Tavern Museum**, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Sidewalk Superintendent: A look at building in America from 1719 to 1830*; thru 5/11.
- Guggenheim Museum**, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Mark Rothko, 1903-70: Retrospective including close to 200 of his paintings and works on paper*; thru 1/14.
- Hudson River Museum**, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *The Gilded Age in Westchester: Aspects of art and society in Westchester County at the turn of the 19th century*; thru 1979. Recent works of Richard Smith; thru 1/14.
- International Center of Photography**, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Fleeting Gestures: Photographs of the dance, from its classical form to the present state*; thru 1/7.
- Metropolitan Museum of Art**, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues 10-8:45; Wed-Sat 10-4:45; Sun 11-4:45. *The Print Collector in the Kitchen: Works, dealing with food, by Rembrandt, Whistler, Boucher, and others*; thru 1/7. *The Splendor of Dresden: Over 700 masterpieces, spanning 500 years, from eight Dresden museums and including works by Titian, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Holbein, Velasquez, Rubens, and others*; thru 1/14. *Georgia O'Keeffe by Alfred Stieglitz: Fifty photographic portraits*; thru 1/14. *The Temple of Dendur: In the Sackler wing. Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Northern Drawings: Works by Dürer, Grien, van der Weyden*; thru 1/28.
- Pierpont Morgan Library**, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Giovanni Battista Piranesi Drawings: Commemorating the 200th anni-*

AROUND TOWN

versary of the death of the great Venetian draftsman, architect, and etcher. *Early French Illuminated Manuscripts*: Examples of Carolingian, Romanesque, and early Gothic illuminations. *Letters of Love and Affection*: Letters by artists, authors, statesmen from the late sixteenth thru the nineteenth century. *Songs of Whales*: The music of the humpback whales. Thru 12/5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30 and Thurs 6-8. A collection of 120 American samplers; thru 1/7.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Gold and Silver—Treasures of New York*: Over 400 pieces of decorative art; thru 4/29.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Peter Voulkos Retrospective*: Works by this pioneer of 20th-century American ceramic art; thru 12/1.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reutersward's Kilroy—Lazy Lasers and Holy Holograms* and *Nunez's Holokinetics*; thru 11/26.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art*: Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and cutouts of virtually every period in the great artist's career; thru 1/30. *Grain Elevators*: Photographs by Frank Gohlke; thru 2/4.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Outside New York*: Works by Katharine Carter, Tom Hatch, James Hill, Alexa Kleinbard, Janis Provisor, and Dan Rizzie; thru 12/1.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Moving in the City*: New permanent exhibition of the Society's collection of 19th-century carriages, stagecoaches, sleighs and fire trucks. *The American Magazine and Others*: Representative American magazines from the 18th to the 20th century.

NY Public Library—Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6651). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions, thru 11/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-4. *Treasures of Cyprus*: Eight thousand years of Cypriot art, history, and culture, from the Neolithic age up to the mid-19th century; thru 12/17.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. *The World of Bob Thompson*: Paintings by this artist; thru 1/7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Abstract Expressionism—The Formative Years*: More than 100 paintings from the late thirties and early forties by Baziotes, Gorky, Newman, Motherwell, de Kooning, Pollock, others; thru 12/3. *Recent Acquisitions*: Works by Hanson, Wood, Hartley, Cottingham, and Aycock; thru 11/26. Two room-size architectural structures that house Claes Oldenburg's collection of more than 600 small-scale objects; thru 11/26. *Introduction to 20th-Century American Art*: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Nevelson, David Smith, Hopper, de Kooning, and Gorky. **Whitney Museum Downtown**, 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222). No home game this week.

Jets, Shea Stadium (421-6600). No home game this week.

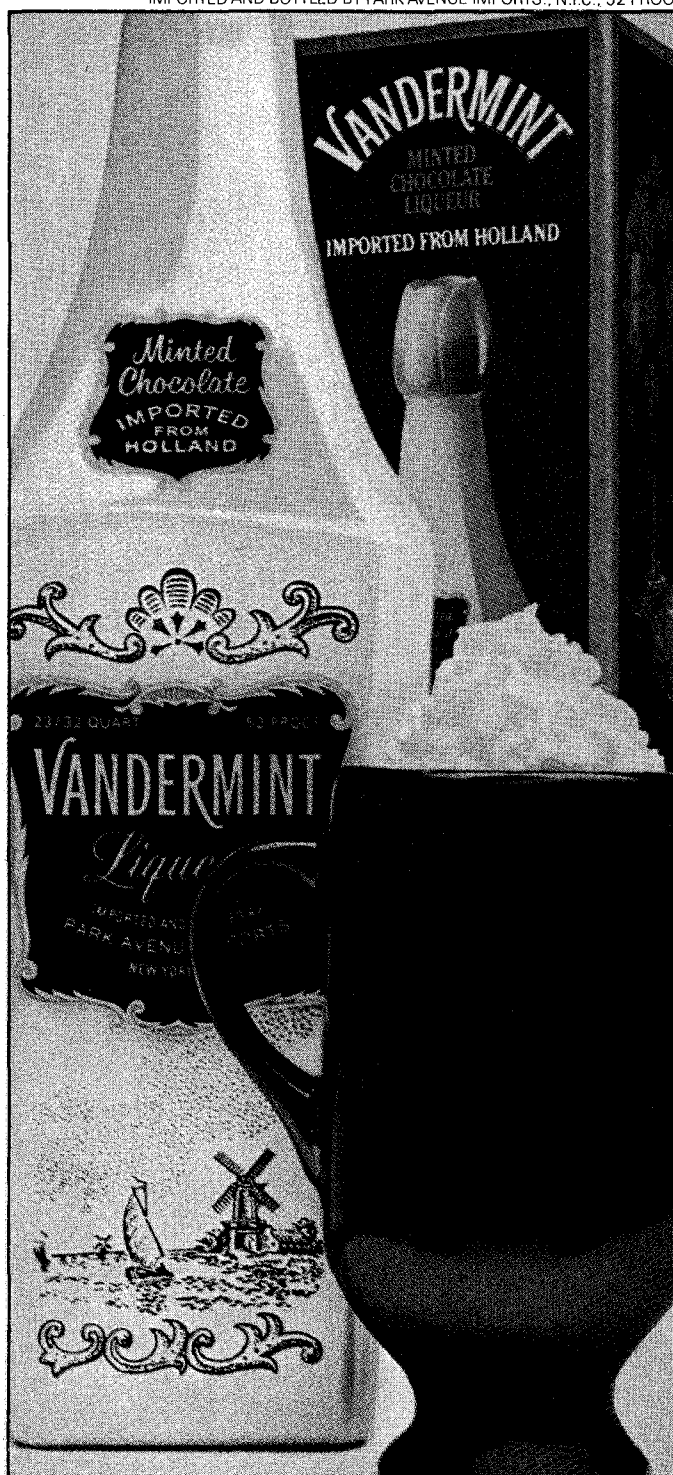
Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522). No home games this week.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, 11/22; vs. Washington Capitals, 11/26. At 7:35.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Detroit Pistons, 11/21 at 7:30; vs. New Orleans Jazz, 11/25 at 8; vs. Washington Bullets, 11/28 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Golden State Warriors, 11/22; vs. New Orleans Jazz, 11/24. At 8.

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NOVEMBER 27, 1978/NEW YORK

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EPA ESTIMATED MILEAGE.†	MPG HWY.	MPG CITY
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COLT COUPE & SEDAN**	40	30
COLT WAGON**	37	26

*1.4 litre MCA-Jet engine. 4x2 manual transmission.

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maximum performance or maximum economy.

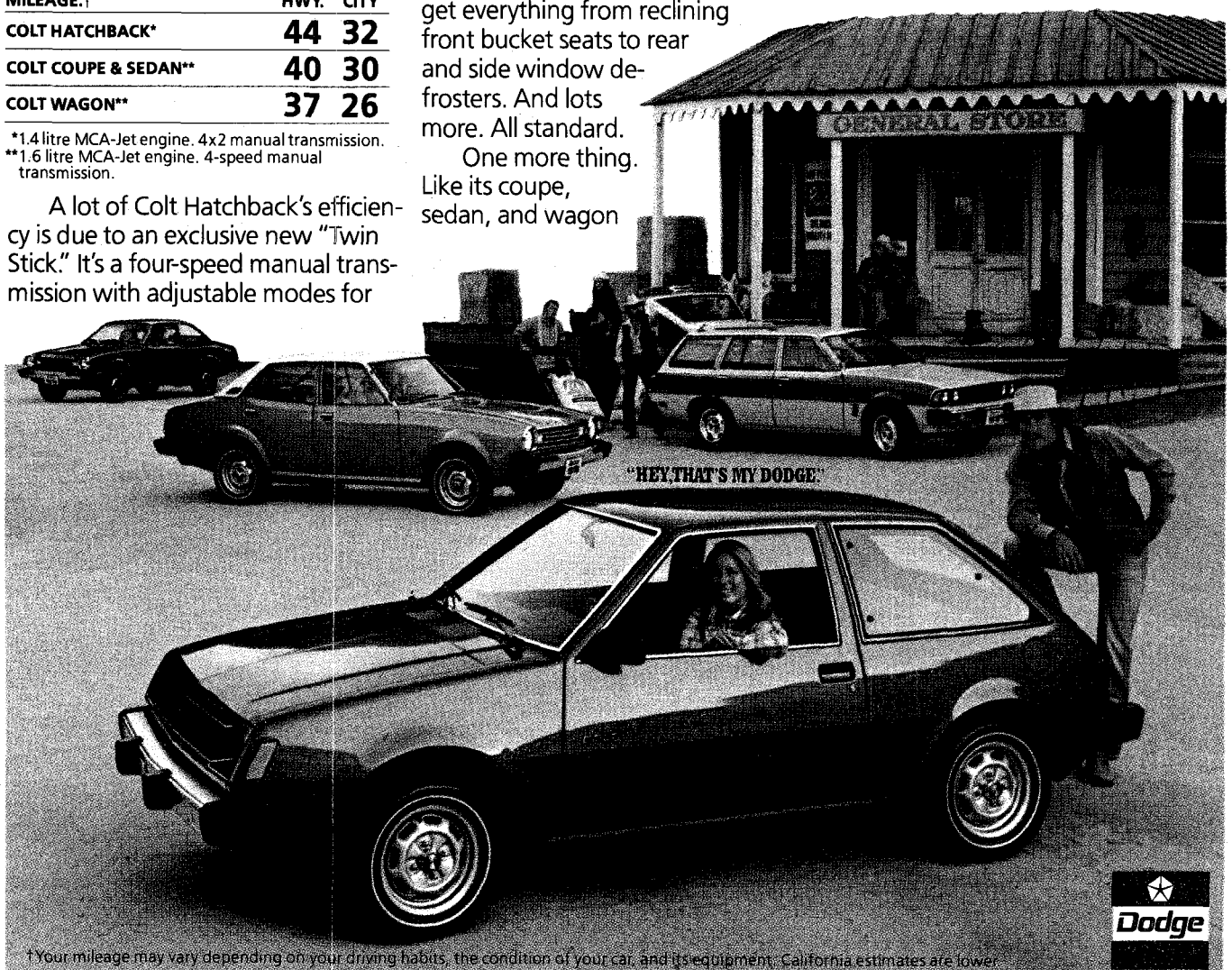
Another big plus is front-wheel drive, to give Colt Hatchback plenty of true grip when you leave prairie behind to head for the hills.

On the side of creature comforts, Colt Hatchback really shows its breeding. You'll get everything from reclining front bucket seats to rear and side window defrosters. And lots more. All standard.

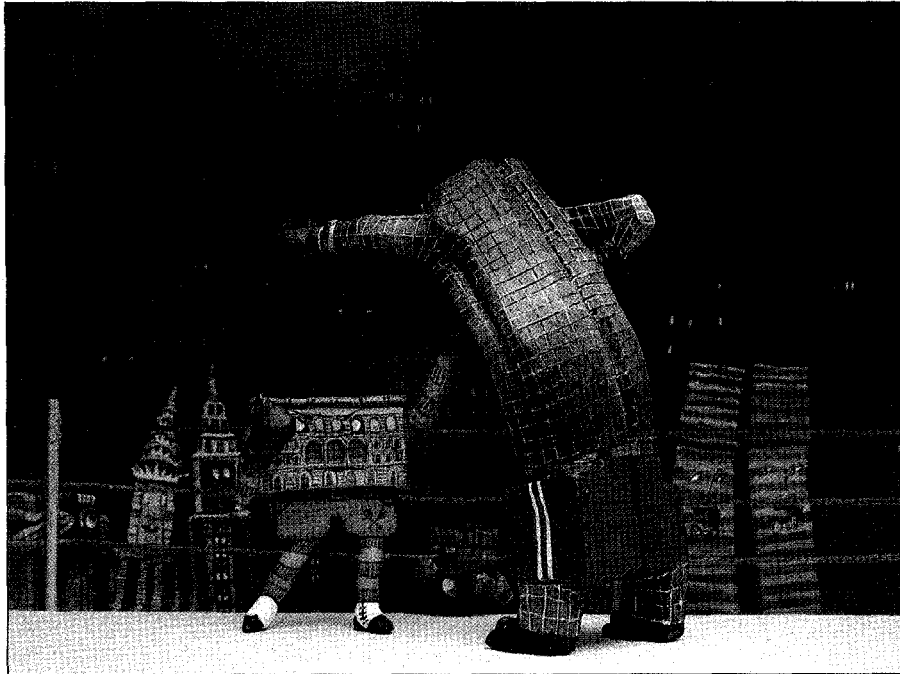
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Squaring Off on Park Avenue: A Gentlemen's Club K.O.'s The Real-Estate Kings

By C. Ray Smith

Announcing the real-estate heavyweight title match between Fisher Brothers—developers of a giant office tower to be built in the middle of the block surrounded by 52nd and 53rd streets and Park and Madison avenues—and the Racquet & Tennis Club, which stands between the proposed Fisher Brothers tower and Park Avenue.

1. In Which We Meet the Contenders

In this corner, wearing heavy gold jewelry and tasseled loafers, are the Fisher family, builders of such undistinguished New York towers as the J. P. Stevens and Burlington buildings on Sixth Avenue. Headed by the tall, dapper 70-year-old dynamo Larry Fisher—described by an opponent as “a tough, audacious street fighter”—the firm offers the combined talents of fathers, sons, and nephews: Larry, Zachary, Lester, Arnold, Richard, and Anthony—all Fishers.

And in the opposite corner, wearing the crossed-rackets symbol and discreet signs of old money, the challenger in the match—the Racquet & Tennis Club. Sporting such names as Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Harriman, Mellon, and Bruce, the club is a haughty haven against dirty new money and brash conniving—or was until the fight began.

This is a fight between the big guys and the little guys,

the good guys and the bad guys, and the stakes are the city skyline and amenities, wagered in the millions of dollars. It is a rough and tough game, somewhere between team wrestling and a street brawl.

In the end, the city—you and I—will decide whether we got anything good out of it: Has anything been saved for us or added to our lives in the urban-planning process? Or have we been caught in another match of crafty scheming where others win all and the city loses?

2. Old Money vs. Street Smarts

In 1969, Fisher Brothers recognized that the 52nd–53rd Street site is one of the last remaining large blocks in midtown. At 45,858 square feet, it is ideal for a speculative office tower. With the backing of Prudential Insurance Company of America, the firm successfully bought up the parcels in mid-block, except for the Racquet Club on Park Avenue and two large 1930s office buildings on Madison—numbers 501 and 509.

This assemblage took Fisher Brothers and Prudential until 1974 and cost them more than \$22 million. In 1974 the land, except for two small buildings, was cleared, and today—still vacant four years later—it is thought to be worth in the

“...‘The club was about to get screwed,’ says a member. It was giving its front door to Fisher Brothers for a mere \$300,000 ...”

neighborhood of \$25 million. Fisher Brothers was hitting hard.

Early in 1973 and again in 1974, Fisher Brothers' house counsel Murray Grodetsky held meetings with Racquet Club member and adviser John White of Landauer Associates, the real-estate consulting firm, to discuss the purchase of air rights and right-of-way from the Racquet Club. Like all clubs today, Racquet & Tennis faces financial pressures from inflation and increasing taxes. Its building is a buff brick-and-granite Italian palazzo built in 1918 by the celebrated architectural firm McKim, Mead & White. It rises to a height of only five stories and houses squash courts and court-tennis courts on its upper floor, at Park Avenue tax rates.

Fisher Brothers wanted a right-of-way through the Racquet Club that would give the new tower an entrance on Park Avenue. Discussions centered on incorporating the unused development rights above the Racquet Club—commonly called air rights—into Fisher Brothers' zoning lot. But negotiations were terminated in the middle of 1974 because it was “impossible,” as lawyer Grodetsky recalls, to come to terms with John White about an escalation clause to protect the club's air-rights income from inflation.

Other observers suspect that the styles of the two opposing teams were so incompatible as to preclude any kind of getting together. As one observer noted, “Most of the members of the Racquet Club have arranged their lives so that they don't meet with those types of fellows.” Others think the club did not have enough street smarts to deal with Fisher Brothers or to see the development implications or possibilities of the negotiations. Still, a year later, Fisher Brothers tried again to negotiate with the club, but again the discussions were “inconclusive.”

Then came the financial collapse of New York City, and, like most other things here between 1974 and 1977, the Fisher Brothers project fell dormant.

3. The Old Money Wises Up

Sometime in the spring of 1977 the New York real-estate market started to move again. And Larry Fisher decided that the market might be turning enough to start developing his 52nd–53rd Street site.

Sandy Lindenbaum, the zoning maven of real-estate law, was engaged by Fisher Brothers to, in his words, “do the administrative work on getting approvals for the building.” Shrewd, fast-talking but smooth, educated at Harvard College and Harvard Law, Lindenbaum is youthful at 43.

In August, with a building design by architect Irving Gershon, Lindenbaum went to the City Planning Commission to propose an especially large building for the mid-block site. That is, he began the usual city-planning process of trading off public amenities for more rentable floor area. The commission said no. “They thought the site demanded a building of great quality, a major project in order to get substantial bonuses,” Lindenbaum explains. So Fisher ambled out of the Planning Commission's offices to start over.

During this time, counsel Murray Grodetsky met with a new Racquet & Tennis Club executive committee and with John White and, this time, worked out a proposal that “was to create an arcade from Park Avenue which would serve as

an entrance to our new building,” Grodetsky explains. Racquet Club members were sent announcements of a formal meeting about that proposal in mid-September 1977. It was a tremendous coup for Fisher.

At this point an unknown contender entered the fray. Architect and real-estate developer Jonathan Morse, who also heads a real-estate-development firm, the Cowperwood Interests, was to represent the Racquet Club. Aged 38, big, dark-haired, and energetic, Morse prepped at Choate and studied architecture at Harvard. As a member of the Racquet Club, he received the meeting announcement along with all the other members, including mortgage broker Adrian Bradford, who was also to figure in the skirmishes from then on.

“Red flags went up,” says Morse, “when I saw that meeting announcement. I did not know much about the deal—except that if Fisher Brothers was going to deal with the Racquet Club, then the Racquet Club was going to get screwed. And sure enough, my worst suspicions were confirmed. The club was going to make a deal that would make the front door of the club the front door to the Fisher building. And the club was going to put its entrance on the side.”

“Everything was going to be destroyed,” Morse continues, “because the after-tax benefits of the \$300,000 offered to the Racquet Club was only \$150,000 per year and that wouldn't go very far in covering our present and future deficits.” Separately he and other members convinced club president Oakleigh Thorne that the club should oppose the deal.

So on September 23, 1977, Racquet Club representatives told Fisher Brothers that they would not accept any deal that would interfere with the club's existing entrance and that the deal would have to include its unused development rights. In response Larry Fisher offered the club \$600,000 per annum for that entrance and the air rights and agreed to some inflation protection. The Racquet Club people said they wanted in excess of \$1.2 million per annum, what with inflation.

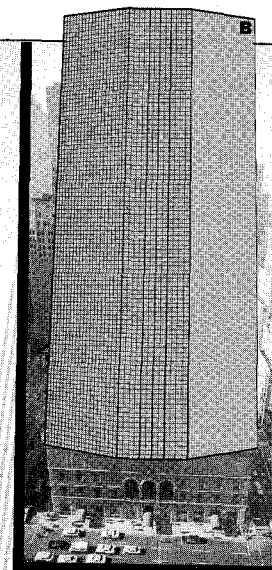
“If their building were to have an income of \$18 to \$20-million a year,” Morse advised, “then \$1 million more or less couldn't break it.”

Fisher Brothers said, “Forget it.” And that ended that—or so the Racquet Club thought.

4. A Grand Scheme Is Approved

But Fisher Brothers did not rest. Around Labor Day 1977 it engaged the prestigious architectural firm Skidmore, Owings & Merrill—distinguished for the design of many respected corporate headquarters, including New York's Lever House, the Union Carbide and Olivetti (formerly Pepsi-Cola) buildings, and Chase Manhattan Bank headquarters. Skidmore, Owings & Merrill (SOM) was commissioned to come up with an economically viable new building scheme that could get through the city's planning procedure—“to produce a monumental building for a monumental site,” as SOM partner Leon Moed says. Right away he began work on the project with a team composed of SOM's Michael McCarthy as design partner, Raul de Armas as senior designer, and Paul Hall Baren as project manager.

At the same time, the ever inventive Sandy Lindenbaum was busy too. Since it seemed that Fisher Brothers was



Going up: This drawing (above) is based on the architect's plans for Fisher Brothers' 44-story office tower to be built just west of Park Avenue, behind the Racquet Club, this spring. Its 30-foot-high arcade will be open to the public. At left, we see how things might have looked. Superimposed on a photograph of the Racquet & Tennis Club at 52nd Street and Park is an artist's rendering (drawn from the architect's plans) of the Morse & Harvey hotel (A) designed to be built over the club, thus blocking most of the Park Avenue views from Fisher Brothers' giant tower (B).

“... With this scheme, Fisher Brothers didn't need the Racquet Club's air rights nor its front door. The club was dashed ...”

never going to get an entry through the club onto Park Avenue, Lindenbaum attacked the matter of procuring a Park Avenue address by other means. He proposed that the Manhattan borough president designate the address of the building as “Park Avenue Plaza.” It is the kind of name change and status obfuscation that New York goes in for all over town: 1 Astor Plaza, for example, is findable only at Duffy Square, which is, of course, still Times Square to most of us. But to developers it is money in the bank.

After a presentation of the proposed building, the borough president granted the requested address—a right later upheld by the supreme court and the Appellate Division. So Fisher Brothers acquired “Park Avenue” in its side-street address and no longer needed an entrance through the Racquet Club. It was a resounding blow to the club's financial schemes.

During this time, SOM was busy too. It planned a 44-story tower 575 feet high with approximately 900,000 square feet of rentable space at an estimated \$18 per square foot. All 33 rental floors of office space would offer views over Park Avenue because they rest on a base the height of the Racquet Club. On a mid-block site, where New York buildings are traditionally smaller than they are on the avenues, Fisher Brothers now had a tower whose floors, covering 55 percent of the lot area, amounted to 25,000 square feet each and competed well with the square footage of neighboring towers—13,000 square feet at Seagram or 30,500 square feet at 345 Park Avenue's full-block site.

What Fisher Brothers and its architects planned for the base of that tower—a base approximately nine and a half stories high, which is today's equivalent of the five-story-high 1918 club building—is a 60-foot-high lobby that runs through the block from 52nd Street to 53rd. That space was offered by Fisher Brothers as a monumental amenity open to the public and called a “public galleria.” The thought was to appease the city by producing something like the gallerias of Milan and Naples as a trade-off for the size building it wanted to build.

While this idea of a galleria was still germinating in late October 1977, Lindenbaum went to the City Planning Commission to see if Fisher Brothers could get bonus space for providing such a feature. The building would cost approximately \$82 million to build and would keep 4,000 to 5,000 employees in the city.

A public galleria was interesting to the Planning Commission—not that there was total agreement—as long as Fisher Brothers would provide amenities that made bonus floor area justifiable. While those details were being discussed in November 1977, Norman Marcus, longtime legal counsel to the City Planning Commission, and planner Pares Bhattacharji, who writes planning legislation in Marcus's office, began working on special new legislation to make a public-galleria bonus legally possible. By December 9 things were far enough along for Fisher Brothers to submit an “Application for a Special Permit,” which would give it the rental-area bonus it wanted and would include a public galleria.

In the city's usual Uniform Land Use Review Procedure (ULURP)—which takes 180 days to clear the concerned community-planning board, the Planning Commission, and the Board of Estimate—the next step was for the Planning Commission to certify the legislation and the application. This it did in January 1978 and passed them on for review by Community Planning Board 5, within whose purview the Fisher Brothers building falls. The meeting of

Planning Board 5 was called for March 9, 1978, and even though Board 5 is considered especially volatile and unpredictable, it looked as though Fisher Brothers was about to break through.

The announcement of that meeting came as a jolt to the Racquet Club. Jonathan Morse found out about it and recalls that nobody in his architecture office—Morse & Harvey—“knew that the Fishers had plans certified by City Planning or even what the plan was. Having had the negotiations with the Fishers cancel out, the Racquet Club just went to sleep.” It was awakened roughly.

“I dashed down to City Planning,” Morse continues, “got a copy of the Fishers' plans, and all of a sudden the horrible truth was all too evident. The Fishers' scheme was to build a lobby so high that all its rental floors would look out over the Racquet Club, and then with City Planning permission, develop a bonus that would equal the Racquet Club's air rights. The Fishers didn't need the Racquet Club's air rights. Nor did they need its Park Avenue address—that was coming from the borough president's office.”

Morse went to that Community Planning Board meeting with prominent real-estate lawyer Alan J. B. Aronsohn to oppose the Fisher Brothers scheme. “The Fishers were telling everybody that they were going to take care of the Racquet Club,” Morse says, “and let me take the liberty of believing that the community board and the Fishers interpreted that differently.” But it was too late. Community Planning Board 5 voted in favor of the proposed “Public Galleria Amendment” and the Racquet Club was dashed.

5. A Phantom Hotel Is Planned

A week later, Racquet Club members held a lunch meeting to discuss an urgent piece of business. But naturally club members never discuss crude business at lunch in the Racquet Club dining room, so the meeting was convened at the nearby Brook Club. (It seems to be a clubman's policy that while he cannot conduct dirty business discussions over lunch at his own club, it is all right to do so in somebody else's.) Morse told the meeting, “If the Racquet Club could not sell its air rights, it would have to develop them itself.”

So the club commissioned Morse & Harvey and the Cowperwood Interests to come up with development alternatives—architectural and financial. “Or do something to screw up Fisher Brothers,” Morse adds. “Otherwise we'd end up with nothing.”

For two weeks at the end of March, Morse & Harvey mounted a hefty think tank and design tank that architects call a “charrette.” The office was a pitched camp planning an attack. In the process, Morse & Harvey looked carefully at the club building and analyzed an alleyway and notch at the back of it. That was the key.

It designed a building that would sit on top of the Racquet Club and rise 38 stories, or 475 feet—100 feet less than Fisher's building, or up to Fisher's fortieth story. The building would be entered on the 52nd Street side through a small foyer, from which elevators would take people up to the roof of the Racquet Club—leaving that building otherwise intact and untouched. What Morse had discovered was that the alleyway behind the club could serve as the run for the principal elevators and fire stairs

without disturbing a stone of the 1918 building.

For the roof of the club, the architects planned a structural transfer floor that would also be a lobby space, where the main elevators would begin. Someone noted that hotels require fewer elevators than office buildings and that this scheme provided enough for a hotel. The two things jelled. And the hotel campaign was set.

At the end of the two-week charrette, the Racquet Club mustered more forces, including lawyer Donald Elliott, a former chairman of the City Planning Commission. On March 28, club representatives went down to present the hotel scheme to City Planning Commissioner Robert Wagner Jr. and to announce the plan for a 340-room hotel. The next day they presented the scheme to Prudential Life, the owners of Fisher Brothers property, "because they would obviously be affected by this," Morse explains slyly. On March 30 the Racquet Club held a press conference, and on March 31 the *New York Times* publicly announced, **HOTEL IS PLANNED OVER RACQUET AND TENNIS CLUB.**

"Then all hell broke loose," Morse recalls.

6. A Last-Minute Crisis

Architect-developer Morse then unleashed the full force of his strategy. The campaign was to build up the viability and immanence of the hotel in the financial markets, the hotel markets, and the rental markets, as well as in the press. The hotel offered a financial solution to the economic survival of the Racquet Club and to the continuity of the old building. Surely it was only coincidental and physically unavoidable that it would block off most of the views over Park Avenue from the Fisher Brothers building? Time was to tell how staggering a blow to Fisher Brothers the hotel plan was.

On April 6 Morse met with Paul C. Sheeline, chairman of Intercontinental Hotels, and with his director of building, architect Wally Rutes, and got Sheeline's interest in the project. It was a realistic commitment from Intercontinental that was especially appealing to Morse because Intercontinental was not only an international hotel owner and operator but also a builder of hotels. Architect Rutes, who, ironically, used to be with SOM and who, as Morse says, "has a ton of concrete under his belt," began to help Morse & Harvey redesign the scheme to make it more economically efficient as a hotel. Specifically, he increased the number of rooms from 340 to 486 without altering the overall size of the projected building.

Next, structural engineer Abe Hertzberg devised a support system of columns threaded through and along the interior walls of the Racquet Club building that would support the hotel without running columns through the tennis courts or disturbing other rooms of the club, Morse claims. "The viability of the hotel was developing, it was becoming real," Morse expanded, "because the estimates were right, the room numbers were right, the construction was right."

And the money seemed right. Broker Bradford had two lenders who, he says, were "able and ready to make a mortgage-loan commitment to the hotel."

When the *New York Times* confirmed Intercontinental's belief that the scheme was "feasible," the hotel became a public reality. As a developer, Morse had put together a powerful package that was both viable and visible and was a real threat to Fisher Brothers.

But trouble lay ahead. From mid-April on, when Morse and Donald Elliott went to the Landmarks Preservation Commission to present what they felt was a responsible way to preserve the building, the possibility of the Racquet Club's being designated a landmark arose. This was a strong threat to the club, for you cannot build over a landmark.

Still, an owner can present a petition within a year to demolish his landmarked building on the grounds of economic hardship. So Morse and Elliott explained to Landmarks Chairman Kent Barwick that the Racquet Club would rather have a hotel on top of the club than have the building torn down in a couple of years because of inflation, which is the way they felt things were headed. Barwick says he could only assure them that Landmarks was interested in the preservation of the building and could make no statement about the hotel plan until the commission had either designated the club a landmark or not. The first public hearing on this was to have been on July 11.

But, as Morse argues, "it is not landmarking that makes it possible to preserve a building; it is the money that makes that building economically viable." At Landmarks hearings in July and again in September, the discussion was postponed at the request of the Racquet Club until the November 14 meeting. (As of this date, the club has 30 days to produce more evidence.)

All this only added to the tension of the battle. The doubts engendered by the possibility of the hotel atop a landmark confused everyone. At Community Planning Board 5, board member-architect Jim Morgan recalls, "we knew that if they landmarked the Racquet Club, they would be destroying the Racquet Club." Fisher Brothers was saying that the hotel was impossible. "We at no time, then or ever," lawyer Lindenbaum asserts, "were of the opinion that the Racquet Club would in fact build a hotel on that site. Our economic analysis said they could not make the money with that hotel that they said they had to make in order to keep the Racquet Club going—which was the ultimate purpose."

"But Prudential never doubted for one second that we had the means, the ability, and intention to build a hotel," Adrian Bradford counters. Others speculate Prudential, one of the country's largest hotel financiers, had supplied Fisher Brothers' economic analysis. Who was bluffing whom?

In any case, as Morse says, "people were confused and asked, 'Do you want to build a hotel, sell your air rights, or what do you want to do?' And our answer was, 'Yes.'"

Most of all, the city-planning agencies were confused—and threatened with embarrassment. They had written and passed new legislation especially for Fisher Brothers to build its public galleria and tower with a height-to-base ratio of 19.5 times the buildable floor area—as opposed to the more usual 18 times floor area. Now they were faced with the threat that the Racquet Club was going to apply to build an eighteen-times-floor-area-ratio (FAR) tower adjacent to that Fisher Brothers project. The planning density would be unthinkable, yet it was all legal.

The Racquet Club's maneuver was a blow to both Fisher Brothers and the city. There were now two buildings looming on the skyline.

7. The Bluff Succeeds

It was summer 1978, and the Board of Estimate passed the new public-galleria legislation on June 9, providing final approval for Fisher Brothers to start building. Coincidentally, on that same day the closing for 1166 Sixth Avenue took place. For the city it seemed like "go ahead." But Fisher Brothers did not go ahead. It was threatened seriously by a blank wall against its windows. As Lindenbaum admits, "We were concerned about the possibility *not* that there would be a blank wall facing our building, but that prospective tenants might *think* there would be a blank wall facing their office space. And that gave us pause." Fisher wanted a light-and-air easement, which meant a covenant

“... With its straw-man-hotel plan, the Racquet Club had won. Fisher Brothers offered \$5 million for the club's air rights ...”

to ensure an unobstructed view over the Racquet Club.

From the end of July to the end of August there were no further discussions. But Morse's barrage continued. Morse recalls, “When I saw he was stopped even though he had all his permits—I saw his financing was dead and I saw his tenants were dead—I made one last attack. Bradford went to Prudential and offered to buy the Fisher Brothers land in behalf of the hotel.” It was a bold and outrageous move, all bravado and cunningly designed to make others believe in the reality of the threat of the hotel.

But for the city this battle had been going on too long. On August 30 Borough President Andrew Stein's office called both parties to a meeting to see if, as the lawyers say, “an accommodation could be reached.” In that meeting, Jonathan Morse recalls, “all of a sudden the Fishers demanded the transfer of the unused development rights again—not just the light-and-air easement. At this point we knew it was all over.” Fisher Brothers had crumpled.

Lindenbaum later parried that Fisher Brothers had a prospective major tenant for over 300,000 square feet, who would have to be in the building by 1980 because of a lease termination on its present office space. So Fisher Brothers not only had to guarantee no blank wall across the view but also now had an admitted rush schedule for getting its building under way.

The following week Lindenbaum, Grodetsky, and Aronsohn worked out a formula for an annual rental, which, as Lindenbaum explains, “was then converted on a capitalization rate into a one-shot payment.” The Racquet Club buckled a little and came down a million. “We did not want to stick them up against the wall,” Morse genially concedes. And the deal was set—\$5 million to the Racquet Club. The \$5-million one-shot payment is considered, in view of dollar depreciation over the years, to be a much better deal than the \$300,000 that the club had been prepared to accept only a year before. In the week of September 18 the club canceled its plans for the hotel—pending signing of the agreement, of course.

Morse's threat, his bluff, his straw-man hotel had won. Fisher Brothers had first gotten what it wanted without the Racquet Club, but Morse's preposterous strategy had made it fight it out with the club anyway. So the club had been saved—“not through the landmarking,” Morse emphasizes, “but by the \$5 million.”

8. The Last Judgment

Among those who score low in this fight are the Racquet Club for going blissfully to sleep at the outset and the city for not speaking out sooner to protect its landmarks. Also scoring low are the city planners for looking like manipulated pawns in writing the special galleria legislation to serve a single building. As planner Lauren Otis of the Mayor's Office of Midtown Planning explains, the city planners have “a willingness to look at new proposals from the point of view of what benefits they could produce for the city, and incentive zoning legislation has always been created with a specific proposal under consideration.” That passive stance is why many observers view our city-planning agencies as accommodation services for developers.

Whether we judge Fisher Brothers as a winner for its ingenuity or as a villain for its scheming strategies, it has

shrewdly and unfailingly come up with new plots to its advantage, new deals, and new trade-offs. And it is certainly a winner with the design of its building—its best architecture ever.

In SOM's hands the tower was skillfully transformed into a large but thoughtfully designed mass. It offers twelve corner offices on every floor—not four but twelve. The architects explain that the chamfered corners and notched sides that make so many corner offices possible are primarily the result of attempts to “minimize the bulk of the building” and its effect on surroundings. Sun studies, SOM maintains, show that “by the time the sun gets behind the Fisher Brothers building it has already been cut off by other buildings, so that there is virtually no effect or change of the sun on the Seagram Plaza, Citibank Building, or Lever House.”

SOM also preserves the traditional wall of the side streets by designing the base of its tower flush with the building lines and by continuing it at the height of the Racquet Club. Sheathed in green glass and silvery mullions—like the curtain wall of Lever House but with a slightly more reflective mirror finish—the building also relates to its neighbors, SOM says, by means of materials.

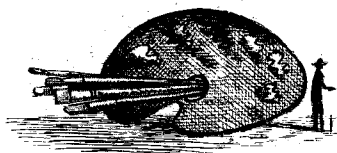
Lindenbaum the Resourceful, however, had come up with some way of offsetting the purchase of the view over those neighbors. He proposed paying for it by giving up the construction of the 60-foot-high galleria space and cutting it down to 30 feet high. That would not only save a vast sum for the steel required for wind bracing; it would also permit the insertion of two more floors of rental office space in the upper 30-foot-high space, which would provide additional income. Fisher Brothers would make an equal exchange of air rights for the galleria. Besides, the combined lots now gave the building a 16.5 FAR. In no case, Larry Fisher maintained to Community Board 5's new-development committee on October 4, would the building's volume or its exterior-envelope size ever get any larger.

Lindenbaum pleaded for this in view of the urgency of a construction start. Later Fisher Brothers would go back through the lengthy ULURP procedure and file under the “through-block arcade” legislation for permission to insert the proposed two new rental floors. The 30-foot-high lobby's dimensions are more than sufficient to justify such a bonus.

So the final purse for the public from Fisher Brothers will include a greater space than that required under through-block-arcade legislation as well as such amenities (not required by law) as skylights, trees, a waterfall, and 160 seats. Moreover, Fisher Brothers has promised clear-glass entries, marked with OPEN TO THE PUBLIC signs, two public toilets, and a contribution of \$100,000 to the Subway Station Improvement Fund.

The question is, Will our planning guardians be too exhausted after such a long hassle to keep watchful eyes over this last collaborative process of the design? Or will the saving of the Racquet Club and the removing of the threatened straw-man hotel from the urban picture be such a relief as to deflect the planners and the public from caring about these design details?

Right now pens are poised over the paper agreements. The Racquet Club, it seems, will be saved for the rich, and Fisher Brothers may get richer. But we will have to wait until the 44-story office building is built to know whether the City Planning Commission has held Fisher Brothers to making its arcade a really usable interior space for us, the public.



The Art Establishment: Rising Stars vs. the Machine

By Carter Ratcliff

"... The new artists exist but the blue-chip dealers won't look at their work, and artists are going quietly crazy wondering why..."



he leading New York artists of the fifties were pioneers, loners who never formed a cohesive group. It's a long way from Willem de Kooning's hot-pink lather to Mark Rothko's veils of deep maroon, especially if you go by way of Robert Motherwell's black on white or Ad Reinhardt's black on black. An artist of that generation searched for images that would isolate

him on the horizon of artistic possibility. Things changed in the following decade. Ambitious artists sought to be distinctive, naturally, but they went about it in a different way. Rejecting the role of pioneer in the cultural wilderness, they became stars in the cultural spotlight. Instead of lone individuals working out difficult destinies, the major figures of the sixties were the highly publicized leaders of the latest art movements—pop art, Minimalism, color-field painting. These groupings were defined with the help of critics, historians, curators, and those dealers who understood how much easier it is to sell a product when it comes complete with a label to inspire brand loyalty.

Art stardom sixties-style brought with it fame, significant money, a place in the history books. Critical definitions were remade to fit the stars' work. Social patterns formed and re-formed around their shimmering presences. Fashion and the media were affected—especially by pop art, which had drawn on them in the first place. Chic interiors changed, as the most ambitious collectors gave living spaces the look of the bare, white, hot-lit galleries where leading art was being exhibited. And the art stars burned brighter—though there were occasional mutterings. Wasn't something from an earlier generation being lost? Something of the privacy, the deliberation, required by serious art? On the other hand, gains were being made. For example, prices were shooting up. And it was now possible to have a career

in art, just as in any other profession. The spectacle of the art stars joined with the boom in art education to convince America that, at the very least, an artist could do as well as an accountant, a dentist, or a lawyer—possibly as well as a major figure in sports or entertainment.

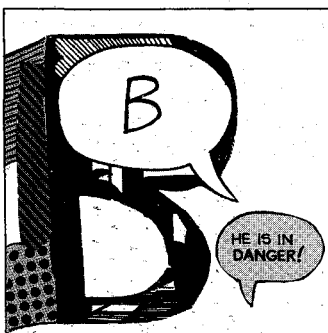
But not once in this decade has it happened—that volatile mix of culture shock, heavy sales, and critical attention which explodes and then, when the smoke clears away, reveals a brand-new art star. For the artists of the seventies, all the starmakers in New York seem permanently out of reach. There's a painter, a part of Leo Castelli's stable, who divides the gallery into A and B artists. Younger than such Castelli blockbusters as Roy Lichtenstein and Donald Judd, he considers himself a B artist despite his own considerable success. (Because of this self-rating, it's probably better not to mention his name.) According to him, "The younger artists are there, some of them fresh out of art school. The talent is there. And I've tried, time and time again, to get Leo to look at some of their work. Not necessarily to take them on and give them a show, but just to look. To let new artists know there's some hope. But he's committed to his older artists, and it's not just Leo. None of the major dealers are interested. It's a monolithic situation."

This is an often heard refrain: The new talent exists but the blue-chip dealers won't even look—not Castelli, Emerich, Knoedler, Fourcade, or Pace, which is solidly blue-chip now that it has acquired the Mark Rothko estate. Younger, more flexible dealers operate on what might be called the Betty Parsons principle: that showing an artist's work is more an act of faith than a business proposition. Parsons exercises this principle as actively now as she did in the late forties, when she introduced major figures of the New York School to an art world that was often as hostile as the general public. Her ex-director, Jock Truman, Patricia Hamilton, Susan Caldwell, Brooke Alexander, Robert Miller, Ed Thorp, and Holly Solomon are some younger dealers who *do* look at new work, a torrent of it, both in studios and in color slides. The personnel of an active gallery see an average of 5,000 sets of slides a year. Still, very

few of the artists they show have been on the scene less than ten years. Sustaining these comparatively unestablished careers gives the more flexible galleries more than enough to keep them frantically busy. Besides, they have to watch for chances to deal in the veteran heavyweights.

Patricia Hamilton has shown the first-generation New York School figure David Hare and the equally august Louise Bourgeois. Brooke Alexander backs up exhibits of brand-new artists by publishing major editions of prints by such veterans as Alex Katz, Robert Motherwell, and Richard Tuttle. So the flexibility of the newer dealers is relative. All of them have to keep risks, hunches, and personal preferences under tight control. As a result, the artist new in this decade is likely to find the commercial system a blank wall at every turn.

An exception: a figurative painter named Altoon Sultan. From 1971 to 1975, she showed at the First Street Gallery, a shoestring co-op that began on the Lower East Side, then in 1972 moved to Prince Street in SoHo. After a brief, semi-official connection with the Fischbach Gallery on 57th Street, Sultan moved along the block to Marlborough—still blue-chip, even after the furor raised by its attempt to shortchange Mark Rothko's heirs. Her first one-woman show at Marlborough last fall sold out, a striking success. Still, Sultan has received none of the critical raves, none of the personal attention, that propels an artist to stardom. Her image has no widespread impact, nor does the image of any other artist of her generation. The deck seems stacked against it. A 1966 piece by Les Levine gave the New York art world its label: "Star Machine." Now the machine seems rigged in favor of the Warhols and Frank Stellas, and some young artists are going quietly crazy wondering why.



lame it on two major factors, recession and the current state of the art of art criticism. The sixties were a battlefield for a three-way clash of critical polemics. One faction, presided over by the veteran warrior Clement Greenberg, advanced the cause of the color-field painters—Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski, Helen Frankenthaler, et al. In direct opposition

were the Minimalists—Robert Morris, Donald Judd, Sol LeWitt. Steady producers of statements, manifestos, and broadsides, the Minimalists turned out to be their own most effective critical promoters, though there was no shortage of critics to pick up the cues offered by the artists themselves. Pop artists were the third faction of sixties-style superstars. Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenburg, Roy Lichtenstein, and others had borrowed their imagery from the media-at-large and the media returned the compliment with extensive support for the whole pop-art phenomenon. Also, Warhol and Oldenburg commanded a pop-style anti-criticism—a knack for phrasemaking—which solidified their own positions very neatly. On the heavyweight-art-critics front, there was the leadership of Lawrence Alloway, who coined the phrase "pop art" back in 1958.

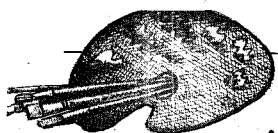
By the mid-sixties, Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Reinhardt, and other first-generation New York School artists had been canonized as culture heroes, while some artists new in the sixties—a limited number of color-field painters, Minimalists, and pop artists—had been established by one critical faction or another as the legitimate heirs to the first-generation giants. Dealers, curators, and collectors were guided by the ratings doled out so carefully by leading critics. A few of these writers came to be seen, with only slight ex-

aggeration, as starmakers. For the investor, they were the art-world equivalents of Moody's or Standard & Poor's. The nod from Clement Greenberg could provide a young color-field painter with a blue-chip rating. It was said that on studio visits Greenberg would sometimes take up a brush and paint out bits of an image he didn't like. Certain painters were reputed to have sent him slides every month for his approval. Apocryphal probably, but these stories show the place of the art critic in the star machine of the sixties.

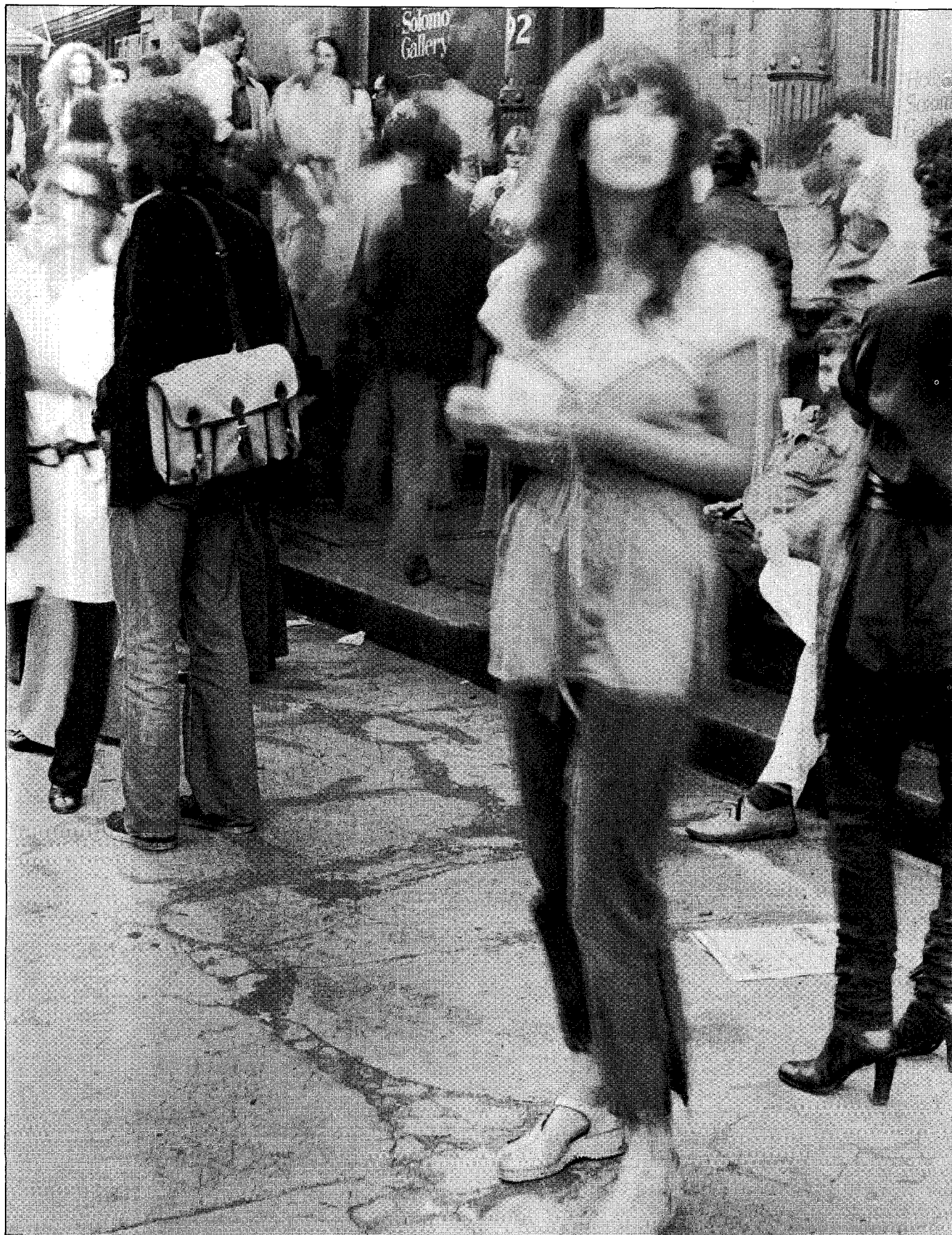
So the early seventies were crawling with young art writers announcing their ambition to be the Clement Greenberg of the new decade. But no latter-day Greenbergs or Alloways have appeared. One reason is that the three-way situation of the sixties (pop, Minimal, and color-field) has developed into a pattern of sub- and sub-sub-styles so complex no critic can follow more than a fraction of it. Earthworks, conceptual art, performance, video, realist revivals, pattern painting, narrative literary-visual hybrids—all this and more makes for a contemporary art world more like a labyrinth than a neat set of launching pads for stars. Sweeping pronouncements of some new artist's pre-eminence just don't have any carrying power. And there is a leftover suspicion toward the starmakers among sixties critics—especially Greenberg and his disciples. Much of their theoretical posturing seems too empty now, and so many of their judgments tied all too neatly into the manipulations of powerful dealers and curators. Contemporary art criticism has turned away from ringing, authoritarian judgments. The critic tends to muse on what he or she thinks some segment of the audience might find interesting in a recent exhibit. This low-key approach has taught younger artists not to expect the kind of high profile the aggressive criticism of the sixties provided to a select few. Exhibits are reviewed in the art magazines, if and when they happen, but no single critic has decisively affected a career begun in this decade.

Yet the authority of the last decade's heavyweight critics has lingered on and with it the concept of the art star. During the recession of 1973–74, the market that remained was for the biggest names. Blue-chip dealers were forced into the position of supporting the prices achieved by their leading stars before money got tight—which had begun to happen in the art market by 1968. This inspired the wooing of museum curators. From '68 on, New York saw a parade of premature retrospectives, a local art-world specialty and the star machine's most elaborate flourish. Traditionally, retrospectives occur at the end of long and celebrated careers. The Modern gave one to Frank Stella when he was 34 and had been showing for little over ten years. Jim Dine, Jules Olitski, Robert Morris, Donald Judd, Carl André—these are some of the super-hyped stars of the sixties who found themselves blessed with retrospective exhibits before the market for their work slowed down below the rebound point. With reputations re-hyped, these artists weren't hurt all that much by the recession. New markets were found, especially in Europe, where American art has played its part in the flight of capital.

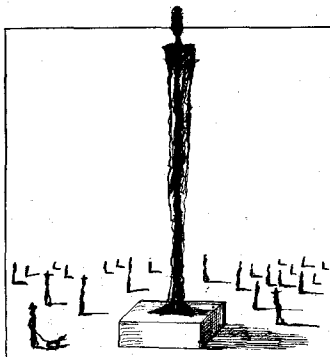
At extremes, the protection of an art star's prices requires a holding action. Say major works are about to be dumped at auction by major collectors. An agent of the star's dealer attends the event, anonymously, to bid prices up to face-saving levels. Secret dealer's buy-backs and other tactics have successfully kept the bottom from falling out. Long-established New York art stars shine brightly these days. Their prices have even begun to climb in recent, post-recession seasons. But this is the result of efforts which have absorbed nearly all the promotional energies of the blue-chip dealers, the starmakers. Very few crumbs have fallen to artists too young to count among the original white-hot numbers of the sixties. The brutal fact is that the roster of the stars reads today as it did a dozen years ago.



"... New artists are still reviewed in the magazines, but no one critic has affected a career begun in this decade..."



Street scene: Crowd outside the Holly Solomon Gallery in SoHo, one of the few places where young artists' work is welcomed.



n 1968, Andy Warhol said that "in the future, everybody will be world famous for fifteen minutes." That has become one of the major catchphrases of the era. Younger artists take it as an article of faith—though naturally they assume that when the lightning strikes, the afterglow of fame will last longer than fifteen minutes. Warhol's fame is nearly twenty years old. But that's just the point. Despite his egalitarian pronouncement on celebrity, the continuing upward trend of Warhol's career is part of the younger artist's problem, not the image of a solution.

Artists of the seventies do manage to find collectors, of course. A woman painter said recently that a newly established lawyer was getting interested in her work, along with that of other women artists. "He said women's art has all the energy in the seventies. Then he said, 'Besides, women's art is all I can afford.'" This is the age of the multiple, the drawing, the print, the painting on paper—all the down-priced items that give an artist only the most marginal place in the market. A constant lament: American collectors just don't have any more room on their walls for the immense, heroically scaled paintings that put New York on the map in the days of Pollock, Newman, and Rothko. So dealers—especially those willing to take chances on non-stars—seek tactful ways to suggest that their painters move away from larger works on canvas to smaller ones on paper.

The sixties put a premium on largeness—the flashier and more aggressive a painting, the better. This attracted collectors just as flashy and just as aggressive. Robert and Ethel Scull symbolize the period, with their voracious appetite for new styles, the speed of their acquisitions, their obsession with the art world's social hierarchies. Leo Castelli used to say he sold art history, not just works of art. The Sculls bought enough history from Castelli and other blue-chip dealers to guarantee themselves at least the status of footnotes to the sixties. While the boom lasted, their celebrity was equaled only by a handful of the artists in their collection. All that is long gone. The Sculls have split up, and large portions of their holdings have been auctioned off at stunning profits. The major unloading was in 1973. Robert Rauschenberg confronted Scull at Parke Bernet, accusing the collector of exploiting him and the entire community of artists. Since then, no collectors—not even very active ones, like the Sydney Lewises of Richmond, Virginia—have been anxious to establish high profiles.

Susan Caldwell, whose West Broadway gallery concentrates on painting, says, "The art of the seventies is more private, and so is the collecting. Also, money is much tighter." If the Sculls symbolized the collectors of the sixties, their place has been taken in this decade by Herbert and Dorothy Vogel. Intense, omnipresent features of New York's art zones, they combine a willingness to take risks with an endless curiosity about new artists. On their combined civil-service salaries, they have put together an extraordinary collection. Artworks cover the walls and much of the floor of an apartment also occupied by a pride of exotic cats and several aquariumfuls of rare turtles. Beginning at the outer reaches of conceptual-Minimalist developments (early Sol LeWitt, Richard Tuttle, Dorothea Rockburne), the Vogels have moved recently toward the introspective, heavily textured work of such painters as John Torreano, Ron Gorchov, Joe Zucker, Judy Rivka, Edda Renouf, and others—including Richard Francisco and Hap Tivey, artists so new on the scene that their gallery affilia-

tions only came about after the Vogels had discovered them.

Immersed in the sprawling confusion of the seventies, they qualify as experts. This brings a certain degree of celebrity (the Vogels' collection has been exhibited at the Clocktower in New York, at Philadelphia's Institute of Fine Arts, and at the museum of the University of Michigan), but they avoid the glittery, media-conscious style of the Sculls and the sixties art scene. For the Vogels, the passions of art are very personal. Rodney Ripps, one of the newer names in their collection, says, "I'm always trying to make my art as extreme as possible. Maybe as ugly as possible. I had a piece up at the Brooke Alexander gallery, a pink painting, and Herb Vogel was there. I'm telling him it's ugly and he says, No, it's a very resolved painting, Rodney, it's beautiful. I tell him, No, it's ugly, and pretty soon we're shouting at each other. But the point is that the Vogels really care about what they're doing."

Adam Baumgold, a young businessman, finished up at Columbia in 1972 with a degree in art history and a fascination with the art that was developing beyond the limits of photo-realism—perhaps the last art movement to be given "official" recognition by New York dealers, museums, and critics. "I've never been interested in artists who move in groups," Baumgold says. "What attracts me is always the work of an artist who is being an individual and doing it well." His collection includes the wild, spontaneous pop imagery of Red Grooms as well as the austere, quirky "pop classicism" of Roy Lichtenstein's later style. Baumgold's figurative holdings range from the meticulous observations of Rackstraw Downes to Janet Fish's semi-abstract images.

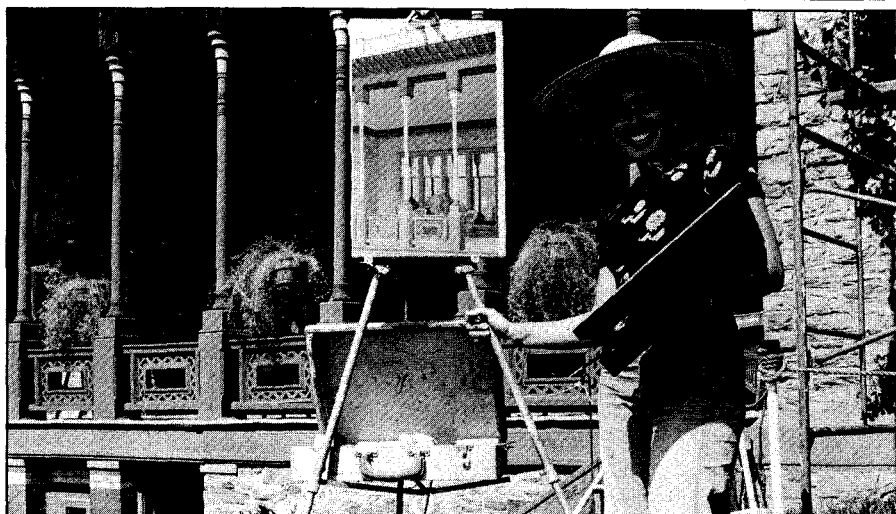
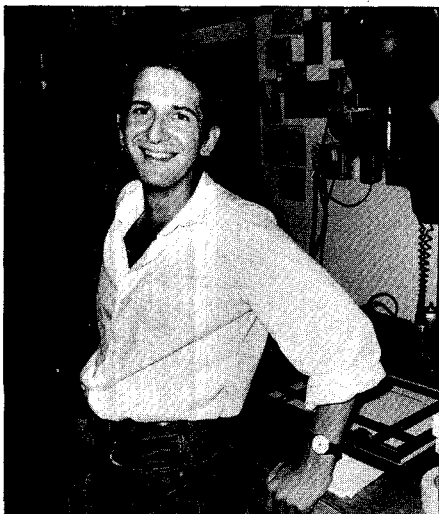
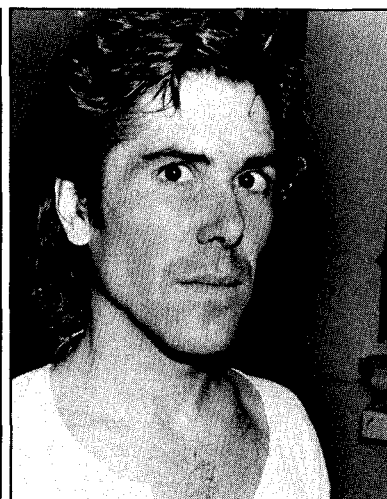
"And I've gotten interested in the very private, 'home-made' abstraction of Ron Gorchov and Elizabeth Murray. These are artists who require an extremely personal response. So reviews don't mean much to me. Besides, by the time the reviews are out, all the best pieces in a show are gone." Baumgold's familiarity with the scene comes from "seeing everything—thousands of shows."

Committed, well-informed collectors are not the whole story. As a SoHo dealer points out, there are young decorators, architects, and print publishers who operate on the fringes of the art world, trying to acquire works directly from the studios. This knocks off the gallery cut, which ranges from 60-40 in favor of the artist to 50-50 and even 40-60. "Or they pay even less, if an artist is really desperate," this dealer says. "These are shark-infested waters. I know it's very difficult for an artist to survive when as much as two years might go by between shows, so I'm not really tyrannical about this. On the other hand, I can't accept a shady market developing around my people as a regular thing. If it does, I won't survive myself. These bargain-basement sales are supposed to return short-term profits, which to begin with are very unlikely in 1978. And of course these fringe collectors don't provide an artist with valuable exposure; there's no prestige involved—or security—when a fast-moving shark type acquires your work."

"But the best of the younger collectors tend to balk when the price of a work gets near \$3,000. So even when you're dealing with the most committed, reputable buyers, it's difficult to help new artists." A slow market is coupled with a kind of inflation peculiar to the New York art world—the constant influx of new hopefuls, which intensifies the ordinary kind of inflation. A medium-size loft has 2,500 square feet of floor space. Ten years ago, that much space in the heart of SoHo could be had for well under \$200 a month, plus \$1,200 for any fixtures the previous tenant might have installed. Now the same loft could easily bring \$500 per month—or \$650. And the fixtures (often a code word for "key money") would run \$10,000 to \$20,000—while resales of co-op lofts with certificates of occupancy range from \$100,000 to \$125,000 and above.



"...Collectors don't have any room on their walls, so many dealers are tactfully suggesting that painters paint smaller..."



New faces: Top row, from left, painter Judy Rivka, collectors Herbert and Dorothy Vogel, painter and Vogel "discovery" Hap Tivey; bottom row, from left, photographer Leo Rubinfien, who is also a critic, and figurative painter Altoon Sultan.

Portrait of the Artist as a Survival Case

When artists first show up in Manhattan, they wonder which buttons on the star machine to push—which dealers to see, which critics to call, which legendary culture hero to try to meet. Within a few seasons the question becomes, How do I survive? Artists work in frame shops. They do carpentry, plumbing, or electric wiring. They wait on tables or do commercial art. Or, fresh out of art school, they go back to teach. A sculptor named Judy Pfaff got her MFA from Yale in 1973. Since then, she has had five full-time teaching jobs plus thirteen visiting-artist gigs. "Survival," she says, "absorbs your life. I don't know any young artist who's secure. There is no cheap studio space. It's a nightmare . . . Con Ed, landlords." Meanwhile, the expansion of out-of-

town art schools and university art departments creates a demand for teachers willing to go where the work is. A couple of Judy Pfaff's teaching jobs have been in the New York area, but mostly she has been far west of the Hudson in Iowa City, Akron, Detroit, Columbus, Pomona. . . . Yet her résumé still lists her as a New York artist—which leads to ironies. "When Marcia Tucker was putting together the Whitney Biennial in 1975, she wanted regional distribution. I was teaching at Ohio State, so suddenly I was an Ohio artist. I told Marcia, I'm from New York, but she said, There are too many New Yorkers in the show already."

Since the end of World War II, New York has been the hometown of serious innovation in the visual arts,

the birthplace of art stars. So Judy's ambition makes it unthinkable to cut her New York ties. This creates a special problem. As an inheritor of youth-culture idealism, she feels a basic distrust toward the entire apparatus of appraising, buying, and selling works of art. Dealers, she believes, completely distort the meaning of art for the sake of sales. Critics distort art for reasons of their own. Thus she doesn't complain because she's shut out of the commercial system. She is proud, in fact.

Other young artists suspicious of the commercial art world show at women's co-ops, politically oriented collectives, or with public programs. This second art world gives artists a way to show in New York untouched by dealers' pressures. —C.R.



and the cost of artist's materials continues to go up. Sculptors are always on the lookout for odd lots available at discount—a market too chancy to allow generalization. Painters all use paint, canvas, and stretchers. Most buy from the same wholesalers downtown. Still there is a lot of variation. Style becomes an economic factor.

If an artist works slowly with thinned-out washes of color, the cost of materials can be kept below \$2,500 a year. But if he does thick paintings, there can be as much as \$1,000 worth of pigment on a single surface. Rodney Ripps, whose paintings are small but heavily laden, says materials are like food: "I just paint what I need to paint and somehow I get the money for it."

"Robert Rauschenberg is going to be able to afford materials, working space," Herbert Vogel says. "But you need new people—the Judy Rivkas and Richard Franciscos—if New York is going to be New York. I know of artists who have gone into the real-estate business, and it becomes almost parasitic. There are plenty of well-known, well-respected artists who have had to move out of SoHo because it just got too expensive. So they're moving down toward Wall Street. Next it's the Battery, then into the water, and no more art world. No way for it to keep being renewed by fresh arrivals."

Recent art-school graduates crowd together, as many as four to a loft—sometimes living communally, sometimes commuting from other boroughs. Meanwhile, the art schools produce more graduates, primed for upper levels of stardom. Ambitions aren't flaunted. But they are there, in full force, and they create pressures which the alternate non-commercial exhibition spaces try to alleviate. The trouble is that the commercial art world remains the model, so this new system becomes a detour into what Scott Burton, an artist and occasional writer, calls "alternate careerism." According to him, the non-commercial institutions of the seventies "show all the patterns of give and take, reciprocal favors, and so on that you see in the commercial setup. There are all the tensions of the sixties art world with no hope of the rewards. So there's an element of self-defeat in all this. The alternate scene is in Manhattan. Manhattan is the big time. But there is no alternative to the big time of the commercial galleries—unless artists learn to psych out much, much larger maps of power. I mean, if artists are going to avail themselves of public funding, they ought to do more than put on painting shows in scruffy spaces on the edge of SoHo."

By "doing more," Burton means constructing massive works at the scale of public parks, which is the direction his own work is leading him in. Yet the alternate art world's apparent solutions still exert their allure. A late-seventies vignette: It is just before midnight June 19 of this year; a long line has formed at the General Post Office, 33rd Street and Eighth Avenue. This is the last chance local artists have to get their Creative Artists' Public Service Program grant applications into the mail. An artist says to her teenage daughter, "In ten years, you'll be standing on this line." It is said with pride, not regret. Many artists of this decade prefer to have their status certified by a government funding office, rather than by a commercial dealer. In other words, the art-world star machine is so terrifying to some that a system of artists' welfare—middle-class welfare—seems preferable. This, as Burton says, is self-defeating.

As long as an artist stays in the alternate art world, it is impossible to get off the basic survival treadmill. And, as

long as that artist refuses to face up to the reason for wanting to be in New York in the first place—the chance for art stardom—he or she will never venture out of the alternate system to the commercial world, where stardom is possible.

But there are others who understand this. George Ennenga, a recent graduate of Princeton's Fine Arts Department, lives in Northampton, Massachusetts. Two seasons ago, his loft got too expensive, even though he was sharing it with another painter. "I'd find myself going to Magoo's just to get warm in the winter—problems with the heating were constant. I got pretty good at dealing with contractors—I was turning into a small-business man just to keep the loft going." Jobs in construction were preferable to art-world jobs, "but after a while I began to wonder what I was doing at the end of a shovel, scraping up the rent for a space too cold to live in."

A mural commission in the Midwest provided Ennenga with enough money to get on with his painting in a large, inexpensive studio space in Northampton. Every month or six weeks he drives into Manhattan with new work, which he shows in friends' lofts. Critics and dealers are getting interested, but money was about to run out. Fortunately, another mural commission has come through.

Ennenga sees the artist's problems—his own problems—as challenges which will generate major art. As for stardom, he assumes history will sort that out. Rodney Ripps, whose loft is on Broadway near City Hall, echoes this. "Every period has its art celebrities," he says. "Ours are left over from the sixties. They're not necessarily the best artists working now. For young artists the seventies are more like the fifties, when the art world was relatively hidden. The seventies are for people like the Vogels, who really look at everything. Every show, every outdoor piece, every magazine."

A group show at O.K. Harris led to Ripps's exhibits at the Brooke Alexander gallery. Critics have taken note and there have been some sales, all of which has caused "an incredible amount of jealousy," he says, "though I still have to do construction work to survive. It's rough, but I don't have any basic argument with the commercial system."

Leo Rubinfien, a young photographer and critic, says, "Naturally, we're all trying to be saints. We're all trying to live up on the mountain and come down with our revelations, instead of admitting that we belong to a large metropolitan workshop which produces certain very valuable cultural commodities. One of the things I enjoy about the art world is that it's avowedly commercial. It's based on mutual respect, friendship—but friendship at fixed prices. It's the same in any business, whether it's art or fabrics on 32nd Street."

He has discovered a familiar pattern: You need to have had a grant to get an exhibit; in order to get a grant, it helps to have exhibited. Wanting to break out of this circle, Rubinfien turned to art criticism. This helped him establish his name, though survival has required him to teach, to run workshops for the Museum of Modern Art, to work as a commercial photographer. Now, as the seventies draw to an end, he feels that his career is about to happen.

For him, "part of surviving the pre-recognition period was being involved with a couple of young artists who were in the same boat I was, and whom I respected—Mitch Epstein and Len Jenshel. Knowing them, it didn't have to be me simply saying to myself over and over again that I respect myself and my work. I respect them and I could see that they respond to me in the same way. Sometimes I feel I'm participating in a historical event with these friends."

So there it is. You hear it again and again among the livelier young artists—the belief that history is refocusing itself, the star machine is shifting gears, and lightning is preparing to strike in new places.

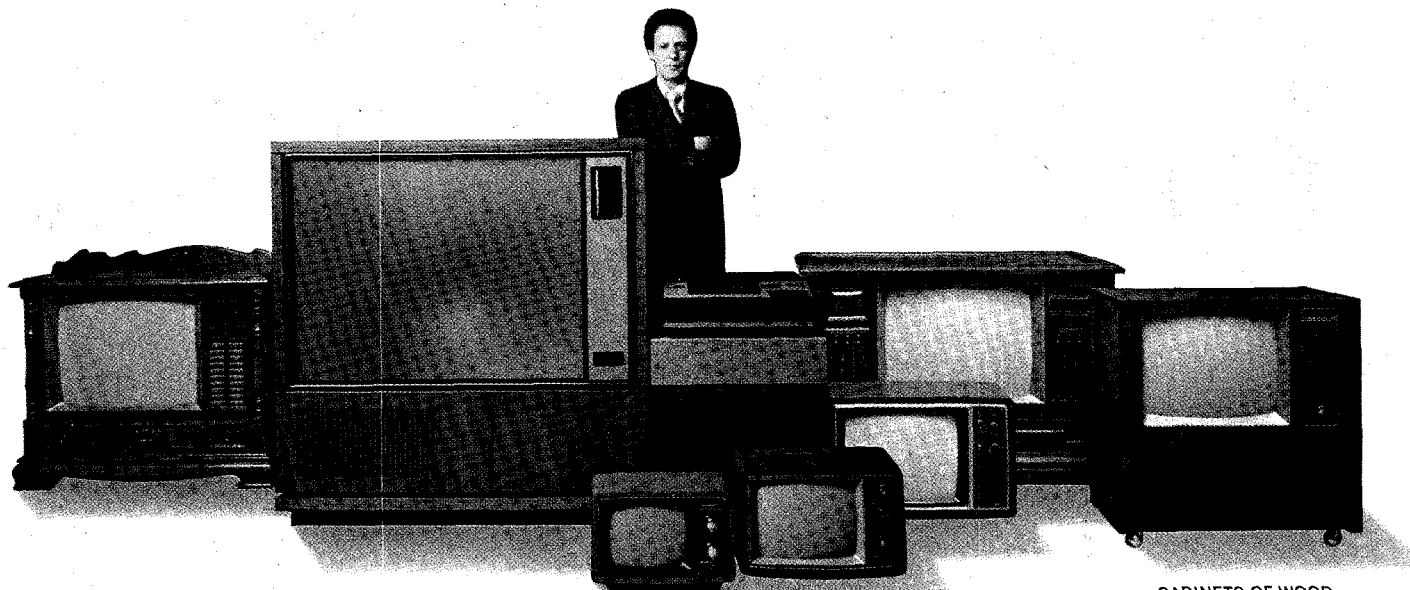
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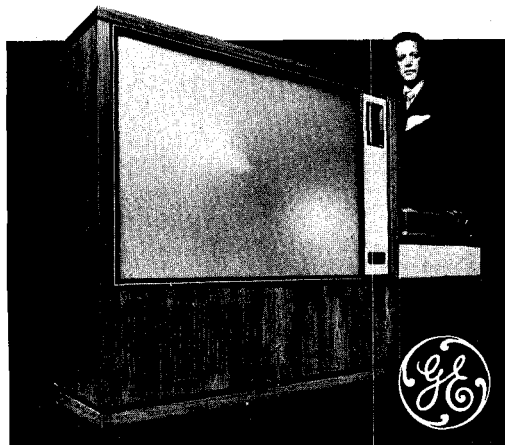
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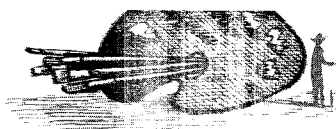


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Making It in the Art World:

A Climber's Guide

Playing the art-world game requires (1) talent and (2) the ability to pretend that nothing else counts. A mastery of (2) is known as aesthetic detachment (or "seriousness"). Given a properly serious attitude, an artist new in town is ready to learn the rules: which galleries, curators, collectors, and critics (printed in black) have the most to offer a fledgling reputation, which to approach with extreme caution (red). The fledgling artist must also know how to categorize his culture heroes and—perhaps the most important factor for day-to-day survival—which hangouts to grace with the sincerity of his commitment. All names are ranked in descending order of establishment clout, *not* according to aesthetic criteria.

—Carter Ratcliff

GALLERIES

Blue-chip

Where serious art meets serious money. This is the highest rung of the ladder; for younger artists, these establishments are near impossibilities.

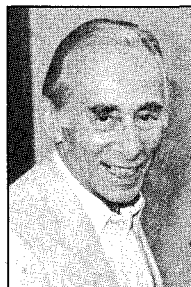
Marlborough—The one blue-chip gallery willing to take on younger artists and give them full support.

Castelli—Blue-chip fortress: Warhol, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Johns. **Knoedler**—Home of the color-field academy.

Emmerich—Liberman, Caro, Frankenthaler. **Fourcade**—De Kooning, Bourgeois, Mitchell. **Pierre Matisse**—European blue-chip. **Pace**—Where exhibits are not just organized but designed. **Janis**—Where exhibits look like museum retrospectives.

The European Connection

Americans who deal in Europe, Europeans who deal in America, or (thanks to mergers) both under one roof. The dealing is mostly in sixties pop and Minimalist blue-chip



Leo
Castelli



Michael
Sonnabend

items, so a seventies newcomer won't find much help here.

Sonnabend—Artists both new and local occasionally appear here.

Heiner Friedrich—With a home base in Cologne, this is the gallery that put New York on the map of German Kultur.

John Weber—Monochrome City.

Sperone Westwater

Fischer

John Gibson

Mostly for New Artists

The prestige of these galleries, plus their (relative) willingness to take risks, makes them the best bet for a new artist—but don't look for miracles. Here, too, artist rosters are already crowded.

Patricia Hamilton—Has an eye for tomorrow's heavyweights today.

Droll/Kolbert—Where New York high style teeters on the edge.

Robert Miller—Important risks are being taken here.

Brooke Alexander—Ultra-refined.



Holly
Solomon

David McKee

Susan Caldwell

Sculpture Now—

Monumental sculpture space.

Paula Cooper—Keeps a new-artist image, though her roster includes mostly young veterans now.

Holly Solomon—The cartoon image and much, much more.

Willard—The cartoon image uptown.

Max Protetch—

Minimalist mannerism.

Pam Adler—Pipeline from the alternate art world.

O.K. Harris—The art supermarket.

Armory Show to the Present

Galleries where you can see what went on in New York before Abstract Expressionism. Also, space is occasionally found on the schedule for an exhibit of a young contemporary artist.

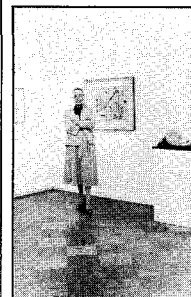
Zabriskie—Strong in Precisionists of the thirties and forties.

Graham—Dove, Demuth, Davis, and company.

Washburn

Marilyn Pearl—

American wing of the School of Mondrian.



Washburn

Monique Knowlton—
American Surrealism.
Schoelkopf—Thirties
high style.
Borgenicht—Milton
Avery and friends.
Crispo

Non-commercial
These will get
government and
corporate support as
long as they provide
the commercial galleries
with fresh talent—so
new artists are welcome.

**The Clocktower and
P.S. 1 (The Institute
for Art and Urban
Resources)—**The
duchy of Alana Heiss.
Her good graces—or
those of her minions—
can get a rank beginner
lots of exposure fast.

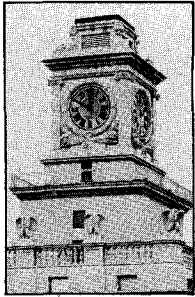
**Artists Space
(Committee for the
Visual Arts)—**
Director Helene Winer
plays favorites but has
many; the look of
democracy triumphant.
The New Museum
—Shows are funky,
freaky; worth a visit.
Franklin Furnace—A
center for artists'
books and the far
reaches of performance
art.

**112 Greene Street
Organization of
Independent Artists**
—Arranges massive
exhibits in massive
public buildings.

Above the Fray
—Semi-museum status
puts these galleries a
rung above
blue-chip.
**Hirschl & Adler
Wildenstein
Acquavella**

Beyond the Pale
Heavy advertisers with
ready access to the
world of interior
design and commercial
architecture, these
galleries move a lot of
merchandise—but a
show here is a
renunciation of serious
art-world ambition.
Wally Findlay—The
tipoff here is Findlay's
Palm Beach connection.

**Aberbach Fine Art
Far Gallery
Christopher Gallery
Edward Weston
Graphics**



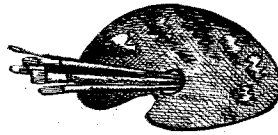
The Clocktower



Wildenstein



Wally
Findlay
Galleries



MUSEUMS

To show at any one of
the three is a major
coup, so an artist is
well advised to neglect
no curatorial clique.

The Museum of Modern Art

Byzantine, backward-
looking, financially
troubled, and still the
keystone of the New
York art-world
establishment.

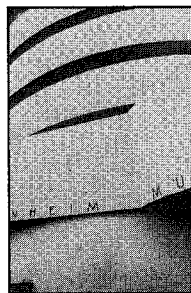
Richard Oldenburg,
director
William Rubin, director,
Department of
Painting and
Sculpture—The Iron
Chancellor of modernist
conservatism.
John Szarkowski,
director,
Department of
Photography—
MOMA's first
trendsetter in years.

The Whitney Museum of American Art

—Box-office realism
is the key to the
exhibition schedule.
**Thomas N. Armstrong
III,** director
Patterson Sims,
associate curator—
Recruited from the
gallery scene, he is the
primary Whitney
connection to young
artists.
Barbara Haskell,
curator—Cautious
and thorough, her eye
is for historical vistas.

The Guggenheim Museum

Thomas M. Messer,
director—Likes his
modernism European
and well aged.
Linda Shearer, assistant
curator—Valiantly
pushing and pulling
the Guggenheim into
the present decade.
Margit Rowel, curator
Diane Waldman,
curator—Put on the
current Rothko
exhibit.



The Guggenheim

COLLECTORS

**Private Collectors,
Heavyweight
Division**
Their holdings are
tactfully coveted by

museums. For the
artist, this means the
prestige of belonging
to a major private
collection might well be
compounded by a
move up to a major
public collection.

Herbert and Dorothy

Vogel—Not big
spenders, but the nod
from them is one of
the period's major
accolades.

Richard Brown Baker
—Pioneer collector of
the post-war era; still
active.

**Sydney and Frances
Lewis, Richmond,
Virginia—**

Encyclopedic cross
section of the seventies;
Art Deco furniture too.
Graham Gund, Boston
Eugene and Barbara

Schwartz
Paul J. Schupf—
Loves art and loves
to see it accrue 20
percent per year.

**Lita and Morton
Hornick**

James Duff, Detroit
**Steven and Karalyn
Robinson, Miami**
Joseph Hirshhorn—
Still getting it
wholesale after all
these years.

Corporate Collectors

Having sustained the
art world during the
recessions, corporations
are still important to
artists' survival. Their
support doesn't bring
much prestige,
however.

**Gilman Paper
Company—**
Specializes in, what
else, works on paper.

**American Can
Company—**Searches
out the very newest.

**Atlantic Richfield
Company**
Pepsico, Inc.—Outdoor
sculpture.

McCrory Corp.—
Mondrian to
Minimalism.

**Chase Manhattan
Corp.—**Vast
holdings, a hidden
museum; has slowed
down in recent seasons.

IBM
Mobil Corp.
AT&T

**Private Collectors,
Newcomers**
Can provide important
support; however,
since ostentation is not



Lita
Hornick



Gilman
Paper
Company

seventies style, there's not much publicity value in belonging to their collections.

Carol and Arthur Goldberg
Martin Sklar
Adam Baumgold
Edward Downe
Sam Wagstaff—An exception: Moving out of painting into photography, he has managed to attract a startling amount of attention to himself.
Robert and Richard Menschel
Sabra Calland
Frank and Patti Kolodny
Françoise and Harvey Rambach



Sam Wagstaff

ART MAGAZINES

Slick

These magazines either provide an artist with a bibliography of reviews and articles or they don't—in which case, the artist begins to look like a non-contender.

Art in America—Betsy Baker has made this the best of the lot. **Arts**—Richard Martin gives (some) writers free rein; results are (sometimes) major. **Artforum**—Stronger by the month since Joe Masheck took over. **Print Collector's**

Newsletter—Jackie Brody has made this the information source for works on paper; also, first-rate feature articles.

ARTnews—Gossipy, which is nice, but often a bit stale.

Unslick

Journalistic equivalent to the alternative gallery scene; a young artist's name often appears in print for the first time here.

Art-Rite—TriBeCa gazette; even its obscurities are revelations.

Tracks—A journal of artists' writings; about 45 percent of each issue seems absolutely essential.

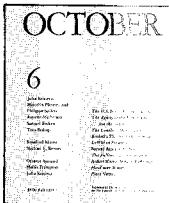
Parenthèse—Art and literature according to John Bernard Myers.

Trylon and Perisphere—The ongoing saga of Gregory Battcock's

Art in America



Art in America



October

CRITICS

struggle to find the art world amusing.

he title is
ein's
style is

Household names in artists' neighborhoods, these critics set the tone, define the issues, and—when they're really hot—offer an insight or two about art.

Hilton Kramer, New York Times—You're nobody till somebody—like Hilton—hates you.

John Ashbery, New York Magazine—Major poet on the prowl for major art.

Lawrence Alloway, The Nation and free-lance—Born again in the seventies: Manhattan's one true populist critic.

John Perreault, Soho Weekly News—Fast off the mark, perceptive and capable of taking risks.

Robert Hughes, Time—Fastest eye in town and one of the most skeptical.

John Russell, New York Times—Ex-Londoner, loves everything, the English nanny of American art.

Lucy Lippard, free-lance—Once a blinkered formalist, now a blinkered feminist.

Irving Sandler—The New York School's recording angel.

Linda Nochlin, Vassar College—Feminist dragon lady.

Clement Greenberg, free-lance—The former colossus of New York criticism currently looms large in provincial museums and departments.

Robert Pincus-Witten, Arts—The mad diarist; offers studio scribbles as criticism.



Lawrence Alloway

MONEY TREES

For maximum effectiveness, all pitches, spiels, and

cries for help should be translated into grant-ese, a language taught at the hipper art schools.

Guggenheim Foundation—A Guggenheim Fellowship is the jackpot, both in money and prestige.

National Endowment for the Arts

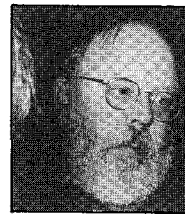
Creative Artists Public Service Program—

Strings attached; you have to perform some service for the community.

New York State Council on the Arts

City of New York Department of Cultural Affairs—

Lacking surplus funds, Commissioner Henry Geldzahler tries to get art organizations together with money sources.



Henry Geldzahler

HANGOUTS

All of which are essential if the New York art world is to preserve its hothouse atmosphere.

SoHo for Artists
Prince Street Bar—Scruffy but well scrubbed.

Spring Street Bar—The look of the late sixties, when SoHo was still the frontier.

Broome Street Bar—Cheerful, faintly collegiate.

Fannelli's—Where the working class meets the working artist.

Food—Truth in labeling.

SoHo for Others
Raoul's—Media and fashion hangout.

WPA—The early seventies under glass.

Soho Charcuterie—Tastefulness carried to extremes.

Oh-Ho-So—The essence of "nice," the essence of "arty."

Berry's—Genteel with a touch of Thompson Street toughness.

The Ballroom—

Downtown cabaret. **Skramble's**—Of all the non-art hangouts in SoHo, this is the one the image-conscious artists should take most care to avoid.



Fannelli's



WPA



One Fifth Avenue



Les Pleiades

Barnabus Rex—Intimate the way rush hour is intimate.

Three Roses—Manhattan truck stop; where the artist confronts the real world at its realest.
Puffy's—The latest approved hangout.
Smoke Stacks

Lightning—The name is the most exotic thing about it.

Prescott's—The Puffy's of tomorrow.

Just Above SoHo

One Fifth Avenue—The latest in downtown manners, mannerisms, and manias.

One University Place—After losing Max's Kansas City, the Longview Country Club, the Locale, and the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club, Mickey Ruskin may be making his last stand here.

Chelsea

The Empire Diner

Uptown
Les Pleiades—Pleasant enough.

Elaine's—Art types dare, occasionally, to venture in.

ART SCHOOLS

As everyone knows, you can't really teach art—so one school isn't really much better than the next. But the possession of a fine-arts degree—any degree—is a sign that a young artist has no strong objections to the art-world status quo.

School of Visual Arts—Aggressively hip; faculty members all have solid if not dazzling art-world connections.

Pratt Institute,

Brooklyn—Serious, maybe a little solemn.

Parsons School of Design—Good for fundamentals.

Cooper Union—Ditto.

Fashion Institute of Technology—On the border between the worlds of art and fashion.



School of Visual Arts

ARTISTS

Mythical Presences

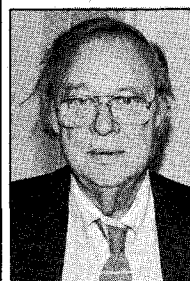
Georgia O'Keeffe
Willem de Kooning
Clyfford Still
Tony Smith



Georgia O'Keeffe



Robert Rauschenberg



Robert Motherwell



George Segal

Enfants Terribles

Twenty-eight years old going on 53, 48, and 43 respectively.

Robert Rauschenberg—The fun and games just don't quit.

Jasper Johns—

Still a virtuoso and still maddeningly calm about it.

Jim Dine—

Mistaken for a pop artist in 1961: His last show made him look like the best Sunday painter of the century.

New York School Culture Heroes (First Generation)

These artists helped shift the capital of Western art from Paris to New York in the late forties and early fifties.

Lee Krasner

Robert Motherwell

Philip Guston

Alexander Liberman

James Brooks

Giorgio Cavallon

Jack Tworok

Ibram Lassaw

Louise Bourgeois

Louise Nevelson

Phillip Pavia

New York School Culture Heroes (Second Generation)

These ensured that the first appearance wasn't just a flash in the pan.

Joan Mitchell

Sam Francis

Cy Twombly

Al Held

George Segal

Jack Youngerman

Budd Hopkins

Milton Resnick

Cleve Gray

Norman Bluhm

John Chamberlain

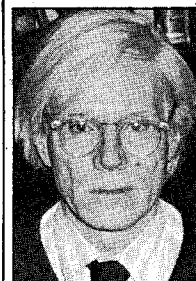
Ray Parker

Michael Goldberg

Robert Goodnough

Paul Jenkins—You saw his work in *An Unmarried Woman*.
Paul Mazursky's idea of a great American artist.

Larry Rivers—PBS's idea of a great American artist; you may have missed him on *The Dick Cavett Show*.



Andy Warhol

The Pop Aristocracy

Andy Warhol

Roy Lichtenstein

Claes Oldenburg—A

leader in the civic-monument market.

James Rosenquist

Tom Wesselmann

Robert Indiana

The Color-Field Academy

Greeted with yawns at Knoedler and Emmerich, these artists manage to stay hot in places like Boston and Houston.
Helen Frankenthaler—The liveliest of a very predictable lot.

Jules Olitski—If modern painting were a piece of cake, this artist would provide the frosting.

Friedl Dzubas

Kenneth Noland

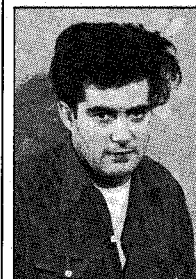
Larry Poons—Our cowboy Monet.

Dan Christensen

Stanley Boxer

Darby Bannard

—Our New England Olitski.



Larry Poons

Minimalist Monuments

Agnes Martin

Donald Judd—

Neanderthal geometrist.

Robert Ryman—Is white a color? For a decade, his paintings have felt the burden of proving that it is.

Ellsworth Kelly—

Ultra-refined: Henry James in a hard-boiled crowd.

Robert Morris

Sol LeWitt—Our leading obsessive.

Dan Flavin

Carl André—Running on empty: hasn't had a new idea in ten years.



Ellsworth Kelly

Minimalist Mannerists

Brice Marden

Richard Tuttle

Ron Gorchov—Guru to countless Minimalist offspring.

Dorothea Rockburne

Paul Mogensen

Mel Bochner

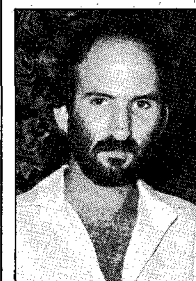
John Torreano

Jackie Ferrara

Lynda Benglis

Jackie Winsor

Rodney Ripps—The paint thickens; Minimalism turned inside out.



Rodney Ripps

When you demand more of your bank
than checking and savings.

It's time for the Chase Advantage.

There comes a time when the income you earn outstrips the bank service you receive. Then, it's time to give yourself the Chase Advantage.

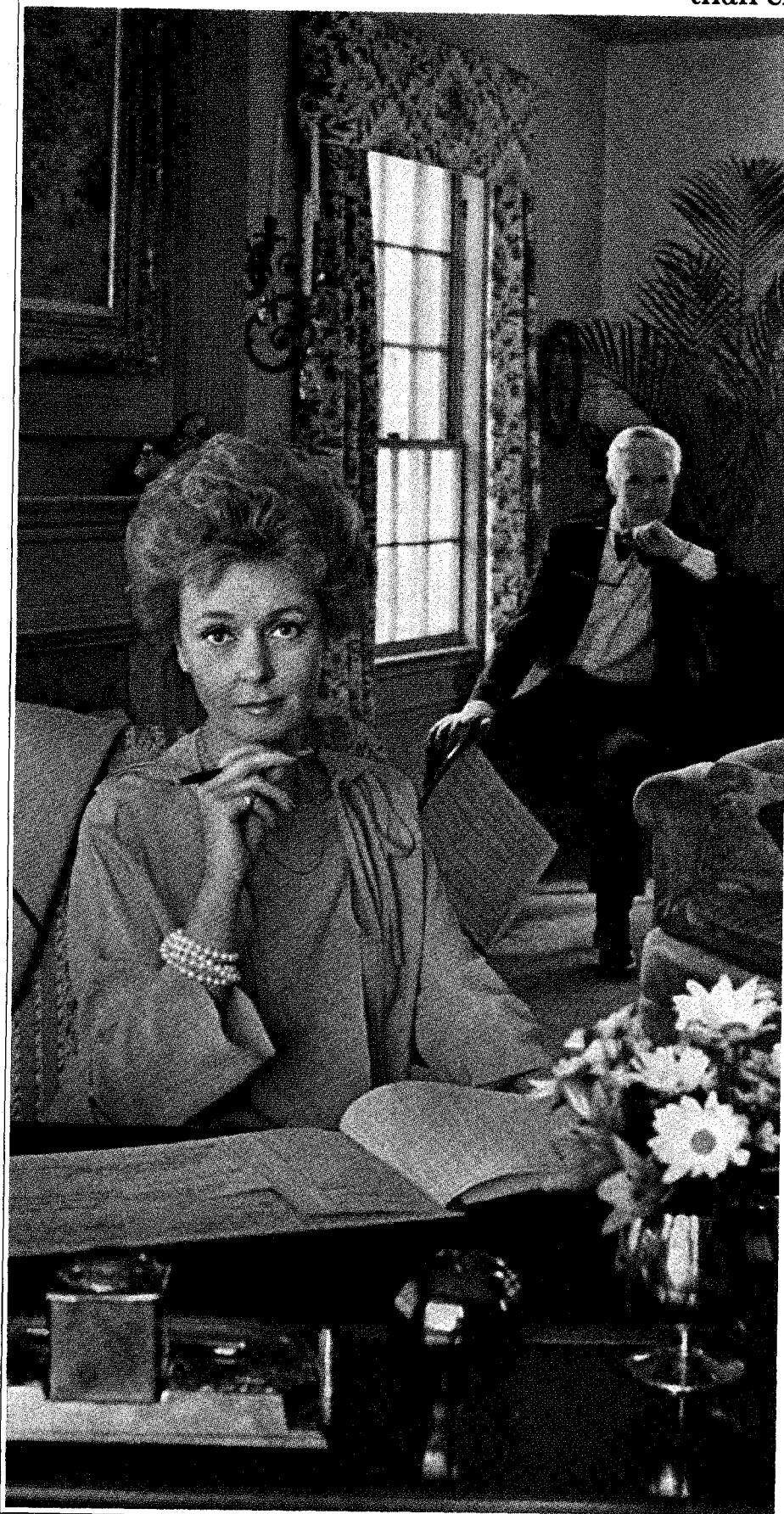
Time for a team of banking professionals directed to your individual financial needs by your Chase banker.

The benefits may be as simple as a better savings plan, or as sophisticated as money market transactions and coupon collection services.

When it's time for a banker who is aware of your special needs and equipped to provide the financial counsel and management you deserve, it's time to give yourself the Chase Advantage.

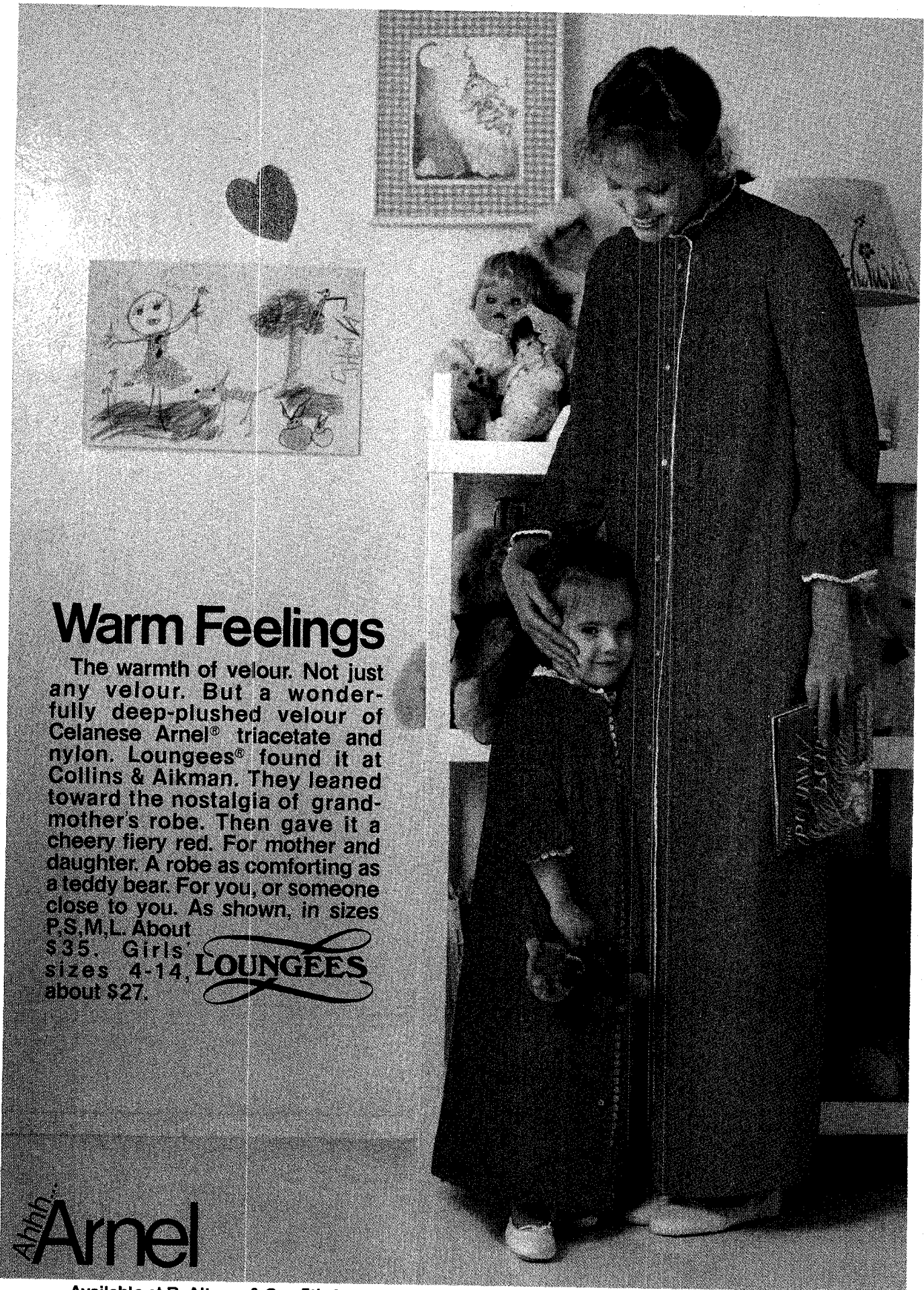


CHASE



The Chase Advantage

Member FD.I.C.



Warm Feelings

The warmth of velour. Not just any velour. But a wonderfully deep-plushed velour of Celanese Arnel® triacetate and nylon. Loungees® found it at Collins & Aikman. They leaned toward the nostalgia of grandmother's robe. Then gave it a cheery fiery red. For mother and daughter. A robe as comforting as a teddy bear. For you, or someone close to you. As shown, in sizes P, S, M, L. About \$35. Girls sizes 4-14, about \$27.

LOUNGEES

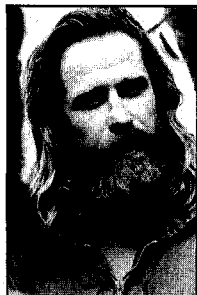
Ahhh...
Arnel

Available at B. Altman & Co., 5th Avenue & Branches; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn & Branches; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Woodward/Lothrop, Washington, D.C., Virginia, Maryland.

Monumental Sculptors

Without much critical backing, these artists continue to raise American sculpture to ever more heroic heights. Sculpture Now is the only gallery cavernous enough to exhibit their work.

Ronald Bladen—Major post-war figure; perhaps our most underrated sculptor.
Charles Ginnever
Tom Doyle



Mark
Di Suvero

Mark Di Suvero—Gives the industrial look a friendly expression.

Peter Forakis
Linda Howard
Robert Grosvenor
Lyman Kipp
Richard Serra—Former wild man; currently the academic on this list.

The Big Image—New York Abstractionists at Mid-Career

These painters confront the ghosts of Pollock, Newman, and Rothko—as well as the mythical presences of de Kooning and Still.

John Seery—Sheer ambition backed up by sheer talent.

Doug Ohlson—Once a Minimalist, now one of our best colorists.

Joan Snyder—Sugar and spice and blood and guts.

Harvey Quaytman—Quirks made monumental.
Alan Shields
Jake Berthot
Philip Wofford
Nancy Graves
Peter Plagens



Doug
Ohlson

Blockbuster Realists

Alex Katz—Elegant but tough.

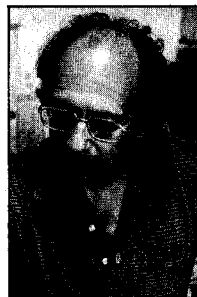
Philip Pearlstein—Obsessive observation.
Alfred Leslie
Jack Beal

Photo-realists

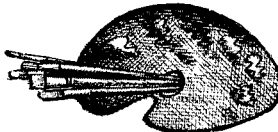
Super-hyped five years ago by critical voices now silent.

Malcolm Morley—The patriarch.

Richard Estes
Audrey Flack
Chuck Close—Borrowed as much from Minimalism as



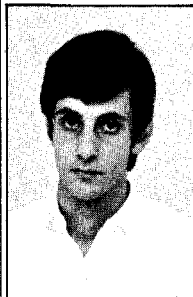
Philip
Pearlstein



Duane
Hanson



Judy
Pfaff



Steve
Gianakos



Red
Grooms



Robert
Kushner

from Eastman Kodak.
Tom Blackwell
Robert Bechtle
Ben Schonzeit
Noel Mahaffey
Duane Hanson—The leading photo-realist sculptor.

The Cartoon Image

Scratchy, scruffy, childlike images of sublimely mundane things: avant-garde austerity plus familiar subject matter. Two branches: high style (scattered among various galleries) and low (clustered at Willard and Holly Solomon).

LOW STYLE—AND SOMETIMES NO STYLE

Jeff Way—Gee-whiz manner, grand scale, all-American impact.
Jonathan Borofsky
Judy Pfaff—The cartoon image in 3-D; manically inventive.

Joe Zucker
Lois Lane
Nicholas Africano
Jennifer Bartlett
Ed Baynard

HIGH STYLE
Susan Hall—True Confessions super-refined.

Joe Brainard
Kiki Kogelnik
Steve Gianakos

Bill Sullivan
Neil Jenney—The pioneer in this region; hasn't moved ahead for years.

Susan Rothenberg
GRAND OLD MEN IN THE CARTOON IMAGE

Red Grooms
Philip Guston

Pattern Painters

Tony Robbin—The one to watch if you're watching only one; his patterns are generating new visions of space.

Joyce Kozloff
Brad Davis—Tropical splendor.

Valerie Jaudon
Kim MacConnel
Mary Grigoriadis
Robert Kushner—Pattern paintings you can wear.

Robert Zakanych
Arlene Slavin

Conceptualism

A major force from 1968 to 1974.

Conceptual artists have mostly moved on to video, performance, photography, art-rock, the art bureaucracy, and (the shame of it all!) back to painting.

Joseph Kosuth—The last member of a highly endangered species.



Joseph
Kosuth

Wild Cards

Off-the-wall, around-the-bend, and out-of-sight (nearly), these artists don't necessarily make art—which each one of them might, in his different way, take as a compliment.

Lucas Samaras—

A full-time autobiographer.

Rafael Ferrer—Mapmaker, mythmaker, and all-around modernist mind-boggler.

Scott Burton—Turns painting and sculpture into tables and chairs.

Alan Suicide—From light sculpture to the edge of art-rock.

Paul Thek—Leading Christ figure on the American art scene.



Scott
Burton

Off the Top of the Graph

Frank Stella—Moving too fast to be pinned down.



Frank
Stella

The Schlock Elite

A young artist influenced by any of these masters had better do something about it—fast. The look of their big-time commercial success is anathema to the New York art world.

M. C. Escher—Visual conundrums for the un-hip.

Peter Max—Mr. Sixties retrofitted for the seventies.

LeRoy Nieman—Even Johnny Carson thinks he's a joke.

Simbari—Silk-screen prints for a motel room you never want to visit.

Fritz Scholder—How the West was won for limited-edition lithography.

Frank Gallo—Three-dimensional shades of the original schlock master: Walter Keane.

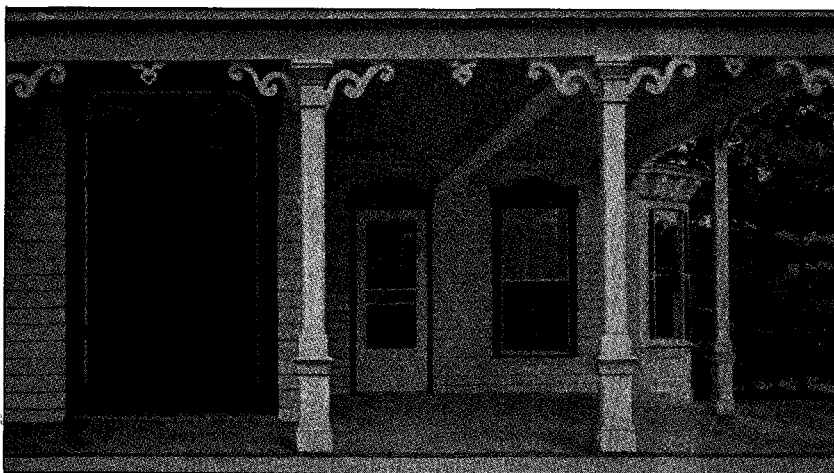
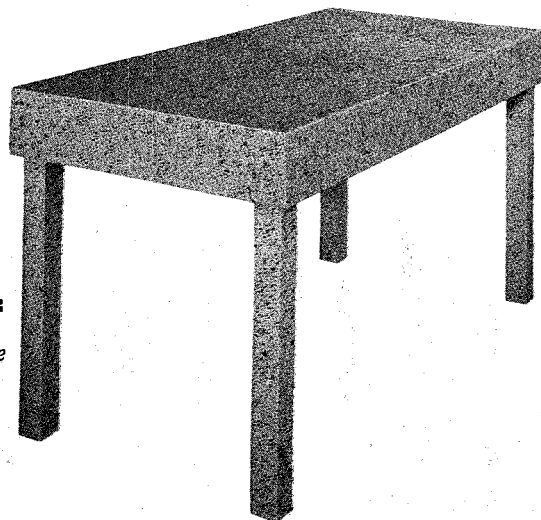
A Prejudiced Guide to the Art Market

When love is the only consideration in buying a work of art, no comments are in order. But if you want to buy at a fair price and sell later—at a fair profit—you'll want to take into account the size of the work, its medium, and its rarity. Even more important are the artist's age, the general attitude toward his style, and his place within that style—is he a leader, a fringe figure? Sharp collectors base their hunches on readings of a very complex pattern which consists of the overall critical response to an artist's work, the museums' response, and the moves of other important private buyers. Amid all the uncertainties, two things stay constant, however: Some people don't pay enough for the artworks they buy, and other people pay too much.



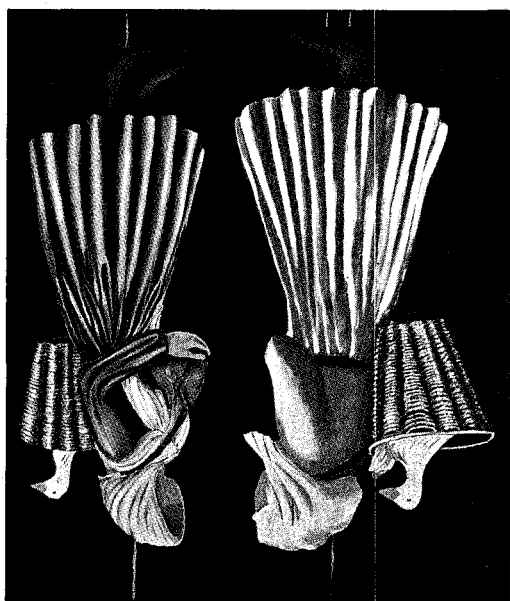
Don't eat on the artwork:

This \$3,000 Separate Table, by Scott Burton, is an example of the artist's innovative art-furniture, which could carry him to the top of the heap.



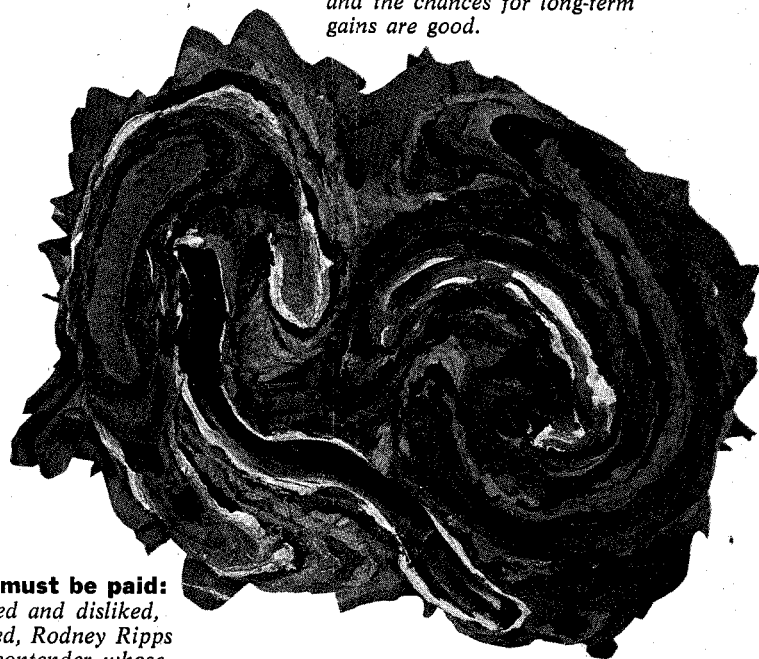
The best is yet to come:

Altoon Sultan is the leading young practitioner of laid-back realism (above, Scrollwork Porch, Germantown, N.Y.). Prices are low (about \$2,000), and the chances for long-term gains are good.



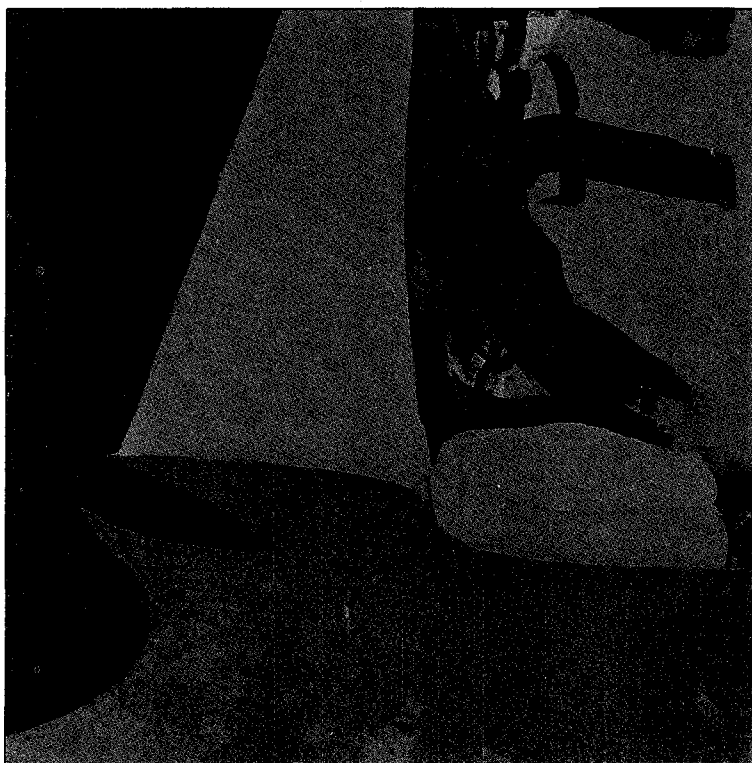
Prices going up:

Jonathan Borofsky's work may rise significantly in price as his cartoon-realist style gains more acceptance. The upcoming "New Image" show at the Whitney should help. Above, his Upside Down Women With Geese at 2,397,216.



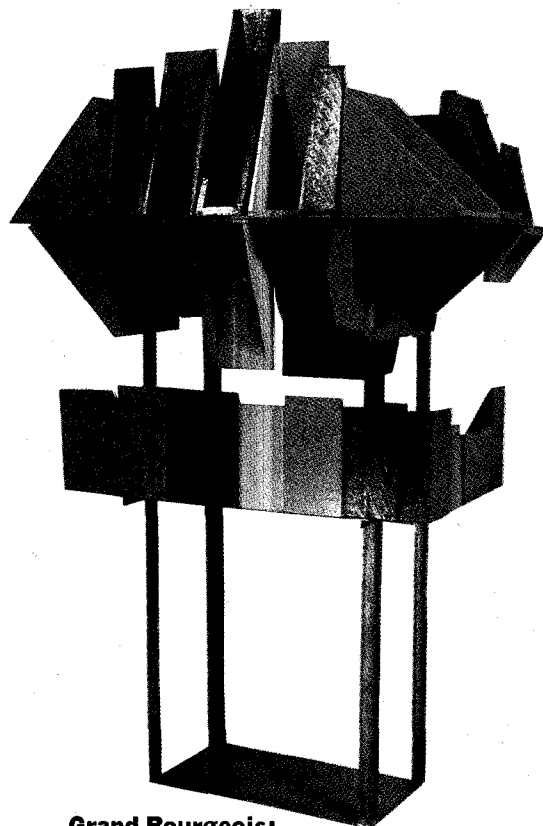
Attention must be paid:

Strongly liked and disliked, rarely ignored, Rodney Ripps is a young contender whose prices will steadily increase. Rosette, shown here, goes for \$800.



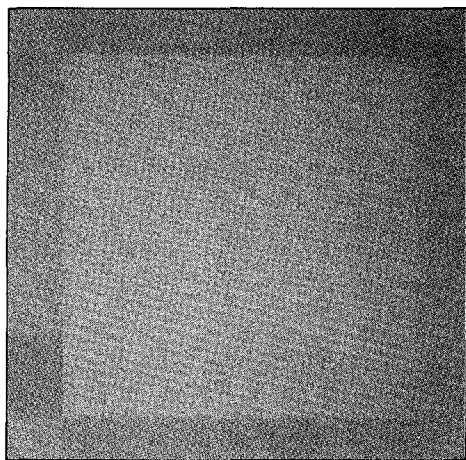
Due for a second look:

One of the major Abstract Expressionists, James Brooks has been overlooked in the past generation, but as the forties and fifties are re-examined, his prices should go up. This work, *In Morning*, sold most recently for \$20,000.



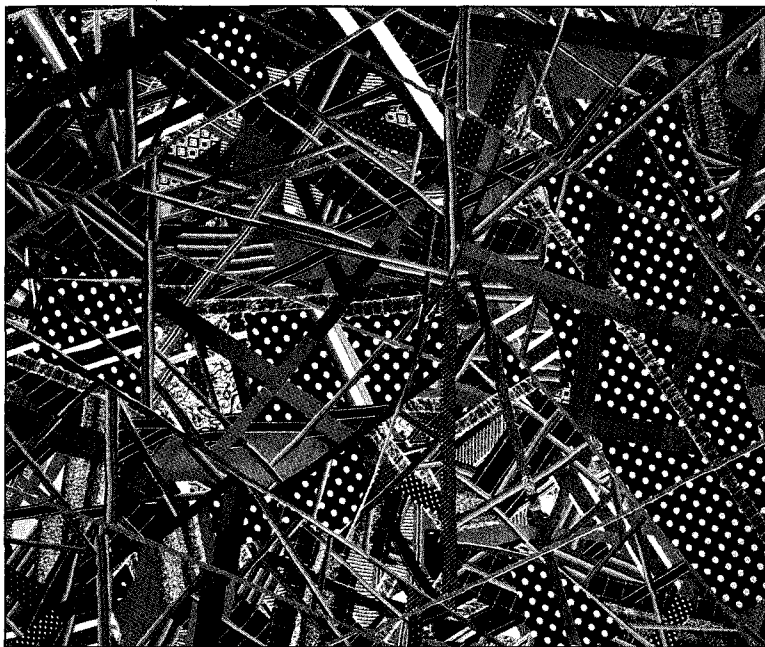
Grand Bourgeois:

Long considered eccentric, the sculptor Louise Bourgeois is now entering the mainstream. Her prices, around \$15,000, could climb sharply. Above, *Structure V—Goodnight House (Large)*.



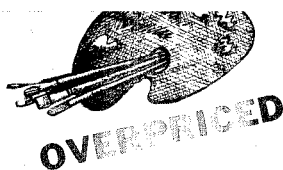
Turning point:

A potentially major figure at mid-career, Doug Ohlson is taken a bit for granted. Take advantage. His works, such as *In Morning*, above, can be had for about \$5,000.



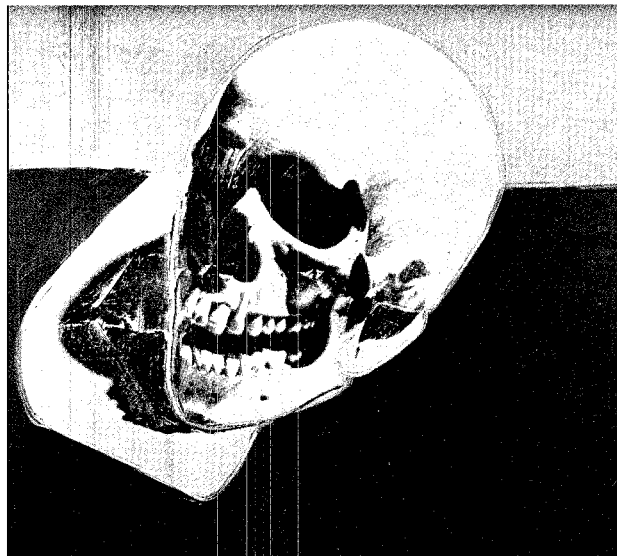
Media image:

Lucas Samaras's works have been relatively low-priced (*Reconstruction #27*, shown here, sold recently for \$20,000) because his works on fabric lack the stature of oil paintings. As this changes—and it will—these works could take off.



Paying for the package:

Nancy Graves is a fine young painter, but part of the price (for Soik, around \$1,500) goes for the Knoedler label.

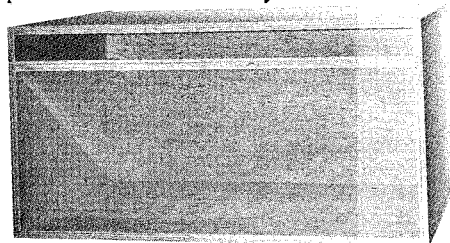


Art by the carload:

Andy Warhol's "paintings" are hand-colored silk screens on canvas and, as such, are outrageously overpriced at \$50,000 or so each. Above, Skull.

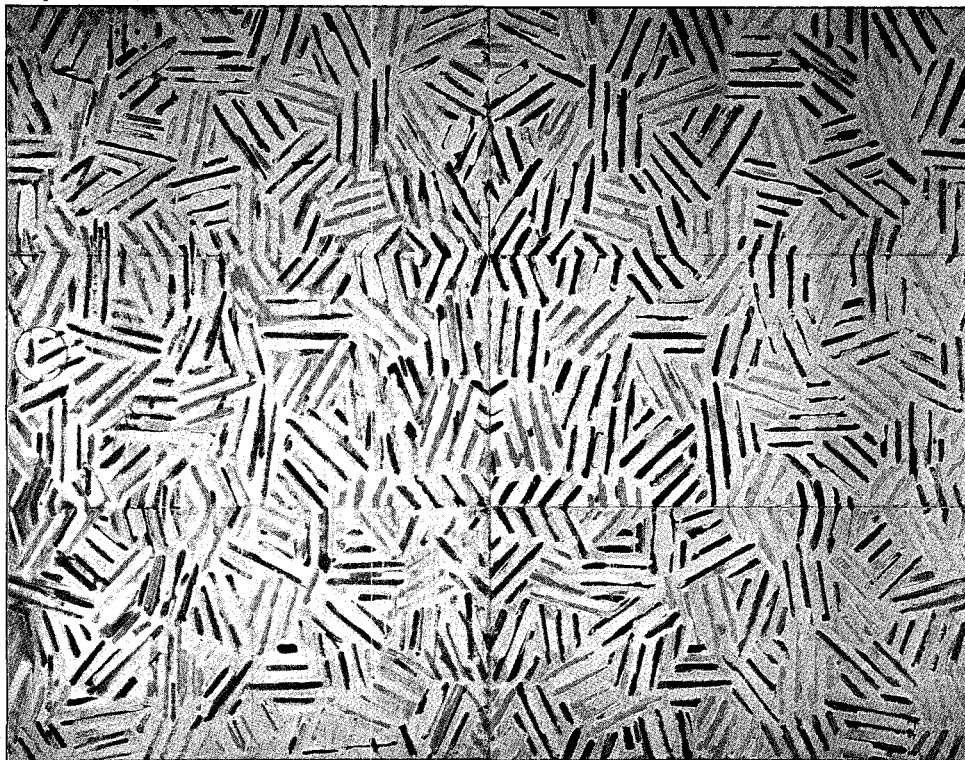
Diminishing returns:

This recent, untitled work by Donald Judd is not for sale. (A comparable one would cost about \$25,000.) Judd's work of the sixties is—dollar per pound—a much better buy.



Linchpin:

Certified as a genius at the highest art-world levels, Jasper Johns is something like a one-man market indicator. If his prices tumble, the value of everything else called art will tumble too. Shown here, Corpse in Mirror II.



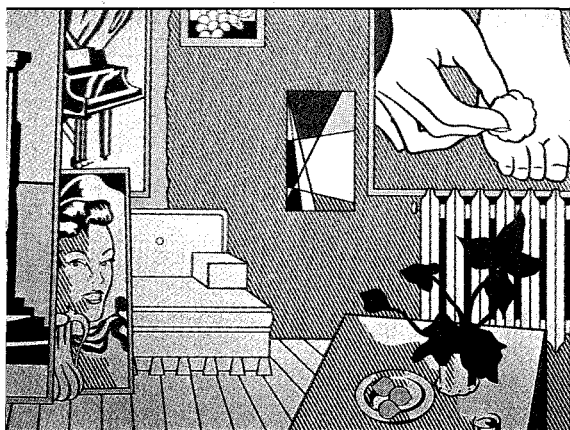
Sugar and spice and overpriced:

John Kacere's prices shot up in the early seventies, when he was super-hyped. (Marion, shown here, sold for \$12,500.) The hype is fading, but prices must stay put—too embarrassing otherwise.



Going in all directions at once:

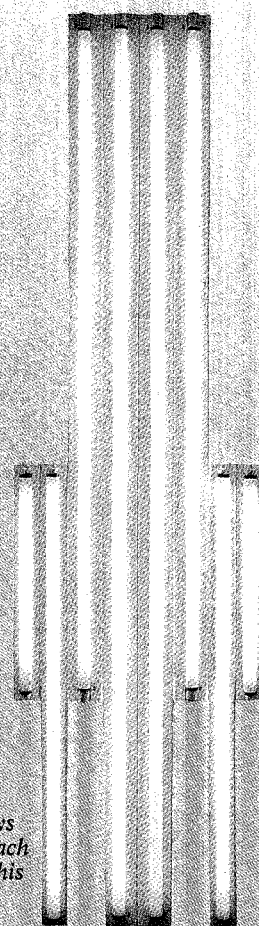
Over the years, Jim Dine has been unable to maintain a high level of quality. Often as not, desperation stands in for innovation, meaning the outlook for his reputation—and prices, such as \$30,000 for The Still Life With a Red Pepper as October Changes Our Valley—is clouded.



No more surprises:

The rumored asking price for Roy Lichtenstein's Foot Medication, shown here, was \$125,000; few know if it was received. Lichtenstein is major, but not that major: His work has gotten too predictable.

Those monochrome fields, simple metal shapes, and mud-pie paintings you see in galleries may look as if anybody could do them, but in fact even the blankest of the blank white canvases at 420 West Broadway reflects a bundle of skill and sensibility possessed only by the artist. Amateur versions might fool the novice gallery-goer, but an experienced collector would catch the difference out of the corner of his eye. That doesn't make the art-world version great; it just means the art world has standards only recognized professionals can meet. There *are* two exceptions.



Limited edition:

An early piece from the days when Flavin did three of each design—not five, as now—this might fetch \$25,000 today, maybe more.

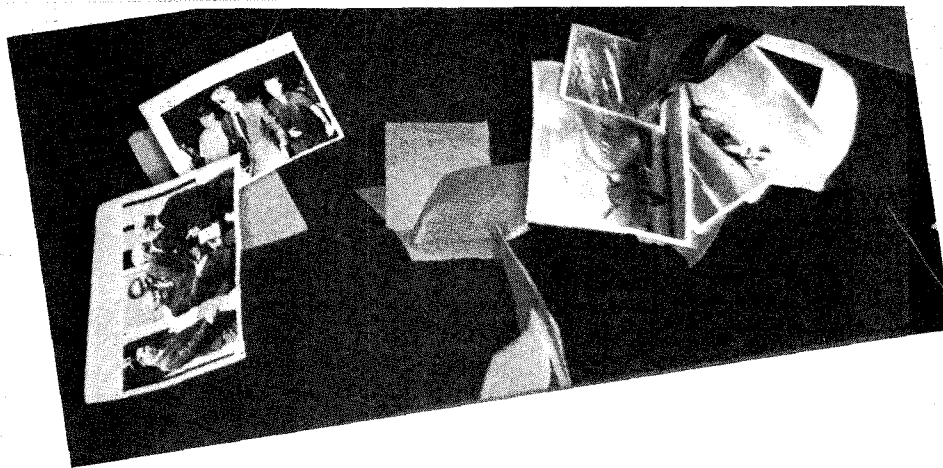


\$1,000 a plate:

Carl André's rows of metal plates don't look any different from the rows of plates anyone else might set up. Since he generally charges \$1,000 a plate, 144 Tin Square would probably cost you well in excess of \$100,000. ■

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The Stolen Secrets of Vietnam

By Gregory F. Rose

“...When Graham Martin reported his car stolen, he didn’t tell the police the trunk held hundreds of classified documents...”

It was a long drive from Washington to Winston-Salem, made even more distant, it seemed, by the bitter December chill and the early winter darkness along I-85. Graham Martin sat behind the wheel of his red Fiat, sullen, his thoughts again drifting to the terrible days just past, the madness of what had been, the impossibilities of what never was. Saigon was 10,000 miles away, but to Martin, who had been the United States ambassador presiding over the chaotic last days of the war, it was as near as his wife, Dorothy, seated beside him as they raced down the highway to their retirement home in North Carolina.

It was nearly two in the morning last December 22 when Martin rolled the car into the driveway at 907 North Stratford Road, a quiet street lined with spacious houses. They unloaded the car and Martin went round to open the trunk. The black footlocker inside was heavy, awkward. It would barely budge. One last try. No go. He felt a sharp pain in the gut. It was a hernia. Dorothy grabbed him and led him inside to bed. The trunk and the footlocker could both wait till tomorrow. As the Martins drifted off to sleep, neither remembered they’d left the keys in the ignition. It was a mistake they’d long regret.

For Graham Martin, the last two years had been utter hell. His pride, determination, and fondest hopes for Vietnam had crumbled as, at the last moment before the fall, he scrambled

to an air-force helicopter waiting on his besieged embassy’s roof. A wire-service photo of Martin, emerging from the chopper onto the USS *Blueridge*, the embassy’s flag tucked tightly under his arm, caught the haggard look of despair on his face.

They’d been hard on him in Washington, where Congress, the State Department, and even some colleagues placed him under fire. Frank Snepp, a junior CIA officer he’d befriended during the final days, had written a book portraying Martin as an arrogant intriguer, a diplomat blind to the Thieu government’s defeat, a man who refused to accept the obvious and in doing so imperiled the lives of thousands. He was bitter. “Intellectual whores” was what he’d been calling those Washington officials and reporters he felt had led the erosion of American support for the Vietnamese struggle. It was an outrage. Even the pleasant sinecure he’d been given as a special assistant to the secretary of state could not allay his anger. He was tired. His health, never the best, had turned worse. Surgery for lung cancer was in the offing. How had it come to this?

It’s unlikely that the four teenagers who crept into Martin’s driveway later that December night knew any of his tale. After all, they were high school dropouts, and police records say that they had spent considerably more time stealing cars than boning up on current events. Maybe they could sell the Fiat—it wasn’t that old. A little paint

job, new plates—at least it could be stripped. In any case, they turned on the ignition and sped away, taking off for East Winston, as Graham Martin slept.

The next morning, Police Officer Frank Carson took down the following complaint report, No. 757409: Red Fiat 124 sports car, North Carolina license number HRW-829, taken sometime between 2 A.M. and 11:45 A.M. December 22, 1977, from 907 Stratford Road. Car’s value reported to be \$1,800; tape player, \$100; battery, \$25; and a footlocker, \$5.

Martin answered a few more questions from Carson, showed him to the door, and then waited. It seemed like forever.

But on Christmas morning, Officer Carl Sanders, cruising on patrol by Winston Lake Road in East Winston, saw an abandoned car in a clearing near a wooded area by the lake. He called for detectives, who identified it as Martin’s car.

Within half an hour, Graham Martin was on the scene wearing an overcoat on top of his pajamas. He looked nervously around the car. “He was real concerned about the trunk that he said was in the back of the car,” Sanders recalled. “It was laying next to the car, the lock broke open. Empty. Martin looked real worried.” Indeed, before returning for his Christmas dinner, Martin searched the area.

Just four days later, Martin got in touch again with the police. He submitted an innocent-sounding supplemental report saying his cleaned-out

footlocker had contained "various personal records." He was deeply concerned about these papers, anxious to have them recovered. He told the police they were useless to anyone but himself.

Less than a week later, on the third day of 1978, Jennifer Thomas, her sister Wendy, and their baby-sitter, Lisa Welborn, were walking home from school. They saw a stack of papers—a foot high—partially hidden by some bushes just off Oak Summit Road. They looked; the papers were damp, but all were legible. And blaring from each page was a stamped "Top Secret."

The kids were scared. There was

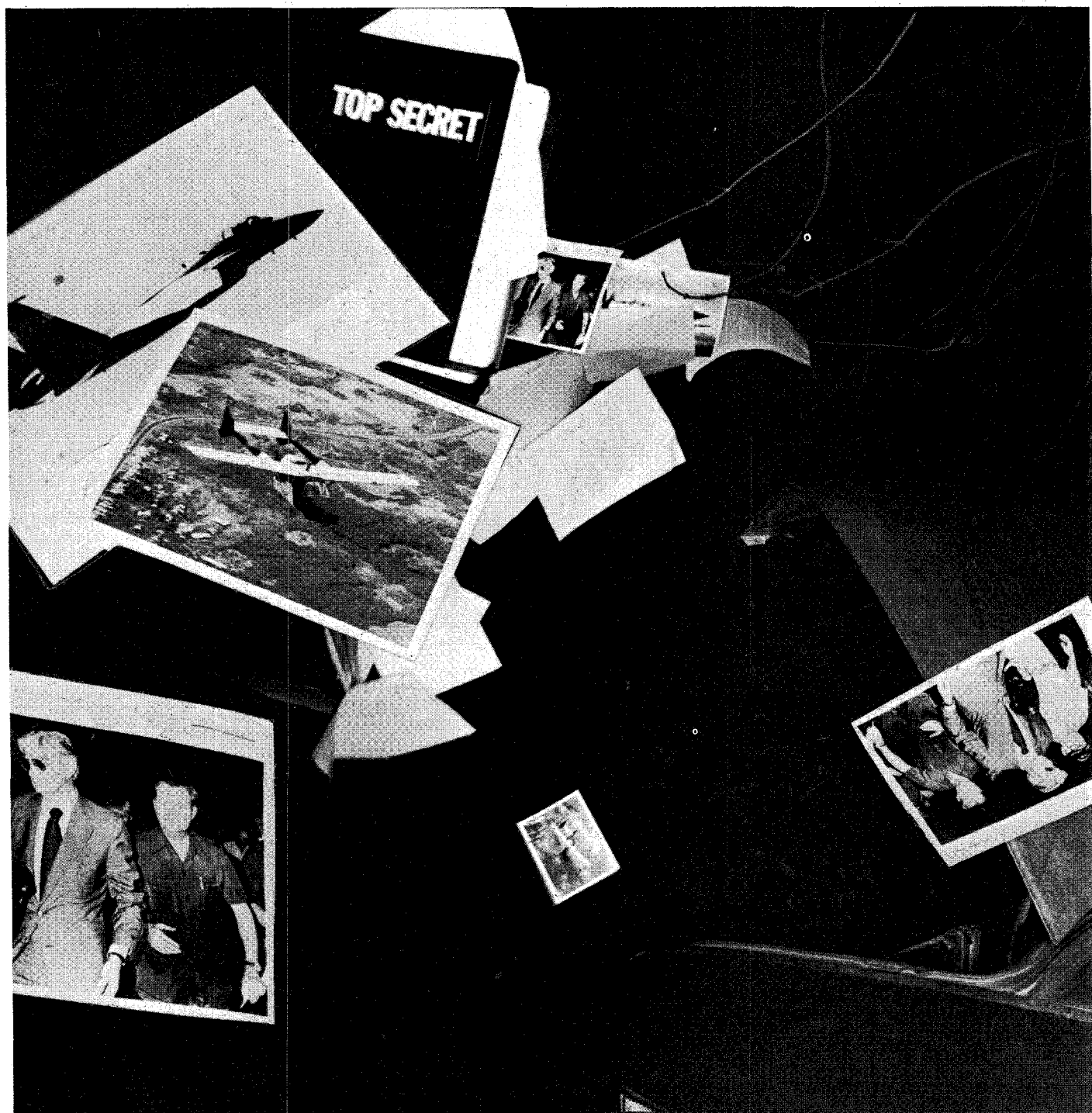
something forbidding about "Top Secret." So they continued on down the road to Zayre's Department Store and did a little shopping. But on the way back, their fear turned to curiosity. They picked up the papers and took them home.

"I wanted to do the right thing," says Lisa. And twelve-year-old Jennifer remembers, "We knew what 'Top Secret' meant. We read about it in books and seen it on TV."

They also saw Graham Martin's name and address on an envelope buried in the pile. They tried to call. No answer. When their mother returned home that day and the girls presented her with

their prize find, she immediately called the Forsyth County Sheriff's Department for help.

Deputy Ed Gaylor received the call. It sounded routine—recovered property, nothing special. But when he saw the documents for himself, the Vietnam veteran was shocked. "I started reading them and it was amazing. There were six or eight black leather binders and plastic folders. There were letters from Nixon, Martin, Bunker, Thieu, Ky, everybody. A lot of stuff about the Paris peace talks. All marked 'Secret' and 'Top Secret.' I called the office and asked what to do and they gave me the number of an FBI agent



“...The kids who stole the papers were smart, says a source. They sorted out the most important ones and discarded the rest...”

in Winston-Salem. I called him and told him, ‘I’ve got some papers out here I think you want to get hold of.’ He told me he was having dinner and couldn’t get here for an hour. I read him a couple of lines from the paper. He was at the door in ten minutes.”

Gaylor and the FBI man took the documents and loaded them into the agent’s car. They drove out to the spot where the kids had found the papers

and began to search for more. Nothing.

A few days later, Gaylor went to see *Smokey and the Bandit*. An usher called him out of his seat midway through and told him the sheriff’s office wanted him to call them, immediately. He rang up and was told an FBI agent in Greensboro needed him to call there—collect—as soon as possible. “I was dressed in bib overalls and a shirt—I looked like a real hick farmer. I went up to the concession stand and flashed my badge and told them I needed to use the phone. I made the call with everybody staring at me wondering why a sheriff’s deputy was making an emergency call to the FBI. The FBI guy I talked to asked me not to put anything about the secret documents in my report and told me to keep quiet about it.” In other words, keep your mouth shut. Gaylor never heard another thing about the incident until it came out in the papers.

With the documents shipped up to Washington, FBI agents decided to interview Martin about what they’d recovered. The papers, Martin told them, were from the trunk of his stolen Fiat. And everything was there. Case closed, thought the G-men. But Graham Martin was lying. As the investigators soon learned, what Jennifer and Wendy had found in the bushes was just the tip of the iceberg.

At a Winston-Salem high school last February, a teacher was just completing a history lesson when one of her students approached her at the head of the class. “I think I know of some documents and they seem pretty important,” the student said. The teacher dismissed the remark until the next day when her pupil brought in a notebook containing top-secret cables from the National Security Council to the embassy in Saigon, letters from President Nixon to President Thieu, memorandums on U.S. troop commitments to Vietnam, and “Eyes Only” cables from Henry Kissinger to Ambassador Graham Martin.

The teacher took one look at these papers and went to her principal. He called the FBI, whose agents scurried over within the hour. The student led them to an abandoned house in Bethania, a poor, run-down neighborhood just northeast of Winston-Salem. There they found the unwritten story of America’s involvement in Vietnam: hundreds of the most highly classified cables and other documents, all from Graham

Martin’s trunk. The investigation was stepped up, and the student who led them to the papers also fingered the car thieves, who were taken into custody.

“When Washington found out about the papers, they went crazy,” reports one FBI agent involved in the investigation. “They promised those kids immunity if they turned them all in and didn’t say a thing to the press. If they didn’t keep their mouths shut, they were told, they’d get the book thrown at them.” Attempts by newsmen to locate and identify the youths have proved fruitless.

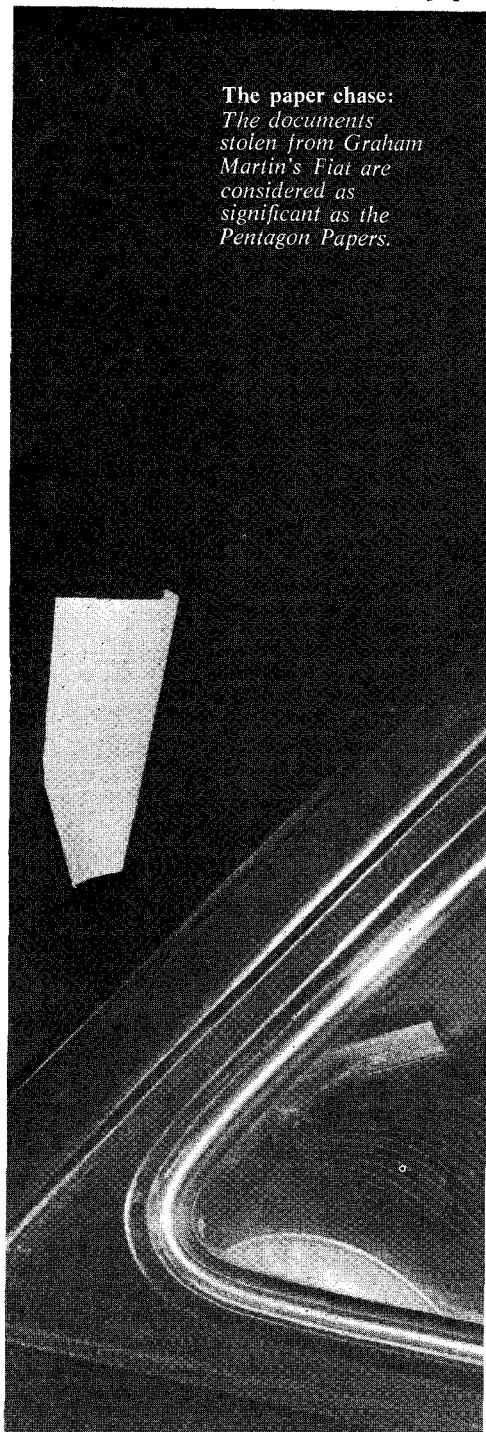
“Those kids were smart,” a Justice Department official remarks. “They knew what they had. One of them had a brother who was a Signals noncom in Vietnam. He knew what the designations on the documents meant. They sorted out the most important papers and discarded the rest. That was what was recovered on January 3 [by Jennifer and Wendy]. They were making arrangements to sell the rest to some lawyers when they were taken into custody.”

The FBI investigation slowly pieced together the story of how the papers ultimately came to be in the Bethania house. When the embassy in Saigon had been evacuated, Martin had sent the trunk with a secretary to the *Midway*. The trunk then spent a week in Manila, probably in the embassy, and was then shipped to Martin’s villa in Rome. There it sat, unguarded, in a hallway. Martin took it back to Washington and then to Winston-Salem—in a footlocker in the trunk of his daughter’s Fiat.

When the Justice Department realized what had been recovered, a tight security lid was put on the case. Says an FBI source: “Nobody would talk about it except the guys working the case, among themselves. After all, that stuff could bring this country to its knees.” Even the detectives investigating the original theft of Martin’s car were not told of the thieves’ apprehension. Officer W. K. Patterson, who handled the case, reports that “maybe the chief knew something, but I just read about it in the paper.” It was months before any news whatever of the Martin affair leaked to the press. The security was not without reason.

As Martin tells it, in his calm southern drawl, the documents were innocuous, historical materials: “These papers had no security implications whatever

The paper chase:
The documents stolen from Graham Martin's Fiat are considered as significant as the Pentagon Papers.



"...Martin says Kissinger permitted him to declassify the papers; Kissinger denies it..."

for the United States." However, even his own description of the papers belies this: They were the only complete collection of "messages between the various ambassadors—beginning with Lodge . . . and running on through to me directly—and the White House. These were not in State, nor CIA, nor any other channels . . . They were strictly back channel." Perhaps Martin really believed that the trunk and its contents were only worth \$5. But Justice Department officials estimate the Russians would have paid millions for them.

While initial press reports merely characterized the papers as "top secret" and "sensitive," descriptions of the documents, compiled from eyewitnesses who originally recovered them and Justice Department officials involved in the investigation of their disappearance, reveal them to be materials touching intimately on sensitive national-defense and foreign-policy matters. Among the material they contained were the following:

- Details of White House approval of payments to South Vietnamese President Thieu in exchange for his acquiescence at the Paris peace talks.

- A highly classified report, designated "TT-Turtle," which outlined CIA, military-intelligence, U.S. Army, and Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs investigations which pointed to Thieu and his wife as ringleaders of a massive heroin-smuggling ring.

- National Security Council cables revealing U.S. ties to the assassination of South Vietnamese President Diem.

- A full collection of all briefings sent to the ambassador on the progress of the Paris peace talks.

- Detailed intelligence evaluations of North Vietnamese troop dispositions and intentions.

- Cables outlining secret deals made with the South Korean and Australian governments in the Vietnam war.

- A map of U.S. missile and submarine deployments.

- Cables outlining special arrangements for the evacuation of Thieu and other top government leaders, as well as the fortune in gold they had stolen from the South Vietnamese treasury.

As one official remarked, "The documents were a piece-by-piece record of every secret communication on strategic matters from the White House to the ambassadors in Saigon from the early sixties to Martin. It had everything but the kitchen sink."

Curiously, the first batch of papers found by the children on Oak Summit Road also contained mysterious X-rays and photographs of graves. When first asked about these materials, Martin was at a loss to explain them. Later he surmised they might have been connected with his interest in U.S. servicemen missing in action.

Beyond the sensitive material they included, FBI agents point to a potentially greater danger in the misplaced papers. Using the plain texts of the National Security Council cables, a foreign power would be able to match them against intercepted coded messages. The result would be a nightmare for the United States. Sophisticated computer techniques could disclose the diplomatic and security codes used during the period of the documents by the American government. Almost every secret communication cabled by the United States in that period would be opened to hostile eyes.

Martin denies that such a decoding operation would be possible—"that hasn't been true about American codes for the last twenty years." However, a National Security Agency cryptographer confirmed that such a procedure was not only plausible, but that "any foreign power who gained that kind of stuff would be crazy not to do it."

In view of what the documents contain, Martin's possession of them is, to say the least, surprising. And his explanation of *why* he secretly retained them stretches credibility to the breaking point. "This record . . . would provide for scholars one sort of sequential record of the considerations at that level in our government of the things in Vietnam. Since I am a sort of amateur, dilettante historian, I had time to go through and annotate and say, 'Between this message and that message, this is what happened in Saigon' or 'These were the considerations which led me to send this message back to the White House'—that kind of thing, which would provide for future historians a little bit of a bridge between the bare bodies of the cables. . . . I tried to do something which I thought was responsible, which was to get something which was historically unique back again to where it would be available for future scholars." Martin claims to have intended to donate the papers to the Lyndon Johnson Library in Austin.

He also claims to have been verbally authorized by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to declassify documents from

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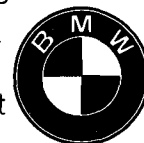
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"...The top-secret papers linked President Thieu to international heroin smuggling..."

Saigon as he saw fit, in preparation for congressional testimony. He also says that Lawrence Eagleburger, then deputy undersecretary of state for management, and Brent Scowcroft, then assistant to the president for national-security affairs, knew of his possession of the papers and had cleared it. But Kissinger, Scowcroft, and Eagleburger tell a vastly different story.

Kissinger, reached at his Center for Strategic Studies offices, said he has "no knowledge of what Ambassador Martin is talking about. There is a procedure for declassifying documents, but I was not involved and I knew nothing about Mr. Martin's papers." Kissinger went to check his records and reported back that he could find no reference to any documents in his communications with Martin after the fall.

Scowcroft is more adamant still: "I, first of all, was in absolutely no position to authorize anything of that character. Classified papers and their disposition is a very technical kind of business. The only one of us that would be at all in that kind of position would have been Eagleburger."

Eagleburger, now U.S. ambassador to Yugoslavia, expressed incredulity at Martin's claim, characterizing it as "absolutely untrue." He explained that "if there was any clearance process, it clearly would have had to be in writing."

Martin further claims that "as ambassador I had the power to declassify anything." However, a State Department legal officer familiar with the case describes Martin's statement as "utter bullshit." Martin was required, as all retiring Foreign Service officers are, to sign an affidavit swearing he had surrendered all classified documents at the time of his separation from service.

Martin's alleged intention to donate the papers to the Lyndon Johnson Library is equally suspect. Harry Middleton, the LBJ Library director, reached in Austin, says that Martin got in touch with the library only in mid-February of this year, after the FBI had recovered the documents. Any earlier plans to give the papers to the library elude verification.

So why did Martin have the papers?

A State Department official familiar with the final days in Vietnam and Martin's career hazards a guess: "Graham Martin expected to get into a pissing match with Kissinger after Saigon. He always suspected that Kissinger would try to screw him and blame

the fall of Vietnam on him. He thought that Vietnam was his show, his responsibility, totally. I guess he expected to get left holding the bag when the after-action evaluations were done. So he took a load of documents that he could use to discredit other people in State — particularly Kissinger — if they went after him. He must have thought, 'If they smear me, I'll smear them right back.' You know, that isn't all that rare with chiefs of mission in sensitive or controversial assignments. A lot of them have done it."

This hypothesis receives some credence from those acquainted with Martin's career. "He always loved to play politics," says a former USIA official who worked with Martin in Thailand. "He had this kind of 'Terry and the Pirates'—cloak-and-dagger—attitude toward everything. He used to take great glee in telling me how each member of the Thai cabinet could be approached and compromised." When Martin was ambassador to Rome in the early seventies, he was discovered to have provided secret funds for the Christian Democratic party, much to the embarrassment of U.S. policymakers. "Graham is Machiavellian," according to a Foreign Service officer who served with him in Italy. "He is the craftiest political actor I've ever met."

Martin was particularly suspicious of Kissinger after the evacuation of Saigon, some observers close to him report. Kissinger had cabled orders to Martin to make no statements to the press while he was still on the USS *Blue Ridge* en route to Manila. "Graham thought Kissinger was buying time to set him up as the fall guy for Vietnam. He never trusted Kissinger and, I guess, he got a little paranoid during the final days," an embassy intimate suggests. Others who knew Martin in Washington before his retirement tell of his claiming that Kissinger was "spreading rumors to reporters all over town" that Martin was "insane." Martin's pique extended to others around Kissinger, whose entourage he took to calling "those low bastards," especially Philip Habib. "When Habib was made undersecretary," a State Department associate of Martin's recalls, "Graham thought it was part of a conspiracy to deprive him of his place in history."

Regardless of Martin's motives, his mere possession of the documents may have violated the U.S. Code and his handling of the papers—including their theft by the car thieves—falls under the

provisions of Title 18, Section 793 (f):

Whoever, being entrusted with or having lawful possession or control of any document . . . relating to the national defense, (1) through gross negligence permits the same to be . . . lost, stolen . . . or (2) having knowledge that the same has been illegally removed from its proper place of custody or delivered to anyone in violation of his trust, or lost, or stolen . . . and fails to make prompt report of such loss, [or] theft . . . to his superior officer—

Shall be fined not more than \$1,000 or imprisoned not more than ten years, or both.

On the surface, it appears that entrusting a trunk full of classified documents to a secretary to transport to Manila, storing the trunk in a hallway of a villa in Rome, or leaving it in the trunk of a 1973 Fiat with the keys in the ignition is "gross negligence." Martin's failure to report the theft of the documents to the FBI appears to come under Title 18, Section 793 of the U.S. Code. On the face of it, the failure of the Justice Department to initiate prosecution is only slightly less incredible than Martin's possession of the papers.

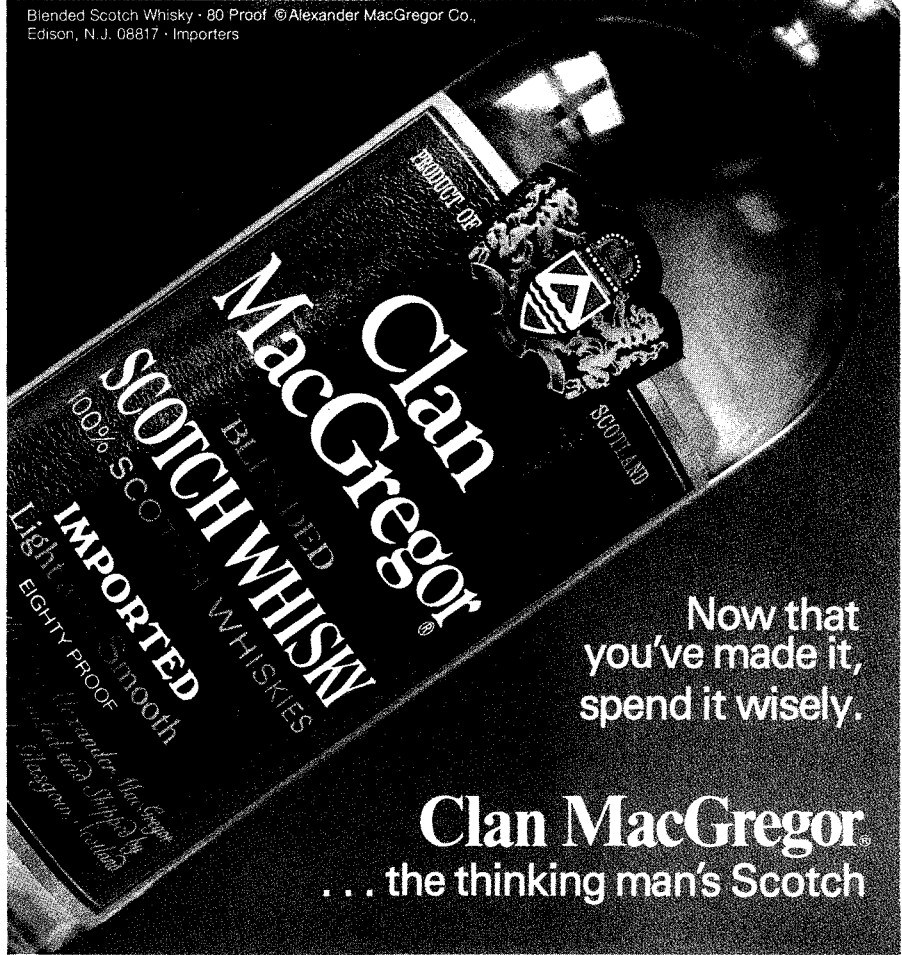
John Martin, the Justice Department official in charge of the case, refused to discuss its details, saying only that "the matter is under investigation and no disposition has been made." However, Justice Department sources suggest a complex set of maneuvers behind the scenes to ensure that Martin is never indicted.

"The man has lung cancer," one Justice Department lawyer says. "He's old and tired and nobody wants to give him any more grief."

"Don't let anybody kid you. Martin's health has nothing to do with Justice's stalling," another federal lawyer suggests. "Martin is part of a network that has run U.S. foreign policy for 30 years. If they go after him, he can turn up a lot of skeletons. If they go after him, no one could be certain they wouldn't be next. Don't be surprised if a number of high-ranking men in State have called Justice to put in a word for Martin. They don't want a precedent on this kind of thing set."

With civil litigation continuing against Frank Snepp and action contemplated against other former officials who have, perhaps, embarrassed policymakers while not revealing any classified material, the Justice Department's failure to proceed against Martin appears increasingly suspect. Perhaps there is one law for former ambassadors, and another for the rest.

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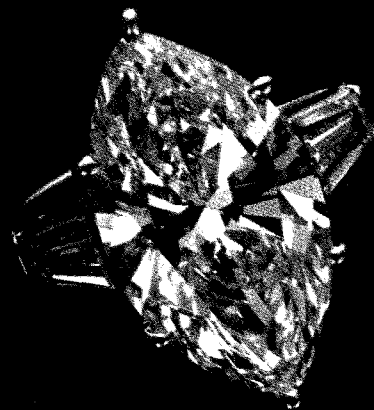
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The Passionate Shopper/Peter D. Lawrence

A STREET-WISE GUIDE TO DIAMOND BUYING

“...New York is one of the best places in the world to buy a diamond ring. But most couples haven’t any idea what to look for...”

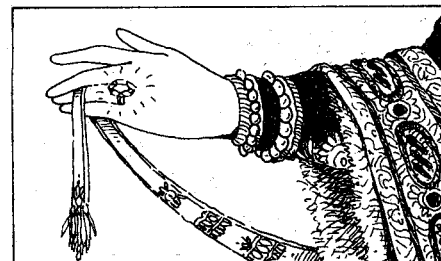
Sapphires for purity, amethysts for sobriety, diamonds for . . . invincibility. In medieval times, the hardest of gems, uncuttable until the fourteenth century, symbolized *power*, not love; indeed, Charlemagne is said to have gone into battle with four uncut octahedrons sewn onto his cloak as talismans. Betrothed women wore rings adorned with Latin inscriptions or clasped hands, not with diamonds. But 500 years ago, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria gave his fiancée a diamond engagement ring, and that, tradition says, is how the custom started.

Today, perhaps 80 percent of all American women marrying for the first time receive a diamond ring. And New York is one of the best places in the world to buy one, for this city is the center of the multi-million-dollar American diamond industry.

How do you go about buying a diamond ring? Most couples haven’t the vaguest idea. For those who are about to go out looking for a ring, here are some pointers, gleaned from interviews with diamond cutters, wholesalers, jewelers, and others in the trade, and from a 21-store comparison-shopping trip to the fine jewelers on Fifth Avenue, the major Manhattan department stores, and the diamond dealers on West 47th Street and Canal Street.

As I interviewed people in the trade for this article, one name cropped up constantly: the Gemological Institute of America. Founded in 1931 as an educational institution, the GIA (New York office: 580 Fifth Avenue, 221-5858) offers courses to jewelers in everything from gem identification to jewelry design. The institute is still fundamentally a nonprofit educational organization, but back in the early 1950s it took on another important task for which it is now world-renowned: the quality grading of diamonds.

In its laboratories in New York, Santa Monica, and Los Angeles, the GIA tests and grades unmounted diamonds that have been sent for analysis by wholesalers and retail jewelers. After examining each stone, the GIA issues a certificate stating the stone’s color, clarity, weight, and cut, including an analy-



Diamonds are for power:
When Charlemagne rode into battle with four octahedrons sewn onto his cloak, diamonds meant invincibility. But 500 years ago, with the giving of the first diamond engagement ring (above), the symbolism changed.

sis of its finish, polish, and proportions.

“This system of quality grading,” says Robert Crowningshield, the institute’s New York director, “grew out of requests for a neutral system of grading stones that were to be sent to Europe.” Once this system gained acceptance, a New York dealer could send a GIA certificate to a prospective buyer overseas; from the certificate, the buyer would know exactly what to expect. If he wanted the stone, he would have it shipped. Today, this system is in use both abroad and within the United States. Wholesalers frequently send an out-of-town buyer a GIA certificate on a fine stone so he can make up his mind before the stone is sent.

Many retail stores include a GIA certificate with the purchase of a top-quality stone. On request, Tiffany will obtain one for any stone over 2 carats. Cartier will obtain a certificate, on request, for any diamond weighing 5 carats or more.

When you go shopping for a diamond, you will find that almost every jeweler refers to the four C’s: *color*, *clarity*, *cut*, and *carat weight*. These are the factors that determine the price of a diamond.

Color

Diamonds occur in rare, beautiful colors such as pink, blue, green, red, and canary yellow. These are known as “fancy” colors; when colored stones are really fine, they are more expensive than a white diamond. Harry Winston, the diamond specialist, says a fine pink diamond, currently his most popular fancy color, would cost 50 percent more today in a 2- or 3-carat size than would an equally fine white stone. However, for an engagement ring, most people still want a white (“colorless”) stone.

Few diamonds are really colorless, although they may appear so to the untrained eye. Most contain varying tints of yellow or brown. In general, the less yellow or brown tint there is, the finer the stone. The diamonds used in engagement rings range in color from the top category—colorless—down to noticeably brownish or yellowish, even to the untrained eye.

The greatest hindrance to any shopper who tries to compare diamond prices from store to store is the fact that jewelers use many terms to describe colors. In the past, most dealers



Run... Play... Win...

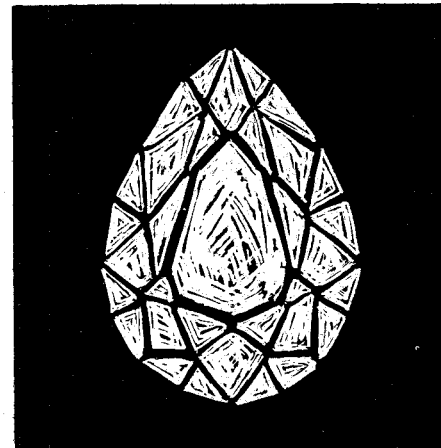
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Color: Diamonds occur in pink, blue, green, red, canary yellow, and white ("colorless").

assigned special names (River, Wesselton, Silver Cape, and Fine White, for instance) to the different colors. The public was merely confused. And with so many systems, there was nothing to say one jeweler's Fine White stone was the same color as another's.

Although many stores, including Tiffany and Cartier, still use their own special terms, more and more American jewelers now use the alphabetical scale developed by the GIA. Even establishments which use their own terms are familiar with the GIA terminology.

On the GIA scale, D is the top-ranking colorless stone. Mounted stones graded I through X are increasingly yellowish (what is known in the trade as "off-color").

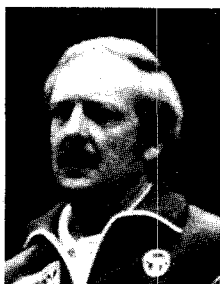
Clarity

The accepted definition of a flawless diamond is a stone exhibiting no flaws, either external or internal, when examined under 10x magnification. Very few diamonds meet this standard, because flaws (inclusions) are a natural by-product of the crystallization of a diamond. Cutters try to exclude as many flaws as possible, but when too much weight would be sacrificed by cutting away a flaw, they leave it in the stone.

A diamond does not have to be flawless to be beautiful. From Fifth Avenue to Canal Street and back and forth across 47th Street, every diamond salesman I talked to agreed: If you have to sacrifice one of the C's, compromise a bit on clarity and get a stone of the finest possible color. And the farther a flaw is from the center of a stone, the less it will detract from the stone's value. If the flaw is near enough to the side, the claws may hide the flaw partially or entirely.

The GIA has established the following scale for grading the clarity of diamonds: flawless; VVS₁, VVS₂ (very,

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The Splendid New Fake That Can Fool the Experts

For the first time in the long history of fake gems, there is a simulated diamond so sophisticated that it can fool the naked eye of all but a few experts.

"The cubic zirconia is the best diamond imitation we've seen yet," reports Robert Crowningshield, director of the New York laboratories of the Gemological Institute of America. "It's certainly better than the YAG, the most widely used substitute until now. Dirt sticks to the YAG, and the material doesn't have a high enough refractive index."

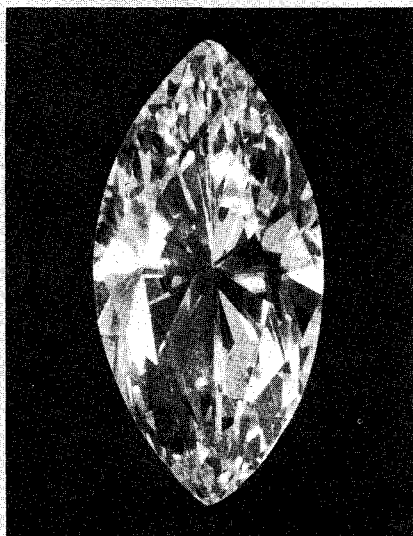
The diamond's high refractive index (2.42) creates brilliance, with facets reflecting most entering light. The cubic zirconia's RI (2.15 to 2.18) comes amazingly close. The diamond's high dispersion (.044) creates fire by splitting white light into its color components; the cubic zirconia's higher dispersion (.060 to .063) generates even more fire, balancing out the deficiency in brilliance.

Crowningshield, whose laboratories are relied upon by the industry for testing (see page 81), has been alerting jewelers to be on guard against con men who walk in off the street and sell the shopkeepers these splendid fakes as the real thing. "About once a week," he says, "we still hear of somebody who has made a mistake that costs him quite a bit of money." Quite a bit indeed. A 1-carat diamond will probably cost more than 30 times as much as a cubic zirconia of the same size.

Stores have been cautious about putting the new fakes in among their precious stones. Bloomingdale's began selling them only two months ago; Macy's is just about to get them in stock. Gold-Bell Jewelers in Astoria, Queens, has them now; Saks carries them under the name Diamonair II; and Bergdorf's will start selling heart-shaped stones in January. Manufacturers have only recently been able to guarantee a steady supply.

The Russians developed cubic zirconia about a decade ago in their continuing search for an optical material for use in laser applications. It is—just for the record—a zirconium dioxide compound which is melted at 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit and stabilized in the cubic form by the addition of yttrium oxide.

Joseph Wenckus, an American, picked up key clues to the technique while doing research in the Soviet Union. Wenckus now supervises pro-



Grand illusion: This phony diamond, a 9.92-carat cubic zirconia (magnified three times) would sell for about \$400.

duction of the material at the Ceres Corporation in Waltham, Massachusetts, which started manufacturing the stones a year and a half ago; that's how cubic zirconia in limited quantities began to make its way into the hands of dealers. ICT, Inc., now produces the fakes also; so does Litton Industries (using a formula somewhat different from Ceres's).

Marvin S. Bankoff, whose MSB Industries here is the distributor for cubic zirconia produced by Ceres, says some stores are hesitant to stock an imitation that can so easily be confused with a real diamond elsewhere in the jewelry case. One national chain was so skittish over "diamond-switching problems" that it would not confirm our information that it is stocking cubic zirconia in one of its branches.

An electronic device that can test the amount of heat transfer is the only reliable way to tell whether a mounted sparkler is a diamond (with thermal conductivity greater even than copper) or a cubic zirconia (which is poor in transmitting heat).

Unmounted, the two stones can be differentiated easily on a jeweler's scale. The specific weight of the denser cubic zirconia is 1.6 times that of the diamond. To equal the appearance of a 1-carat diamond, a stone of cubic zirconia weighing 1.6 carats is needed.

The trouble is that a jeweler would be loath to pry a diamond out of its setting to test its weight. Diamonds can chip or crack when removed from a mounting.

And a jeweler would be foolish to rely on his eye alone. Part of the deception of the cubic zirconia is that it isn't perfect even though it is man-made. The fake may have diamond-like inclusions and even black carbon-like imperfections, just like diamonds found in nature.

The best visual test is to inspect facets and edges, which are normally flat and clean on a diamond because of its supreme hardness (10—the highest category—on the Mohs scale of hardness) and because of the care taken in polishing a highly valued material. The cubic zirconia is very hard (7½ to 8½ on the hardness scale), matching the best simulants but not a diamond itself, and the polishing can be expected to be a bit more lax. And so its facets would be less sharp, tending to show some rounding toward the edges. Needless to say, this isn't a test for the naked eye of an inexperienced layman. (Nor is the "pen test"—in which a special ink is spread over the diamond and the cubic zirconia—or the "breath test"—blowing on the stones to see whether moisture disappears immediately.)

Some visible shortcoming of greater magnitude may eventually turn up. The GIA is still testing the stone for wearability. Cubic zirconia is still so new in the world that nobody knows how it will stand up against the tests of time and wear.

Cubic zirconia has yet to find its market price. The manufacturers want to sell 2 carats for about twice the price of a single carat, roughly following the model of diamond prices. Stores are resisting; they're willing to pay more for 2 carats, but not twice as much.

That argument may make the larger stones (cubic zirconias have now been produced in sizes equal to a 50-carat diamond) scarcer in the stores for a while. In the meantime, a consumer can expect to pay about \$125 for a cubic zirconia the size of a 1-carat diamond, mounted in 14-karat gold. To the eye of all but a handful of experts, it will look even better than the average 1-carat diamond equivalent, which sells for about \$4,000.

The price picture will grow more complicated as the manufacturers produce their stones in tints matching some of the unusual colors of diamonds. They've already succeeded in making a convincing canary yellow, and the rainbow seems to be the limit.

—Mel Jaffe

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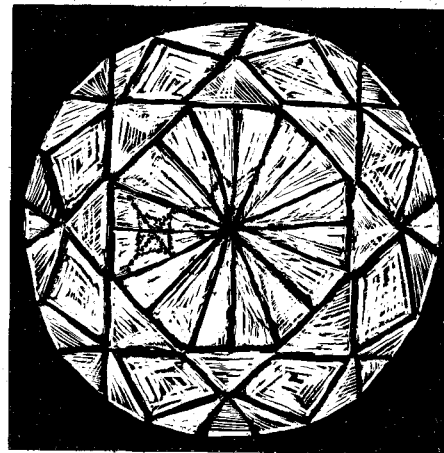
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very slight imperfection); VS₁, VS₂ (very slight imperfection); SI₁, SI₂ (slight imperfection); I₁, I₂, I₃ (imperfect). Many jewelers follow this system, although some do not distinguish between VVS₁ and VVS₂ and between VS₁ and VS₂. It is always best to ask a jeweler to make a finer distinction and to include this information on the bill of sale.

Cut

The term refers both to the shape of the stone and to the quality of the cutting. There are five basic diamond shapes: round (brilliant), marquise, pear, oval, and emerald cut. Of these shapes, the most popular has always been the round; an ideally proportioned round diamond shows brilliancy and fire better than any other shape.

If you can afford the celestial prices of a fine 2- or 3-carat diamond, however, you probably won't choose a round stone. "In the large sizes," says Harry Winston, "the emerald-cut, marquise, or pear-shaped stones are more popular than the round." That, Winston says, is because in large sizes these shapes look more graceful.

According to Winston, an ideally proportioned round diamond has approximately one third of its weight in the crown (top half) of the stone. Among diamond cutters there is general agreement on this proportion, give or take a few percentage points. However, not every stone is ideally proportioned. Often a cutter will compromise on the ideal proportions in order to obtain a heavier stone. According to the American Gem Society, another respected nonprofit gem-grading organization, the average diamond is cut with too broad a top facet and too thin a crown. This yields a "spread," or "swindled," stone lacking in fire and brilliance.

Proper cutting is so important, says a wholesaler who has been cutting

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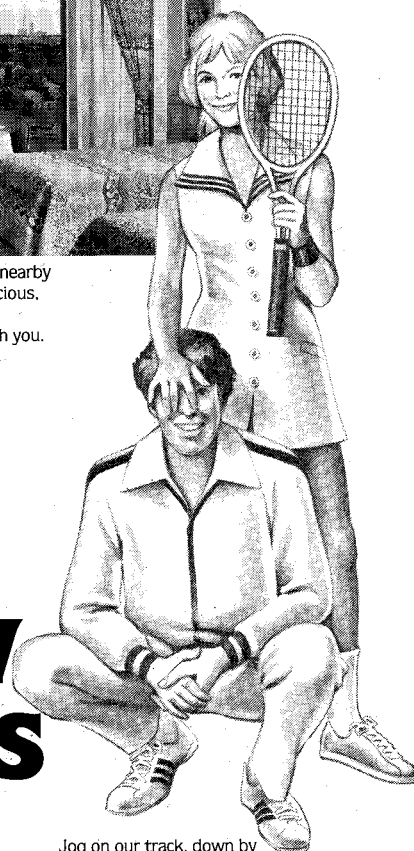


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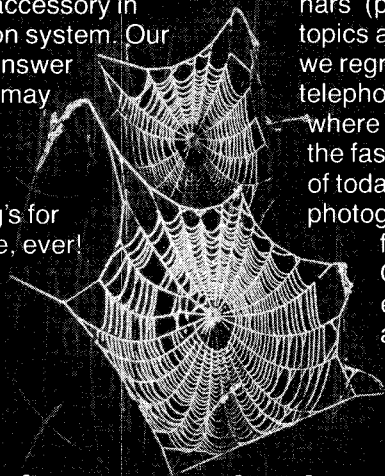
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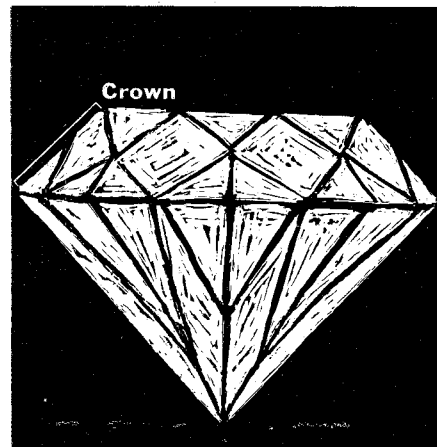
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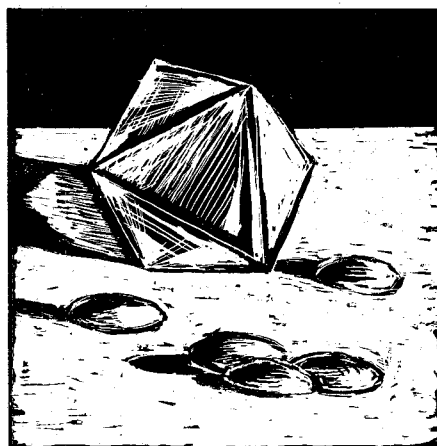
Cut: An ideally proportioned round stone has about a third its weight in the crown.

stones for 30 years, that if two diamonds are identical in color, clarity, and carat weight, but one is ideally proportioned and the other improperly proportioned, the former will be worth at least a quarter more than the latter.

Carat Weight

The term "carat" is derived from "carob seed," which became the standard for measuring the weight of gems in ancient India. The metric carat is equal to 0.2 grams. Another measure frequently used for diamonds is the "point." There are 100 points to a carat.

The carat weight of a diamond is meaningless without the other three C's. A 1-carat, D-color, VVS₁ diamond is worth far more than a 2-carat, J-color,



Carat: The term describing the weight of a diamond derives from "carob seed."

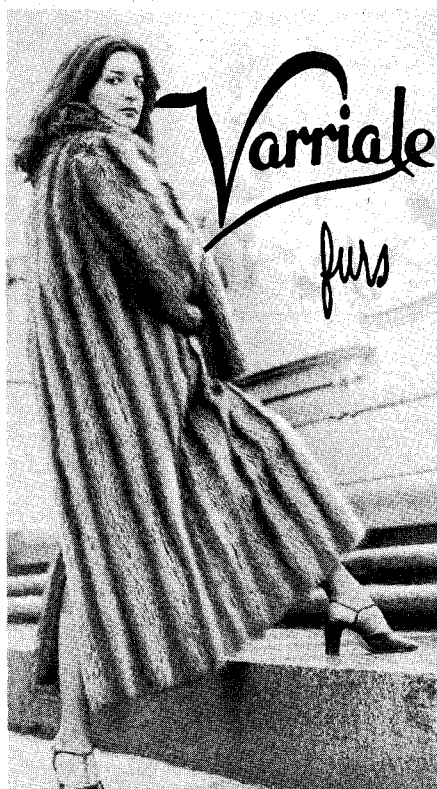
SI₂ stone. However, value normally increases with carat weight because the larger stones are rarer. For this reason, a 2-carat stone is worth more than double a 1-carat stone of the same color, cut, and clarity rating.

Alfred Montezinos, a diamond wholesaler and former president of Cartier, Inc., called my attention to the surpris-



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WAITING TILL NEXT YEAR CAN COST YOU THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Evelyn Walsh, Senior Vice President of Central Savings Bank, gives you some Central Ideas on IRA and Keogh Accounts.

Q. How can waiting just one year make such a big difference in an IRA or Keogh Account?

A. It's simple math. Every year you put money in your IRA or Keogh Account and that money earns interest. As the money in the account grows, the interest accrued becomes greater every year. The money can easily accumulate to more than one hundred thousand dollars before retirement. So over the years the interest becomes a large figure. Delaying just one year now can cost you thousands later.



Q. An IRA or Keogh Account accumulating over \$100,000?

A. Sometimes a lot more than that. For example, if you begin a Keogh Account at Central Savings when you're thirty-five, and deposit, say, \$3,000 a year and continue adding to it year after year, at age sixty you'll have over \$234,000.



Q. What if I wait just one year — till age 36 — before starting?

A. Then you'll have around \$213,000. So that one year means a \$21,000 difference at retirement.



Q. Let's get back to basics. What exactly is an IRA Account?

A. IRA stands for Individual Retirement Account. It's designed for people who work for a company that doesn't have a retirement plan. You can set aside up to 15% of your salary, not to exceed \$1,500 a year, in your IRA Account here at Central Savings Bank.

Q. What makes this different from any other kind of savings plan?

A. It's a plan that is authorized by the U.S. Government and can save you money on taxes.

Q. How does that work?

A. You pay no income tax on the money you've deposited in your IRA Account, and no income tax on the interest it earns until you withdraw. This of course can save you quite a bit on taxes every year. You may with-



draw the money beginning at age 59½. You have to pay taxes on it then, but you'll probably be in a lower tax bracket and therefore pay less taxes.

Q. What's the difference between IRA and Keogh?

A. Keogh is for self-employed people who don't have a retirement plan. Its rules are similar to IRA's except the yearly deposit limit is higher, up to 15% of earned income, not to exceed \$7,500.

Q. The example you cited before was \$3,000 a year for a Keogh Account. Can someone still get a substantial retirement from the lower deposits involved in an IRA Account?

A. Yes, but the age you start and stop the account is critical. Say you begin an IRA Account at age thirty and continue to deposit \$1,500 a year in the Account until you reach age sixty. Then you stop making deposits into the Account, but continue to let the interest accrue until you collect at age sixty-five. You'll have over \$276,000 then.

Q. That's amazing. What rate of interest are you using for your calculations?

A. All of the illustrations I've given are based on annual interest of 8%, compounded daily. That's the rate we now offer on our 8-year savings certificates. Of course, we cannot guarantee the rate beyond maturity; and you should remember that there are substantial penalties for premature withdrawals.

Q. Anything else you'd like to add?

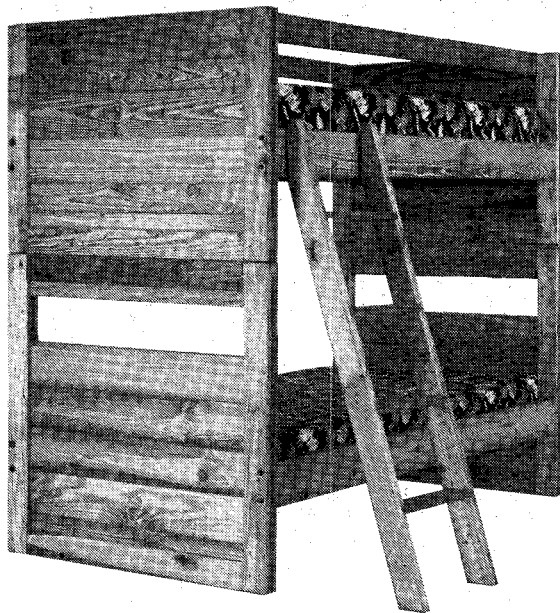
A. Yes. IRA and Keogh are effective ways to save money on taxes and build a comfortable retirement income. But the time to start one is now. A year's delay on that IRA Account I gave as an example would cost you over \$20,000. I urge everyone who is eligible — those without retirement plans — to stop by Central Savings Bank, see one of our pension specialists, and begin an IRA or Keogh Account now.

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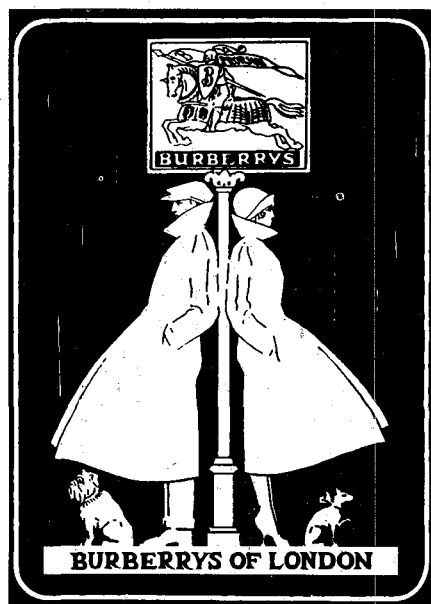


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ing difference in the price of a top-of-the-line (D-color, flawless) 0.98- or 0.99-carat stone and a 1- or 1.01-carat stone, even though there is only a slight difference in weight (and that weight difference will not be noticeable on your finger). That rule of thumb holds true for slightly larger stones; given two really fine diamonds of equal quality, one weighing 1.98 carats and the other 2.01 carats, the difference in price can be as high as 10 percent.

Armed with knowledge of the four C's, you are almost ready to start shopping. You should know about appraisals, though, before you set out.

Appraisals

People normally obtain an appraisal of a diamond ring (1) to reassure themselves at the time of purchase that they are getting a good deal, or (2) to obtain an up-to-date estimate of the replacement value of a ring they have had for a number of years, usually for insurance purposes.

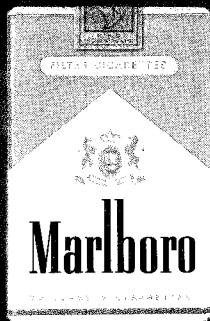
There is one major drawback to appraisals: Under present laws, anyone can set himself up as a diamond appraiser without having any special knowledge or expertise.

This leads to two problems. First, an appraiser may actually be less competent than your jeweler in judging the value of a stone. Diamond prices change, so any appraiser must be in constant touch with the marketplace. New York City rules and regulations actually take this into account in stating that whenever an appraiser is estimating the retail replacement value of a piece of jewelry, his appraisal document must state in at least twelve-point boldface type that "appraisers' bona fide opinions as to the value of jewelry items vary by up to 25 percent."

The second problem is appraisers who are in cahoots with dishonest dealers. This may not be widespread, but there are occasional complaints.

To protect you from this second problem, the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs has offered two tips: "Never go to an appraiser recommended by a jewel merchant," and "Don't tell any appraiser where you got the gem or that you are thinking of buying it." This also means that you should try to avoid letting an employee of your diamond merchant accompany you into an appraiser's office; the employee could well be recognized by the appraiser. Someone from the diamond merchant's will have to come along when you take the diamond to be appraised, but he should wait outside, out of view.

Here is another tip, from Rennie El-



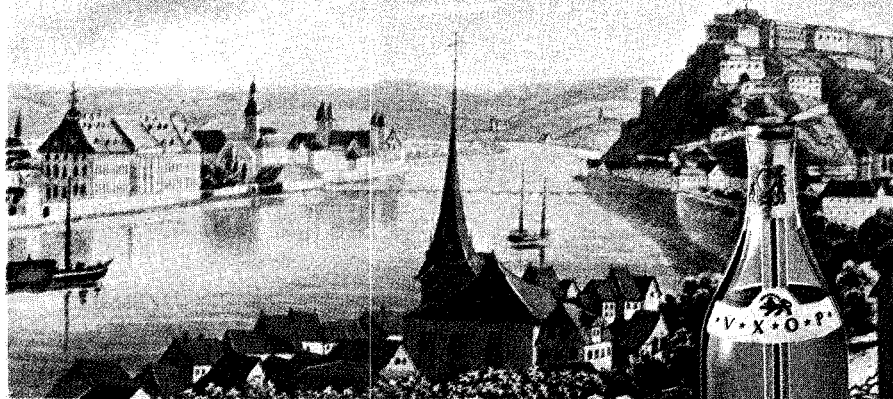
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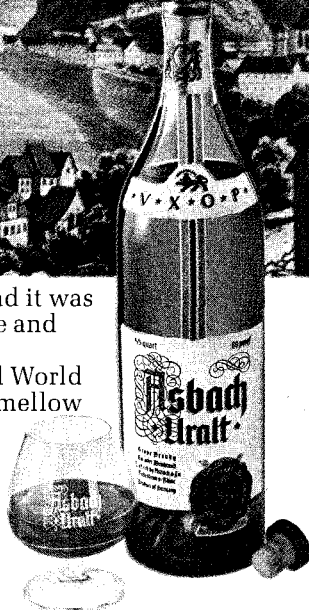


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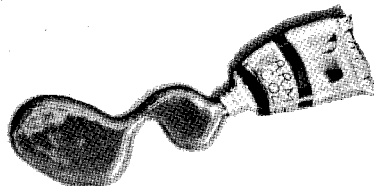
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len, a diamond manufacturer who sells directly to the public: "If you decide to have an appraisal, my advice is to make sure the appraiser (1) tests the stone to ensure it's a diamond, (2) tests the stone in acid to see whether it has been painted to improve its color, (3) spells out each of the four C's in writing on his certificate of appraisal." And, Ms. Ellen advises, "make sure your bill of sale reads exactly the same as your appraisal, and try to buy from a jeweler with a money-back guarantee."

Diamond experts disagree as to when an outside appraisal is necessary, but there's no disagreement about the need for a GIA certificate.

Every expert I have spoken to considers it essential to have a GIA certificate for any stone sold as either D-color, flawless, or both. Experts also think it is advisable, although not essential, to have a GIA certificate for any other really fine and valuable stone (say a 2-carat, E-color, VVS₁ diamond). It may also be advisable to obtain a GIA certificate for any stone you suspect may not be what the seller and appraiser claim it to be.

The GIA certificate is not the same as an appraisal; it gives no estimate of a stone's monetary value. It simply grades the diamond as to cut, clarity, color, and weight, and analyzes its finish and proportions.

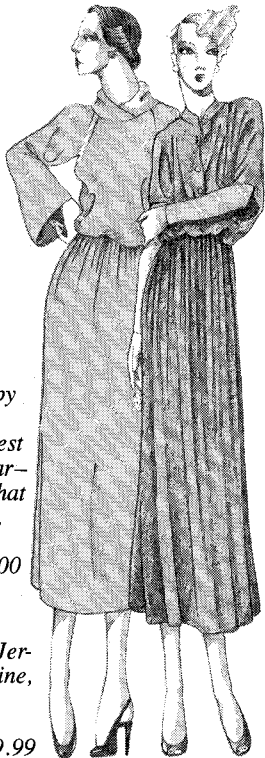
The GIA's service is available to the public—although the organization does not encourage people to take advantage of it; the staff is not equipped to handle more than its present volume of business. The minimum charge is \$55, and only stones of 1 carat or larger will be examined. To obtain a GIA certificate, the stone must be unmounted.

Don't confuse the Gemological Institute of America with any other organization bearing a similar name. There is only one GIA, and it is the only organization that can provide a GIA certificate. An appraiser may use GIA terms on his appraisal certificate, but this does not qualify it as a GIA certificate.

Shopping Around

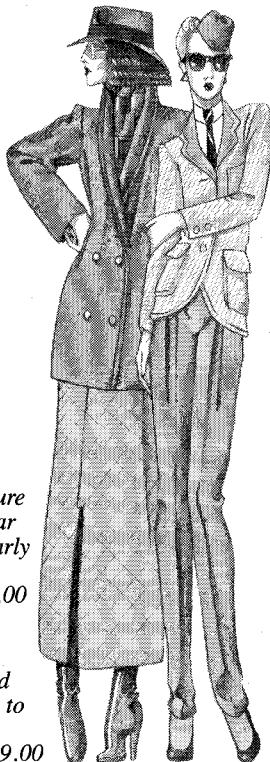
Fifth Avenue has the famous jewelry stores: Tiffany, Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels, Harry Winston. As for the major department stores: With the exception of Macy's and of Gimbels at 33rd Street, they either do not carry diamond engagement rings or else have too small a selection to be worth considering. There are jewelry exchanges and scores of small stores lining 47th Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues and a smaller number of similar establishments on Canal Street in the general

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This little store, which discounts top-designer clothing, is so brand-new that word of mouth is just beginning to build, particularly among the students at the Fashion Institute across the street. By the time its summer sale is over, it should be permanently on the fashion map. Imagine racks of the latest styles by Helene Sidel, Leo Narducci, Givenchy, Geoffrey Beene, and other very famous names, already heavily discounted, with an additional 50 percent taken off those prices!

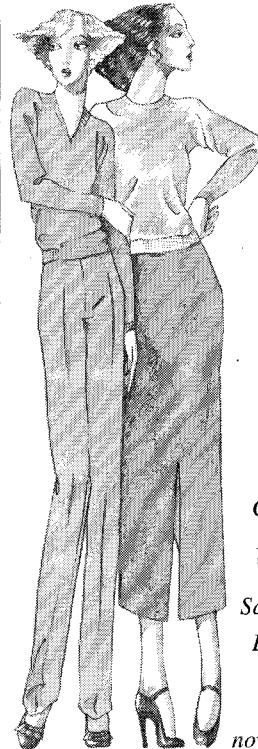
—“Sales and Bargains,”
New York Magazine

That's how we were first written up in “Sales and Bargains” and New Yorkers came running to a truly great sale. All of those early birds left with arms full of beautiful designer clothing at literally give-a-way prices. Well it's happening all over again and don't you miss out this time. We are stocked to the ceiling with designer bargains in all categories: wool coats, imported wool suits, silk dresses, cashmere sweaters and hundreds of skirts and blouses. Take advantage of this terrific money-saving fashion sale. Don't wait, come today. Discover the New Store in New York.

New Store

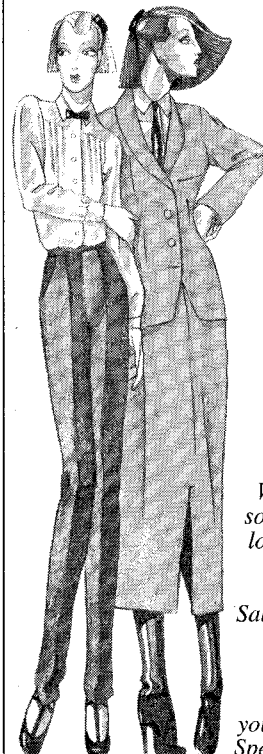
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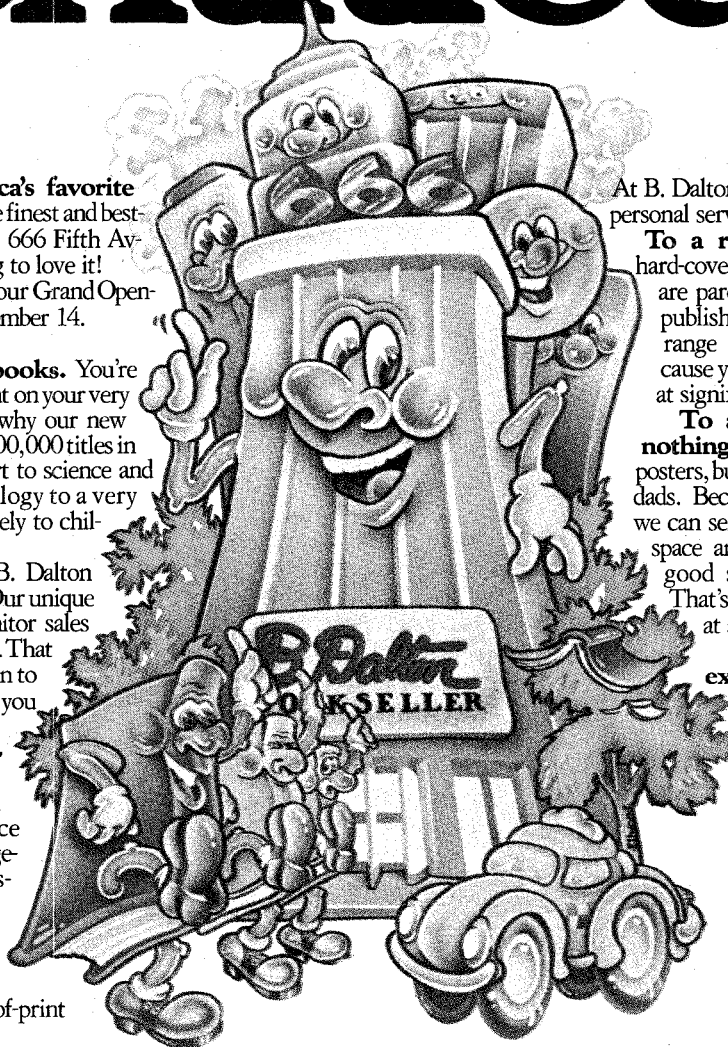
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vicinity of Chinatown. Every neighborhood in the city also has one or more small jewelry stores. Some of these carry diamond rings, but most have only a very limited selection.

Does it make any difference where you shop in terms of selection (in both number and quality), price, ambience, and reliability? To try to answer this question I undertook five rounds of comparison shopping: in winter and in spring 1977, the third in late April and May of this year, the fourth at the end of September, and the fifth last week. Except in two instances, I was always accompanied by my wife or a friend.

At each shop we posed as a couple looking for a diamond ring, always telling the salesman the same thing: We wanted a round diamond of about 1 carat or a bit more. During our first tour we said we had a budget of \$2,000 to \$2,500; during the later tours we said we could spend \$3,500 to \$4,000. (I chose those sums after confirming that they were enough to buy a decent-quality, but not top-quality, 1-carat diamond at retail prices.)

We visited 21 stores: 4 on Fifth Avenue, 12 on 47th Street, 3 on Canal Street, Macy's, and Gimbels. We started with the Fifth Avenue stores—and discovered that unless you are in the major leagues, you can cross Van Cleef & Arpels right off your list. On two visits, the store had nothing in our size or price range. Harry Winston had no mounted stones in our range, but the staff was willing to look for some loose stones that would fit our budget.

At Tiffany and Cartier we had originally found an excellent selection of diamonds in our price range, as well as rings for less money (and for much more). At our recent visits, prices had risen considerably. In early 1977, Tiffany showed us a 1-carat Extra, Extra River (one of its highest color grades) SI₂ ring for \$2,775. In September 1978, the store had nothing in a 1-carat weight for less than \$5,000. At Cartier, on the recent revisit, any ring with a 1-carat-or-above diamond was at least \$5,000. The best value for \$4,000 was a 0.91-carat River VS ring with two baguettes priced at \$4,200.

Macy's and Gimbels have a sizable stock of diamond rings, many of them estate pieces. Last year, both stores told us that if their customers were willing to spend \$2,000 to \$2,500, they would want more than a 1-carat stone. This year, for \$3,500 to \$4,000 the story is the same. Last week Macy's, for instance, had only one ring with a 1-carat stone in this price range: a 1.03-carat white (Macy's second-highest rating) VS ring for \$3,200. All the other 1-carat stones were "off-color," with some no-

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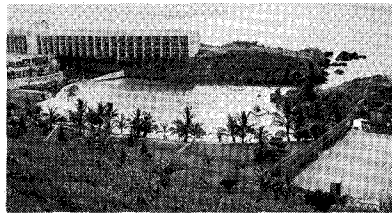
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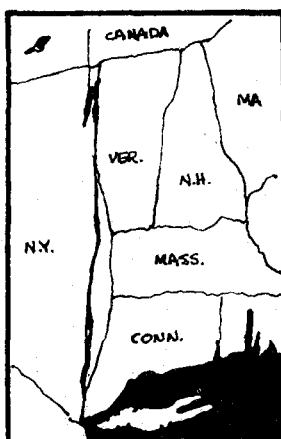
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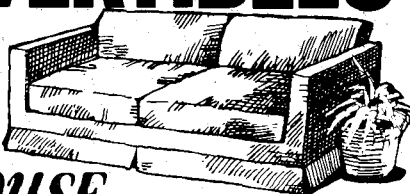
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ticeably yellowish ones for as little as \$2,000.

At Gimbel's there was only one ring close to our budget: It was set with a 1-carat LT₂ (Gimbel's own color rating) Imperfect stone, which our salesman said was "off-color." Its price: \$3,700, less 20 percent for a sale in progress.

At Macy's and Gimbel's, complete information was clearly marked on all price tags. Prices were fixed. Salespeople were low-key and helpful.

At both stores you are allowed to return the rings if an appraisal or GIA certificate should indicate that the stone is not what the store claims. Ask the individual stores for details.

On Getting It Wholesale

At the Fifth Avenue jewelers and the 34th Street department stores, we were dealing with retail stores well known by many New Yorkers. But on 47th and Canal streets we felt on less familiar ground.

Forty-seventh Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues is lined with jewelry stores and jewelry exchanges that house many jewelers—each in his own booth—under one roof. In the buildings above these stores and in the immediate neighborhood, most of the diamond cutting in New York takes place. Canal Street has a smaller number of similar jewelry stores and exchanges. Both streets have a reputation for offering bargain or wholesale prices.

Although we encountered only one jeweler who stated outright that his were strictly wholesale prices, the rest implied that they were at least offering discount prices. Many of the jewelers display signs in their windows including either the word DISCOUNT or WHOLESALE. Our dilemma was: How could we tell whether these jewelers were offering us a wholesale price, or one even close to wholesale?

To help me evaluate the prices of diamonds offered to us on 47th and Canal streets, I enlisted the help of a diamond wholesaler who sells only to stores and to other wholesalers. I made a list of the diamonds I was offered at each store. Choosing one stone from each jeweler, I asked the wholesaler to provide me with wholesale prices for diamonds of equivalent carat weight, color, and clarity, assuming in all cases that the stones were properly proportioned round diamonds. Wholesalers' prices can vary between 5 and 10 percent; my expert agreed to consult two other wholesalers (an importer and a manufacturer) to obtain a fair range of wholesale prices for each stone. I realized that this method was not an

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“... Annoyed, our salesman demanded, ‘Is this guy really going to buy you a ring?’...”

exact science, but I assumed it would give me a fair idea of how close to wholesale prices the 47th Street and Canal Street shops were quoting.

At the end of our tour, after several unpleasant experiences, and having compared the prices of stones offered to us with prices supplied by our wholesalers panel, we found only four establishments where we would have even considered buying a ring: one jeweler on Canal Street, two on 47th Street, and a 47th Street diamond cutter/wholesaler who sells by appointment only. The other eleven establishments we visited just did not instill much confidence in us.

Here is what I felt was wrong with those we would not even consider:

□ **Blue lights.** Most of these stores used blue-tinted lights in their shops. (One store actually conceals the lights in eye-level fixtures—to see them I had to bend down and look up into the fixture.) Blue lights tend to make any diamond look better (i.e., whiter) by focusing down on the stone’s yellowish tints. If you buy a stone after viewing it only under blue light, you may be disappointed when you see it under everyday conditions. The use of blue lights is not enough to fully condemn a store (one of the stores we liked had them too). An ordinary light bulb tends to bring out the yellow in a diamond; using faintly blue lights counteracts that. But using very blue lights is at best a questionable practice.

□ **Price tags.** At the retail stores, we had become accustomed to seeing price tags on each ring listing the central diamond’s carat weight, color, and clarity as well as the fixed price of the ring. But this does not seem to be the general practice on 47th and Canal streets. The majority of the stores had at most a tag with carat weight and price, often with only a code indicating the price. More disturbing, there were several instances when a price was marked but we were immediately offered the stone for less than the marked price—in one case for as much as 50 percent less.

□ **Color identification.** The four stores where we felt most confident all used GIA terms to classify their diamonds. Many of the other stores used vaguer terms such as Fine White or even just “white,” and when pressed for a better definition, they often were either unwilling or unable to give one.

□ **Bargaining.** In twelve out of the

fifteen stores, quoted prices were clearly open to discussion; in many, bargaining was actively encouraged. Yet how can you bargain wisely when you do not know much about an item? Unless you are a diamond expert, you have no way of knowing when you have arrived at a fair price.

□ **Pressure tactics.** Even more disturbing than the bargaining were the pressure tactics we experienced in varying degrees at six 47th Street jewelers. The tactics ranged from a mild attempt to convince us we would never find such a bargain again, to four attempts to rush us out the door to an appraiser of the jeweler’s choice as soon as we were even mildly interested in a stone, to an extreme case where we were actually bullied and insulted.

On a 1977 shopping tour, we had no sooner paused in front of one store on 47th Street than a young man came outside and invited us into the shop. He turned us over to a salesman who showed us (under blue lights) a ring he said was 1.17 carats. The price? Three thousand dollars. This was the second ring we had been shown. (Neither was tagged with any information on color, clarity, or price.) “Which do you prefer?” he demanded. “The second,” we said.

Instantly he put the ring in a box and began urging us out the door, *insisting* that we get the ring appraised. We resisted. We needed more time to look around, we said, so we did not want to pay for an appraisal. He refused to take no for an answer, assuring us that the appraisal would not cost us a cent.

His assistant escorted us across the street to a diamond appraiser’s office. He entered the office with us (this should not happen), handed one of the two appraisers the box, and withdrew to the waiting room.

One appraiser measured the stone, comparing it to different carat sizes indicated on a clear plastic sheet. About 1.2 carats, he said. But by any chance, he said, did we know the exact weight? I answered 1.17 carats. That’s what he wrote on the appraisal certificate.

Having noticed a GIA-class photo on his wall, I asked the appraiser what the stone’s color would be on the GIA scale. He said probably an F. But there was no mention of this very specific classification when he wrote on our appraisal form. The ring was described as “Lady’s round diamond ring with a 1.17-carat center diamond and a plati-

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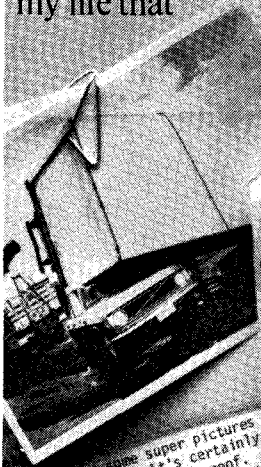
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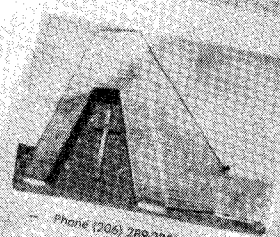
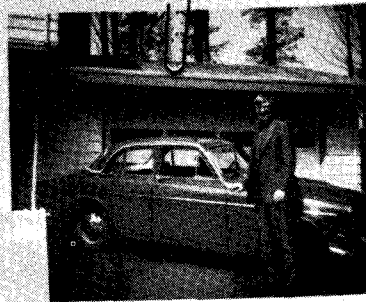
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num setting with two tapered baguettes equaling .25 carats." The center diamond was listed as "Fine White color. Very good modern brilliant cut. Very good brilliance. VS₁." The appraiser estimated the ring's retail value at \$4,900, based on a wholesale price of \$3,250 plus a retail markup of \$1,650.

What was the store's price for the ring? our appraiser asked. When we told him \$3,000, he exclaimed that this was a fantastic price, since it would cost \$3,200 to put such a ring together. It almost sounded too good to be true.

We were presented with a bill for \$49, equal to 1 percent of the ring's estimated retail value. The shop's assistant picked up the tab, telling us with a wink that Uncle Sam would pay.

Back across the street our salesman was waiting to talk business, and he would not be put off. He made it clear he would be willing to lower the price, possibly as low as our maximum budget of \$2,500; it was just up to us to bargain. But we refused.

I chose this moment to ask about obtaining a GIA certificate. Our salesman said he could obtain one, although he strongly discouraged it.

We said we would think about the ring—but no deposit. It was with an immense sense of relief that we emerged from the store, empty-handed.

A particularly nasty instance of pressure occurred at a second store, when our salesman, clearly annoyed that we weren't jumping at his prices, turned to my friend and asked, "Is this guy really going to buy you a diamond ring, or is he just fooling around?"

At another store, on a 1977 tour, a salesman showed us a ring that he told us was 1.25 carats, D-color (the best color on the GIA scale), and VVS₂. The price tag said \$6,150, but his asking price was only \$2,500! Could we get a GIA certificate? we asked. He discouraged us, emphasizing that the GIA does not give a price estimate; nevertheless, he said, he was willing to send the stone to the GIA if that was what we really wanted.

We asked our wholesalers panel for its price on such a specifically described stone. They told us \$5,250 to \$5,625, which means the price we had been offered was far too good to be true. The panel emphasized that D-color stones are quite rare, and usually the dealer provides a GIA certificate with one.

For comparison, here is an excerpt from a positive experience, also on 47th Street, also on the 1977 visit. It took place in the office of a manufacturer who will sell directly to the public, but by appointment only.

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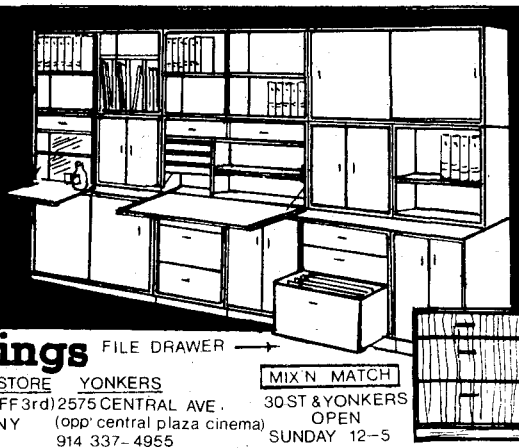
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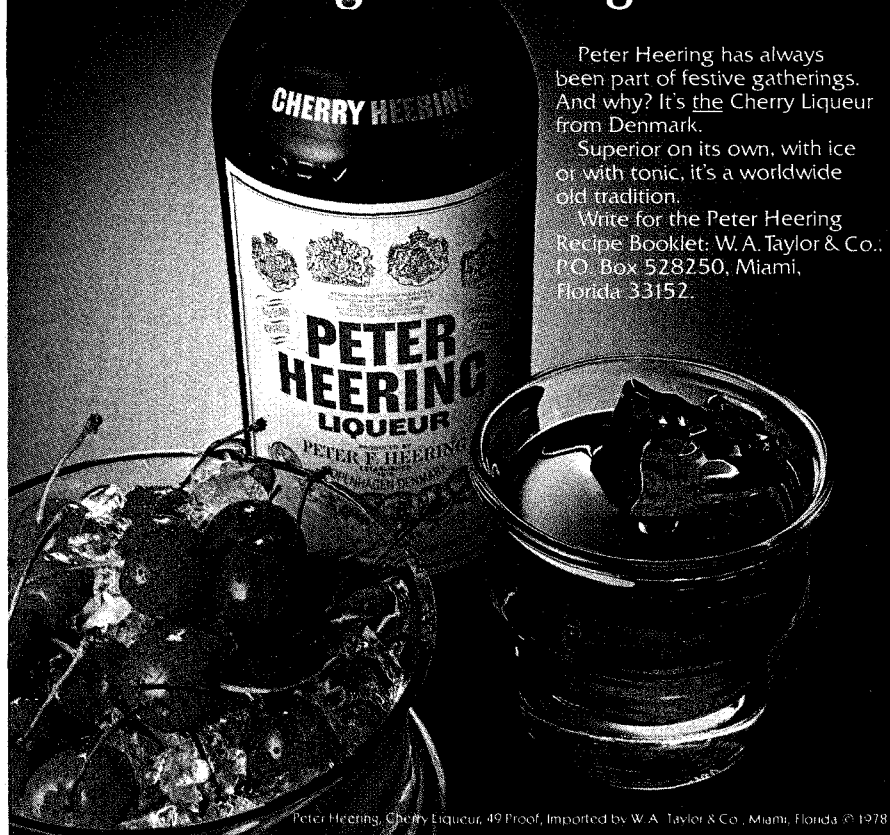
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a well-lighted room—no blue lights. We were shown loose diamonds, one at a time. Each diamond was wrapped in an individual paper packet marked with the stone's carat weight, color, clarity, and price. We were told from the outset there were fixed prices. Settings would be extra: about \$50 to \$70 for a plain gold or platinum setting.

As we looked at each stone, our saleswoman drew a picture of the stone's flaw. She then asked us to locate the flaw on our own, looking through a loupe.

If we chose a stone, we were told, we could have it appraised anywhere we wished. If we wanted a GIA certificate too, this could be arranged.

We asked our wholesalers panel for its price for a stone like one of those we had seen here. It was a 1.02-carat G+ VS₁ diamond, and the price had been \$1,600. The panel said its price for an equivalent stone would be between \$1,400 and \$1,600, depending upon the type of flaw indicated by the VS₁ classification.

Using the wholesale panel's prices to compare other diamonds from 47th and Canal streets, we found that the diamonds fell into four categories:

□ Diamonds described in such vague terms that it was impossible for the panel to give more than the most approximate guess of the wholesale value.

□ Diamonds quite specifically described in terms of color, carat weight, and clarity. When the prices we had been quoted were compared with actual wholesale prices, they were so low that it was impossible that anyone would be willing to sell a stone for such a low price.

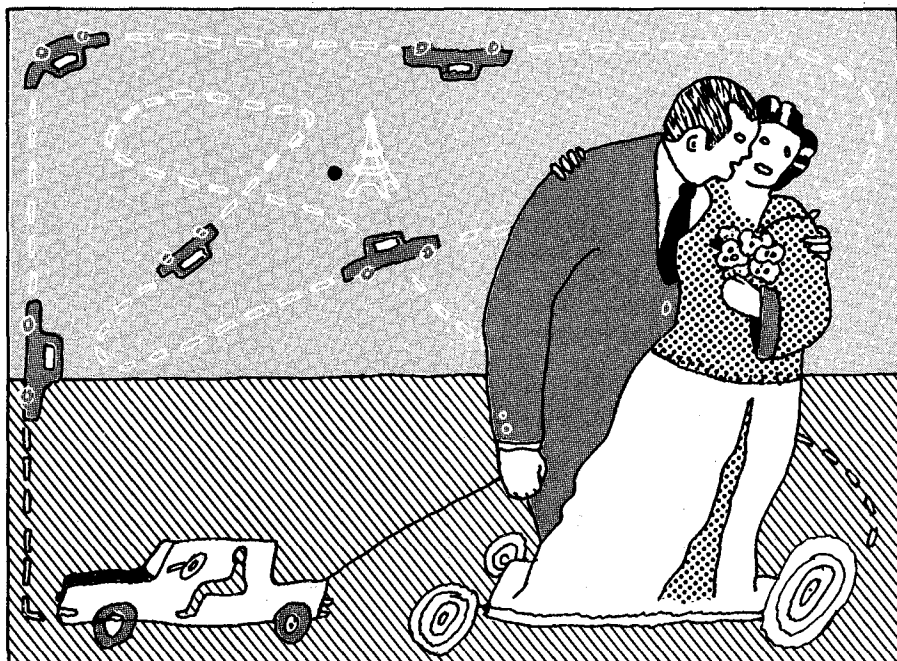
□ Diamonds quite specifically described in terms of color, clarity, and carat weight, and which our panel corroborated as being offered at prices approximating the wholesale price. These appeared to be of good value.

□ Diamonds which were offered to us in an atmosphere of bargaining so we were led to believe we were getting a discount price. Some were specifically described; others were not. When compared with the panel's prices, many of these appeared to be priced either near an average retail price or somewhere midway between the wholesale price and the price you might pay at a retail store. They might not be bad value, but they were not the greatest bargains either.

Our conclusions: Perhaps, as our wholesaler told us, it's a case of a few rotten eggs spoiling the reputations of the legitimate stores on 47th Street. But for the uneducated shopper, the rule certainly is: Caveat emptor. ■

TWO'S COMPANY

"...Frank D. Gilroy's *Once in Paris* is a surprisingly tough-minded little tale—perhaps the only true 'adult movie' in town..."



Sometimes a few small details are enough to tell us that we've fallen into good hands. At the beginning of *Once in Paris*, a low-budget, independent feature written, directed, and produced by Frank D. Gilroy, an American screenwriter named Michael Moore (Wayne Rogers) arrives in Paris to do some work and is checked into his posh hotel by Jean-Paul (Jack Lenoir), an alarmingly friendly and competent chauffeur. As Jean-Paul boldly demands a bigger room for Michael and then tries to unpack his bags and show him around town, Gilroy brings out Michael's increasing irritation with the man's bullying hospitality. This is exactly right: Official greeters never realize that people getting off an airplane want nothing more than an empty room and a bathtub. Gilroy, who is a screenwriter, playwright (*The Subject Was Roses*), and occasional movie director (*Desperate Characters*, *From Noon Till Three*), has made a movie that is as sharply observed and perfectly structured as a first-rate short story. Don't be misled by the disparaging review in the *Times*: This is no frothy, gay-Parée romance but a surprisingly tough-minded tale—perhaps

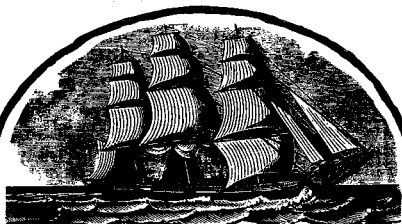
the only true "adult movie" in town.

Gilroy's theme is a familiar but inexhaustible one—the innocent abroad. Michael Moore, an all-American boy perhaps 40 years old (but more like 20 in terms of experience), is a cocky, irritable prig, hiding in his happy marriage as if it were a fortress designed to keep out the rest of the world. That scoundrel Jean-Paul takes him in hand. A cunning, amazingly resourceful jack-of-all-trades, a "man with a past" who has done time for manslaughter, Jean-Paul is the kind of earthy, wised-up proletarian that Jean Gabin would have played with irresistible glamour and authority 30 years ago. Jack Lenoir is not a professional actor, but he doesn't do badly. Born in Algiers, he actually worked in Paris as a movie-studio chauffeur (also as a stunt man) for twenty years, and although he lacks acting technique and flair, he draws on his experience and his self-assurance as a man to get him through. Swarthy, a little crude, even slightly oily in a menacing way, Lenoir's Jean-Paul is a very convincing Mediterranean male, loving both his wife and all other women, drawn to larceny of every kind and also to a

private but very strict ideal of honor. And Lenoir shows us something Gabin couldn't—a natural con man's baffling mixture of servility and pride. As cautious Michael finally realizes, Jean-Paul's exuberant contradictions express a love of life greater than his own. Lenoir and Wayne Rogers work well together, maintaining an edgy give-and-take relationship that isn't resolved until the last frame of the movie.

Jean-Paul pimpishly encourages Michael's affair with a beautiful English woman, Susan (Texas-born Gayle Hunnicutt), who is some sort of international fashion designer. Susan isn't created with the same kind of detail as Jean-Paul. A woman of mysterious swank, she remains regally proud even as she goes to bed with this second-rate American; clearly the most interesting thing about her for Gilroy is her luxurious availability. Dark-haired and imposing, Gayle Hunnicutt (she starred in the Masterpiece Theatre version of *The Golden Bowl*) is one of the most convincingly adult women to appear on the screen in years. Despite a few lyrical views of the lovers gazing at the Eiffel Tower, which the charitable will overlook, the affair of Michael and Susan is presented in remarkably unromantic terms—each is looking for a bed partner.

Frank Gilroy's direction has improved immensely since his first movie, *Desperate Characters*, a tense, constricted exercise in urban anguish shot in punishing close-up. He may never be a master of film rhythm and texture (most of *Once in Paris* is extremely simple visually), but his work is clear and sharply pointed. His only serious failure as a director—and it's the reason the movie isn't a minor classic—is his inability to coax a warmer, more interesting performance out of Wayne Rogers. Maybe Rogers spent too many years playing Trapper John in *M*A*S*H*: When he tries to act sexy and debonair it comes out crass and rather unpleasant, as if he were still hacking around with the guys on the base. He doesn't show us the charm under Michael's frightened aggressiveness (it's there in the script but not in the performance),



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and so it's never clear enough why
Jean-Paul and Susan find him attrac-
tive rather than merely surly.

Still, the movie works quite well.
Living in a more dangerous world than
Michael, both Jean-Paul and Susan
come to fear that he will be destroyed
if he tries to live as they do, so they
join forces and send him back home
with his self-righteousness intact. The
movie's ironic final twist is as brutally
nonchalant as the close of a great short
story. *Once in Paris* is a bittersweet
fable (with an emphasis on the bitter)
that keeps going one step further than
you expect. In a season of feeble big
clinkers, it's a little movie with clout.

"Why did you become a dancer?"
the man asks, and without batting an
eyelash the woman replies, "The sky
always seemed a better place to be."
There's quite a lot of talk about the sky
in *Slow Dancing in the Big City*, all of
it equally moving. At one point the
hero (Paul Sorvino), a man-of-the-peo-
ple newspaper columnist modeled on
Jimmy Breslin, addresses his dancing
lady (Anne Ditchburn) as follows: "If
we beat the odds in New York, we can
do anything—walk on the stars, kiss the
moon, turn the garbage into roses. . . ."
Instead of saying, "Pass the salt, corn-
ball," she looks into his eyes and
says, "You're a poet." Later on, at Lin-
coln Center, as she's giving her final
performance (she has some sort of de-
bilitating muscular disease), he grabs
her as she comes spinning offstage and
sends her out again with the command,
"Spread your wings and make yourself
proud." Did Rod McKuen serve on the
picture as an unpaid script consultant?

I don't know when I've ever heard
so much high-flown gibberish; wind
seems to be blowing through the empty
spaces in the screenwriter's head. *Slow
Dancing*, which was written by Barra
Grant and directed by John G. Avild-
sen, is probably the most shameless
piece of pop-romantic demagoguery
since *Love Story*, and judging by the
tears that were tickled, pried, and kicked
out of the audience when I saw it, the
movie could be just as successful.

Has there ever been a more embarrass-
ing and sexless romance than this one?
Plump Paul Sorvino, an amiable actor
with a happy gleam in his eye and no
resistance to cant in his soul, barges
into Ditchburn's dressing room making
homely jokes about pastrami sand-
wiches, and she looks at him in com-
plete bafflement, absorbed in her prob-
lems as a dancer, until he finally
declares his love in the most maudlin
speech in years. When she's giving
her agonizing final performance, he
runs all over the city, trying to get to

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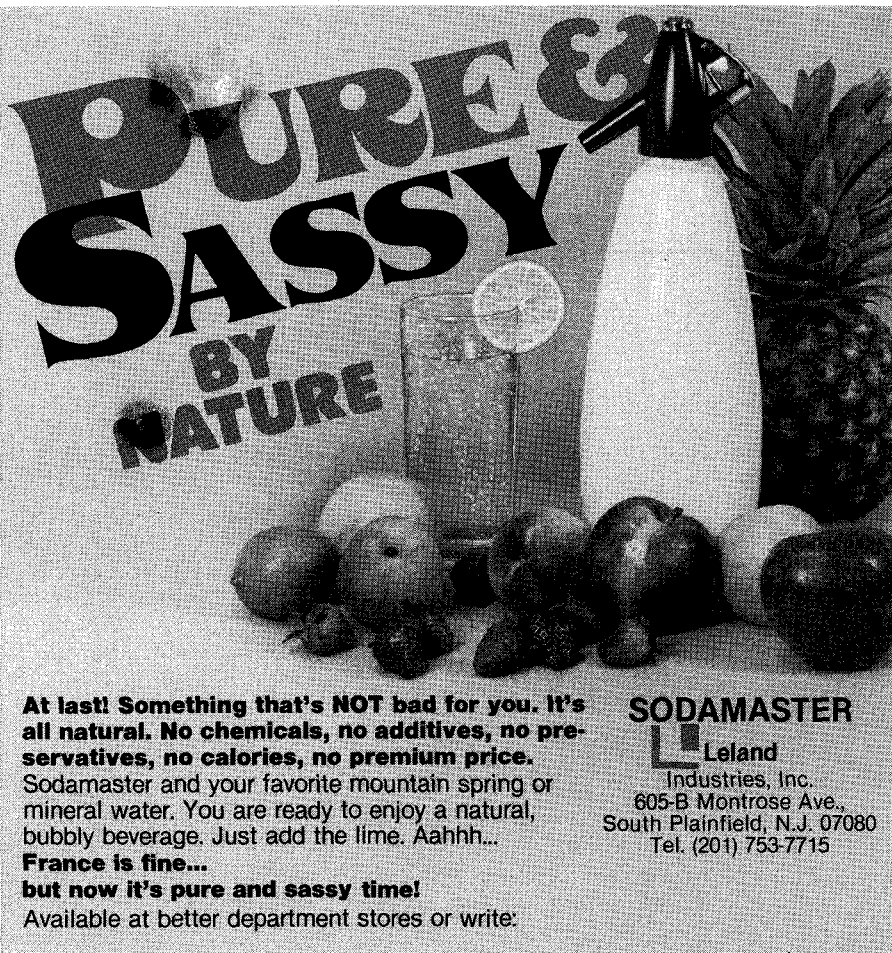
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Lincoln Center on time, and at the end he carries her prostrate body onstage for her final curtain call. Avildsen, who started out in *Joe* as a cynical exploiter of counterculture prejudices, has now become—in *Rocky* and in this movie—a cynical exploiter of shlock uplift.

And yet there's a fascinating element in *Slow Dancing*—the harsh, tense, almost rancorous performance by Anne Ditchburn (she is Canadian and a choreographer as well as a dancer). High-strung and pale, with a long, elegant torso, Ditchburn often startles us with her nervous drive. Too restless to sleep, she works through the night, dancing to disco music with explosive power, her neck thrust back, matted hair falling incongruously over her lovely, chic Egyptian forehead. As a dancer she's exciting, but as an actress she's tight as a drum and not really likable. One of those elegant women who talk with their mouths closed—an affectation which makes even the most benign communication sound rather clenched—she looks like she couldn't possibly smile without pulling all the muscles in her neck.

When we first see Sorvino, he's sitting in his underwear rapping out a column about an Eskimo who saves an accountant from drowning himself in the East River. It's a shame that the role has been conceived so softly; those Breslin-Hamill types who work the tough-tender, poetry-of-the-streets racket are very much worth studying. "You don't love people," says Ditchburn to Sorvino at one point. "You want them to love you." This is exactly what many of us have always suspected about columnists who become rich and famous writing about "ordinary folk" (Sorvino words), but the movie only raises the suspicion in order to disprove it. There is a dolorous subplot about a very young Puerto Rican street kid wrecking himself with drugs. Sorvino tries to help him in ways that aren't credible, such as attempting to reason with the kid's older brother, a vicious drug dealer. This part of the movie is offensive: The filmmakers clearly aren't interested in Puerto Ricans; they are only interested in showing us that Sorvino isn't a phony. And that's the sum total of what we learn about him. *Slow Dancing* is all heart. Sitting through the movie is like watching every minute of a Jerry Lewis telethon.

Correction: Last week, in my review of *Paradise Alley*, I accidentally reversed Sylvester Stallone's two brothers and the actors who play them. Victor (Lee Canalito) is the wrestler and Lenny (Armand Assante) is Victor's manager. ■



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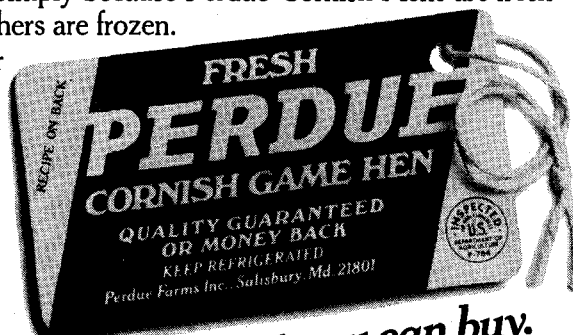
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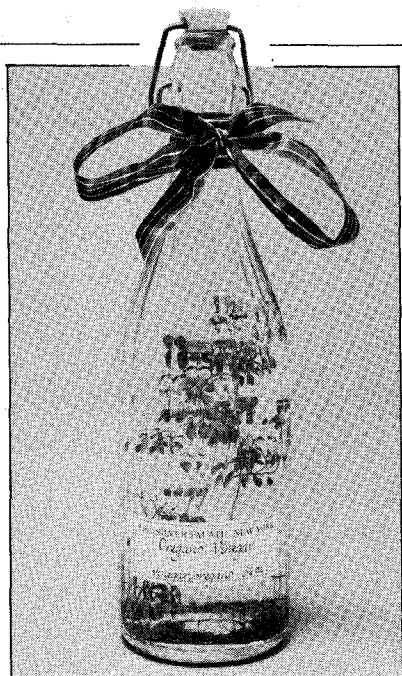


The tenderest you can buy.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Condimental Journey

Vinegars more precious than vintage wine have come to Saks from a tiny cupboard known as the Silver Palate. There is thyme-scented apple-cider vinegar and oregano drifting in vinegar distilled from white wine, walnut oil studded with walnuts, winter-fruit compote, cranberry-walnut conserve, and baked goods too—everything handsomely bottled (\$10–\$22.50) or tastefully tinned (\$8–\$15). But most of all I am inspired by a flask of blueberry vinegar touched with honey and cinnamon, berries sailing like stars in a midnight sky—perfect to deglaze a quick sauté of duck livers. —Gael Greene

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Family Circle

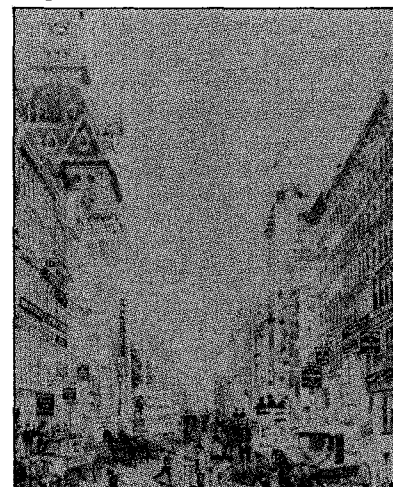
Suddenly there is a twelve-page photo album, bound in blue cloth, believed to have been assembled by one of Czar Nicholas's children—perhaps even Anastasia—we learn from Parke Bernet. The family photos (which are informal and pasted in with undeniably childish abandon) show Nicholas and Alexandra and offspring on the imperial yacht and at the imperial palaces... dancing, playing tennis, chatting, squinting in the sun. In a lot with three other photo albums, it is estimated at \$2,500 to \$3,000.

RUSSIAN WORKS OF ART/November 29 and 30/Sotheby Parke Bernet/980 Madison Avenue, near 76th Street

Street Smarts

A book that we wish we'd done ourselves is Henry Moscow's *The Street Book*. Here, in an exasperatingly attractive format, are histories, pictures, and legends of New York's byways, the people they're named for (e.g., Charles Christopher Amos, namesake of both Charles and Christopher streets), and events that occurred on them. Damn.

THE STREET BOOK: AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MANHATTAN'S STREET NAMES AND THEIR ORIGINS/By Henry Moscow Hagstrom/\$7.95



Playing Around

"We wanted a neighborhood store with service—to give everyone a reason not to go down to Macy's and Schwarz—so we gift-wrap and deliver," says Meredith Brokaw (exquisite wife of Tom), who, with Mary Slawson, has opened a toy store on upper Madison. But more beguiling than the service are the warmth and playability of the place. "Toy stores should be fun places," Meredith thinks, and so there are rocking horses to ride, little painted tables to sit at, a Tuneyville player piano to plink, English marionettes to waggle, pull toys to pull. The three Brokaw daughters, who prefer the hand-dressed stuffed mice to the elegant Effanbee dolls, the wooden Brio train set to the metal Corgi cars, stop in after school every day to oversee and advise. PENNY WHISTLE/1281 Madison Avenue, near 91st Street/369-3868





Olga Bloom (far left) talks beautiful music together with two protégés.

A Trio Grows in Brooklyn

Take a few wrong turns and you end up in Olga Bloom's yard under the Brooklyn Bridge. Four steps later, past a pumpkin and a hound named Sam, you end up on Olga Bloom's barge. It is here that Olga Bloom blooms. She bought the barge, an old coffee carrier, in 1972. After paneling it with wainscoting from a Staten Island Ferry called the *American Legion*, she had it tugged from Rockaway to her landing. She put in a fireplace, laid a beautiful wood floor, kept the captain's potbelly stove in the galley, brought in plants, benches, and bookshelves. And then she brought in musicians. Every Sunday at 4 p.m., Olga offers chamber music. Sometimes it is played by the New York String Ensemble, sometimes by a trio, sometimes by a duo composed of Julian Rodescu, cellist, and Joanne Polk, pianist. Rodescu, a sweet and roly-poly alumnus of Juilliard, is also Olga

Bloom's guy Friday and talent recruiter.

Olga Bloom is not roly-poly. She is sharp and weathered. Her voice is a creaky door. She has been a musician all her life, which means that she started playing the violin at the age of four in Boston, where she was born. Later, she played it in high school (and shared solos with young Leonard Bernstein), at Boston University, at the New England Conservatory, at Tanglewood, in recitals, in recording studios, in the NBC Opera pit, and in the pits of such musicals as *Wonderful Town*; *Kiss Me, Kate*; *No, No, Nanette*; and *Mame*. Her late husband played the violin with Toscanini for eighteen years, which broke her heart. "My prime anguish was listening to him practice," she says. "Toscanini chose the *cream*, but it was devilish because he possessed them."

No one possesses Olga Bloom. Just

music. She works very hard to keep her concert series going, and she is hustling for grants. She needs \$20,000 to \$40,000 annually—for maintenance as well as to underwrite a resident group. "What I'm trying to convey is perhaps a European notion," she says, "that a community can sustain three or four musicians while it may not be able to support an orchestra. I'm setting an example that can perhaps be duplicated." She smiles happily as the East River laps at her living room. "I think it's a combination of the ludicrous and the elegant."

On November 26, the concert will include the Schubert *Trout* Quintet. At Christmas and New Year's, the *Brandenburgs* . . . and eggnog. Imagine. All this and a winter sunset too.

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THE CYGNE CHANGES

“... Of a handful of dishes at Le Cygne, one or two are spectacular, but only a rare meal does not include something ordinary...”

Last December the *Times* reported that the food at **Le Cygne**, on East 54th Street, was “the best haute cuisine French fare in the city.” The verdict had been reached, the article said, after research over a six-month period.

The bells had hardly stopped ringing when, ten weeks later, the same paper was compelled to report that Alain Sailhac, Le Cygne’s chef, had become Le Cygne’s former chef. (The incident was reminiscent of 1841, when, after a heroic military career and a rip-roaring political campaign, William Henry Harrison ascended to the presidency and, 31 days later, demised.)

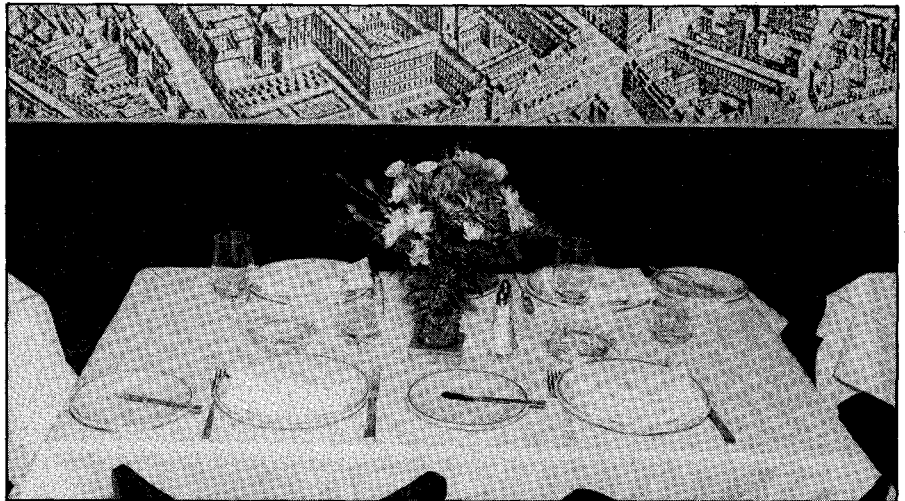
But opinion, when challenged by events, becomes dogma, and on May 12 the *Times* was back on the subject, reporting that a return visit to Le Cygne “indicated the top rating is still well deserved.” (HARRISON STILL ALIVE.)

Harrison was propped up yet again last month, when the same *Times* correspondent (writing in *Esquire* during the paper’s recent difficulties) reported that “Le Cygne . . . is currently the best French restaurant in New York,” supporting the renewed ruling with a précis of last December’s article.

If Le Cygne was once arguably—albeit not actually—the best French restaurant in New York, only a rare affection for consistency can explain that finding now.

Le Cygne today is an effort to replicate and perpetuate what it was, whereas really great restaurants are re-created, afresh, every day. At its best the place was full of surprises. It flourished on the constant exercise of imagination. To eat at Le Cygne was to be bedazzled. Every time, just about, no matter how high your expectations, a thing or two would awe you in a way you could not possibly have expected.

It is still impossible to get bad food at Le Cygne. Of a handful of dishes one or two will be spectacular. But it is a rare meal that does not include something ordinary. Le Cygne is a wonderful restaurant—undeniably one of the best in New York—but it is a disservice to the curious, and to the establishment itself, to set up disappoint-



Street scenes: Behind Le Cygne’s ruby banquettes, a handsome blown-up map of Paris.

ment by pretending it is what it was.

You enter to a small anteroom, a five-stool bar to your right, a table of cheeses in their colorful wrappers and boxes on your left, under the broad-leaved tropical greenery at the front window. Serving carts of appetizers or desserts are on display here when they are not being wheeled through the aisles. Opposite the bar hangs an ancient perspective map of Paris. This map, enormously enlarged, has been made into the bold black-and-white paper that covers the walls of the room a few steps farther back—from your table you see rank after rank of houses and churches and palaces, narrow streets and open squares, the Seine and bridges across it, all identified by the old mapmaker’s elegant lettering. The dining room is rimmed by banquettes of ruby velvet, and it is illuminated, gently but brightly, by small shaded sconces and by light that glows around the edges of the lowered ceiling. The room has a few too many tables for its space, but they are of a good size (and the restaurant is not nearly so tightly crowded as, say, La Grenouille). The white-linened tables are set with gleaming china and crystal, and with dense clusters of brilliantly colored flowers. More flowers, in great sprays, are here and there about the room.

The two proprietors are real restaurant people. They seem always to be

present and watching—not in the manner of martinets looking for faults in their staff, but as hosts looking after guests. They are not above pouring wine, taking an order, clearing away used dishes, when the often crowded place is straining its capacity. The busboys, waiters, and captains are alert and polite, and they do their jobs in a way that suggests they consider them important. That is a rarity.

The céleris rémoulade is something of a rarity also, for the julienne celery root is fresh and crunchy, its tangy flavor clear even in this sharp, mustardy sauce. If you ask for the special terrine maison, you are generally awarded a slice of pâté de campagne as well. The latter is strong without being excessively spiced—it has the nice gamy quality of exaggerated meat. But the premium-priced terrine, a truffled core of foie gras surrounded by a forcemeat that is studded with nuts, lacks drama in the contrast between the two components. The dish seems like perfectly decent food that has been pointlessly fancied-up. The house obtains excellent smoked trout—salty, smoky, and strong—and serves it with thick cream that has been sharpened with fresh horseradish. This is an excellent version of a familiar dish, and only a handful of places in New York serve it up this well. You can have littlenecks or oysters on the half shell, and they are in-

variably as sweet and lively as these mollusks ever are, but for the sacrifice of a mere additional \$3, you can have either of them prepared "des Gourmets"—the clams or oysters are baked under a fine-grained mushroom hash, so carefully that the seafood, though warmed through, is as tender as raw clams or oysters can be. The pungent and earthy mushroom flavor is a striking foil to both the briny clams and the sweet, rich oysters—these dishes are still Le Cygne at its best. Naturally there are escargots, made in the usual manner, and though the sauce is powerfully flavored and still subtle, the snails are less than perfectly plump and tender—this dish is the new Le Cygne, good, but no more than that. A sometimes available vol-au-vent of seafood is a lovely little pastry, with scallops, shrimp, and lobster meat in a gentle and buttery sauce—a simple and unimpeachable dish.

But le suprême de bass à l'oseille is flatly uninteresting. The slender serving of fish is rather too browned, the meat a bit dry, but the real disappointment is the sorrel sauce, which is more like a pallid and tepid soup than the concentration of richness and sharp flavor this sauce must be if it is to do much for any fish (Le Cygne at its worst). On the other hand, the minor miracle of Le Cygne's quenelles de brochet seems still to be intact. The huge dumplings, the size of small fists, are fluffy almost to the point of flimsy airiness, and they sparkle with the clear flavor of sweet fish. At lunchtime they are served à l'armoricaine, in a startling sauce that is like honeyed crayfish.

A couple of slightly unfortunate ducks: Both of them are a little overcooked, a little dry, a little stringy. The orange sauce on one is balanced and avoids tasting candied, but it lacks depth or body; the green-pepper sauce on the other is hot and strong and silken, but it cannot undo the coarseness of the bird. The excellent sweetbreads are sliced down to small cutlets and browned so that the extremely rich meat is enveloped in a light, seasoned crust, but they are buried under chanterelles that are almost ruined by an excess of salt.

It is possible that the present kitchen of Le Cygne errs in addressing itself mainly to so-called haute cuisine, for it seems to be better at heartier food. A sometime lunch special of osso buco, no less, is quite possibly a better version of that dish than any New York Italian restaurant has ever served. The meat on the bone is firm and wet and flaky, roasted to a glistening deep ebony brown, and the dark gravy, with wine and mushrooms, is a meaty in-

tensity lightly weighted with fat. A plat du jour of roast lamb that has been marinated in the manner of venison is served with a polished venison sauce that is at once sweet and tart, and garnished with a slightly sweetened purée of chestnuts. Even le tournedos aux cèpes, despite the delicacy of filet mignon, succeeds because it is sturdy. The excellent beef is seared and crusted, and the great chunks of wild mushroom have been sautéed until their fibrousness is rich with the flavor of fat.

The puréed vegetables that accompany most of the main courses are simple and vividly flavored.

The cheeses are varied and ready, including a particularly good Brie. And the bread for your cheese arrives warm.

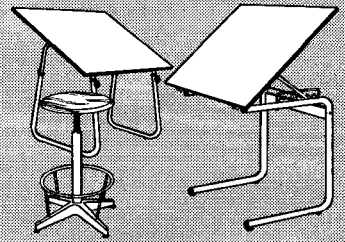
"Soufflés tous parfums" is the familiar legend on the dinner menu, and the soufflés are lofty, browned, airy, and moist. The raspberry soufflé is served with a liquored sauce studded with globules of the fresh berry. But the winner is the calvados soufflé, with a slight taste of tart apple. Its sauce, with crisp slivers of the fruit, is laced with hard brandy, which is stark against the cloudlike dessert. Sometimes there is a cherry clafoutis, an almost custardy cake that is baked with the fruit in it—this is a homey, reassuring kind of dessert. And on occasion there is a strawberry mille-feuille, which is quite the opposite thing—whipped cream and strawberries in among leaves of sugared, flaky pastry. The chocolate mousse is light, intense, and sticky. The frothy mousse of Grand Marnier is lightly liquored and strongly flavored of fresh orange. Both are perfect sweets. If you cannot choose between the mousses, you are served both.

At one time Le Cygne was something of a discovery, and it was frequented by a mixed and casual crowd that came for the good food. Lately the restaurant has been given high marks in the press, which has attracted some stuffier folk. But the original customers still come too, and all that binds this clientele is the wherewithal to eat in the place.

The wine list is extensive, but it has its share of bottles that are not yet ready to drink. The fixed-price lunch and dinner are \$16.75 and \$27.75 respectively, the former a distinct bargain. Many items on both menus, including coffee, carry extra charges. Lunch for two, with a bottle of wine, is around \$60, with tax and tip; dinner, around \$90. Both will be higher with premium-priced items. If you choose well, it is worth the price.

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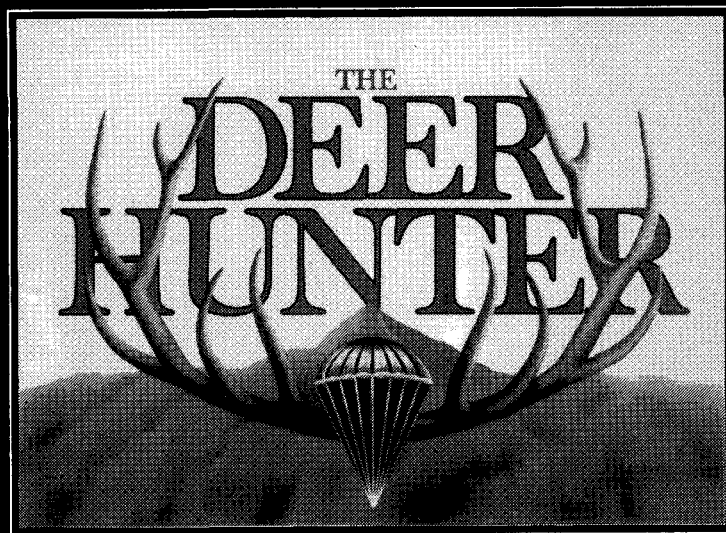
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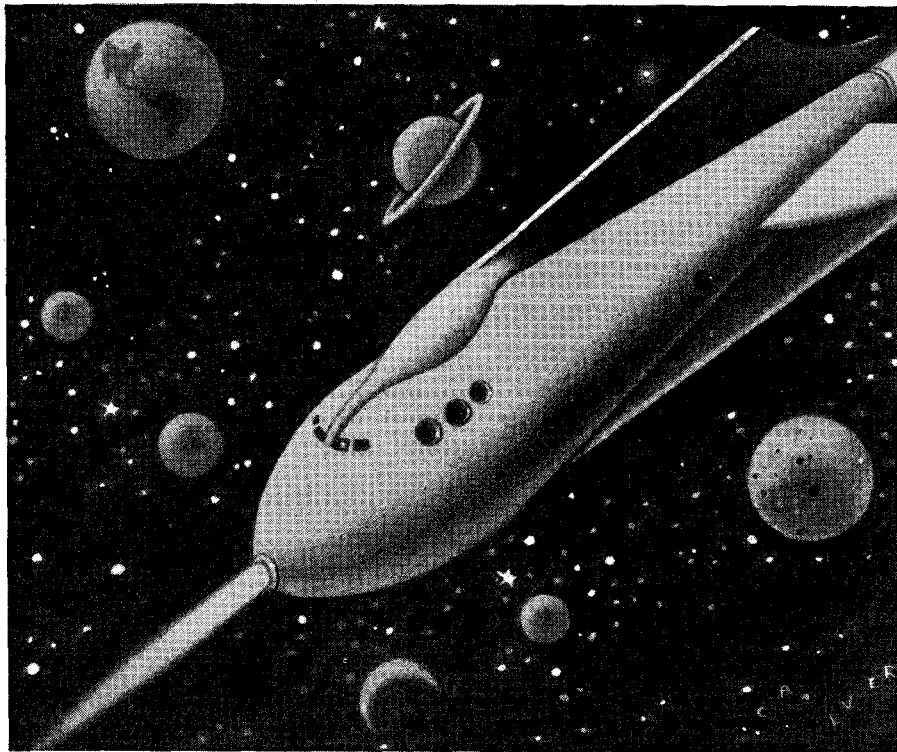
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Books / Timothy Ferris

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

"...The question is not whether we ought to explore our cosmos, but which of many paths to the heavens we ought to follow..."



Spaceships of the Mind, by Nigel Calder. Viking Press, \$14.95.

Messages From the Stars: Communication and Contact With Extraterrestrial Life, by Ian Ridpath. Harper & Row, \$10.

God and the Astronomers, by Robert Jastrow. Norton, \$7.95.

Johannes Kepler predicted in 1610 that spaceflight would prove to be easier than flying through the air, just as blue-water navigation is generally less hazardous than sailing close to shore. The experience of the past 21 years, in which spaceflight has become a reality, suggests that he was right. Exploration of space is relatively safe; astronauts have lived in orbit for months without any serious ill effects. It is efficient; a 747 needs more fuel to fly once around the earth than a spacecraft of the same weight would need to go from Earth orbit to the planet Saturn. And com-

Timothy Ferris is the author of *The Red Limit* and co-author of *Murmurs of Earth: The Story of the Voyager Interstellar Record*.

munications are excellent; existing radio gear could transmit and receive well out into the realm of the stars. The question has become not whether we ought to go on learning about and exploring our cosmic environment, but which of many inviting paths to the heavens we ought to follow.

One school champions what Nigel Calder calls the "big ideas" of technology: space colonies, cities in orbit harboring tens of thousands of permanent space dwellers, interstellar spaceships, and the construction of smart, muscular machines that would build colonies on the moons of Jupiter and Saturn and then hand over the keys to human successors when they arrived. Most of these schemes may never be accomplished, and surely none will be realized exactly as they are now envisioned, but all spring from the same realization—that human life can spread from the planet that gave it birth.

Calder is a veteran British science writer whose earlier books and BBC documentaries include *Violent Universe* and *The Restless Earth*. He man-

ages to sniff out stories with the enthusiasm of a puppy, then write about them with the balance of a jurist. He is particularly well balanced on the subject of space colonies, acknowledging that they may be a good idea but refusing to take up the banner of their most precipitous advocates, some of whom seem to think we must duplicate Marin County in orbit before the turn of the century.

Ian Ridpath writes in *Messages From the Stars* about an idea far less expensive than any of Calder's "big ideas," but potentially just as important—that radio telescopes could be used to listen for messages dispatched long ago across interstellar space by intelligent creatures who live elsewhere in our galaxy. Hundreds of millions of stars lie within the estimated range of our radio equipment. The notion of listening for signs of extraterrestrial intelligence was first proposed twenty years ago, but very little listening has taken place since. Large radio telescopes, built to study the natural radio noise of the cosmos, have been diverted to the search for artificial signals for only a tiny fraction of their time—far too little to tackle the problem seriously.

When Ridpath's book went to press, Congress was being asked for funds to begin a realistic search for extraterrestrial radio signals. Both he and Calder were understandably misled into thinking that the Americans were finally about to start listening in earnest. Instead, the proposal was voted down. Its cost, some \$20 million spread over a period of five years, was so paltry by the standards of the federal government that, as one physicist who advocated the program said, "It didn't seem important enough." The *coup de grace* was administered by Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, who gave the project his Golden Fleece Award for what he considered wasteful government spending. In announcing his opposition, Proxmire remarked that searching for intelligent life elsewhere in the universe was foolish because if any had existed there, it must have died out by now.

As we dip a toe in the cosmic sea, de-

Illustration by Dave Calver

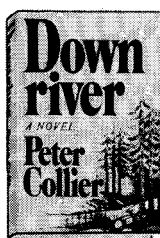
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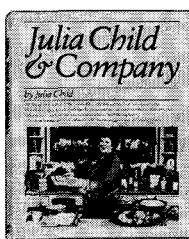
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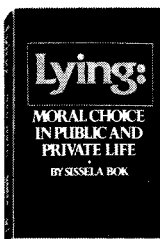
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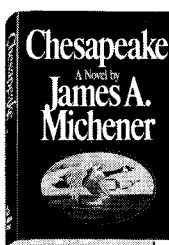
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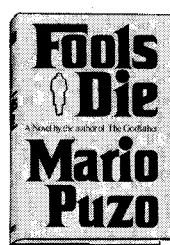
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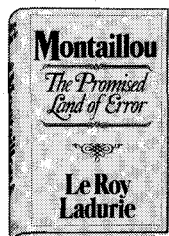
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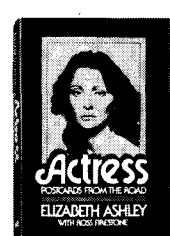
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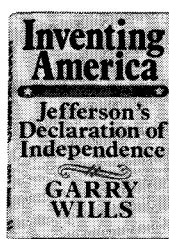
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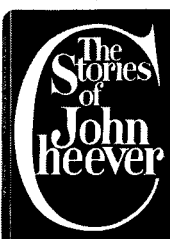
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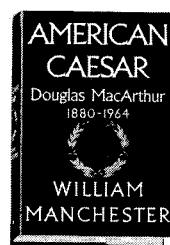
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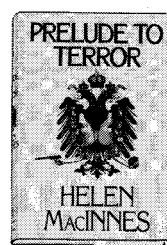
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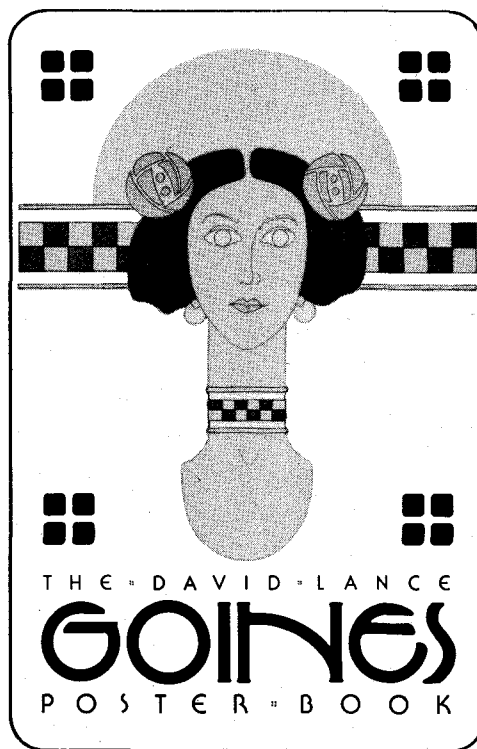
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bating how best to proceed, the one thing we do not need is a high priest to declare that we have understood the secrets of the cosmos all along. The self-satisfied side of mysticism has been hugely popular throughout history. Often it has all but smothered the practitioners of clear thinking. It may do so again. And so it is all the more disturbing to see it championed by a scientist, Robert Jastrow, whose work has a considerable following among non-scientific readers.

In *God and the Astronomers*, Jastrow asserts that the Big Bang Theory—a model that predominates in modern cosmology and holds that the expansion of the universe commenced in a high-energy fireball tens of billions of years ago—vindicates the Bible. Why he should imagine this to be the case is difficult to say. This slim volume offers only a few arguments, and they are breathtakingly unsubstantial. The Book of Genesis says the world had a beginning, and so in a way does the Big Bang Theory. Some astronomers are uncomfortable with religion, and some are uncomfortable with the Big Bang Theory too. These assertions are presented with a breezy self-confidence that may prompt readers unfamiliar with cosmology to imagine that they enjoy broad currency elsewhere than between the ears of Robert Jastrow. If such is the case, Jastrow's book fails to establish it.

The Stories of John Cheever. *Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.*

John Cheever is the Alfred Hitchcock of our letters. His stories begin in settings where cleanliness, decency, and good behavior are taken for granted—the tidy villages of New England, the nice gray apartment houses of the East Side, the prosperous suburb of Shady Hill. Yet before long some bizarre event throws those solid virtues into confusion and reveals the fragility of our assumptions about what is permissible, what is good. A woman's radio somehow picks up the intimate conversations in her building, and what she hears makes her shrink from her smiling neighbors. A child pours her father's gin down the sink, and the misunderstanding that follows brings a stream of curses from the genteel, gray-haired baby-sitter. An investment banker enters his boss's office without knocking, and sees him and a female colleague naked; the banker is mistaken for a deliveryman, his car refuses to start, and, when he reaches home, his own dogs eat him. Cheever's characters, like the woman who keeps a cake of expensive soap in her drawer for fifteen

years, waiting for an important occasion, are weighed down with bad-luck charms, talismans of failure. Just behind the gracious calm, there is lust, deceit, savagery, and the intense pre-occupation with petty vanities that is the mark of desperate men. "They all have a bottle hidden behind the Literary Guild selections and another in the piano bench."

Cheever has no easy contempt, however, for the more obvious ugliness and banality of the American landscape; for him the "ruined tenements, automobile dumps, polluted rivers, jerry-built ranch houses . . . are not, as they might seem to be, the ruins of our civilization but are the temporary encampments and outposts of the civilization that we—you and I—shall build." Along with misery and unreason, he uncovers moments of radiant happiness, as in "The Pot of Gold": "Her smile, her naked shoulders had begun to trouble the indecipherable shapes and symbols that are the touchstones of desire, and the light from the lamp seemed to brighten and give off heat and shed that unaccountable complacency, that benevolence that the spring sunlight brings to all kinds of fatigue and despair." And, in "The Worm in the Apple": "Through the prudence and shrewdness of Helen's broker they got richer and richer and richer and lived happily, happily, happily, happily."

Cheever's main preoccupations, he says in his introduction, are "a love of light and a determination to trace some moral chain of being." Others are the erotic components of everyday things ("The air smelled as if many wonderful girls had just wandered across the lawn") and the confluence of love and pity. He is often witty (imitating the chatter of envious neighbors, he writes, "She was a pretty woman with that striking pallor you so often find in nymphomaniacs"), but he is not good at jokes, and "The Chaste Clarissa," in which a man seduces a stupid girl by telling her she is intelligent, leaves a bad taste. His satirical "O City of Broken Dreams" is merely silly, and his Italians and Irishmen seem to have wandered in from another planet.

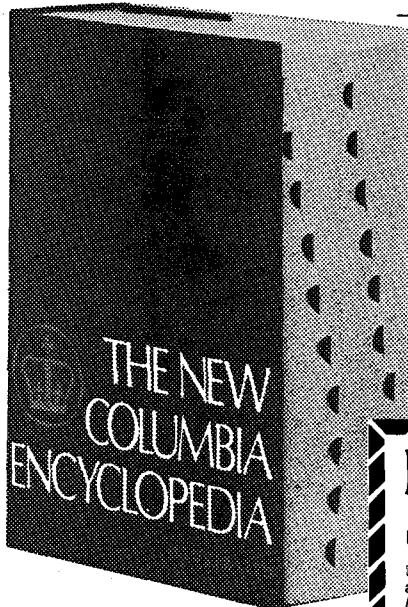
These 61 stories are in large part a catalog of post-war fears and disappointments, yet their effect is not depressing, for they are told with delicacy and compassion. One could say that most of his characters are not distinct personalities, are simply John Cheever over and over again. But then, we sometimes hear the complaint that Greta Garbo and Humphrey Bogart, say, were the same in all their roles—and what, what, what was the matter with that? —Rhoda Koenig

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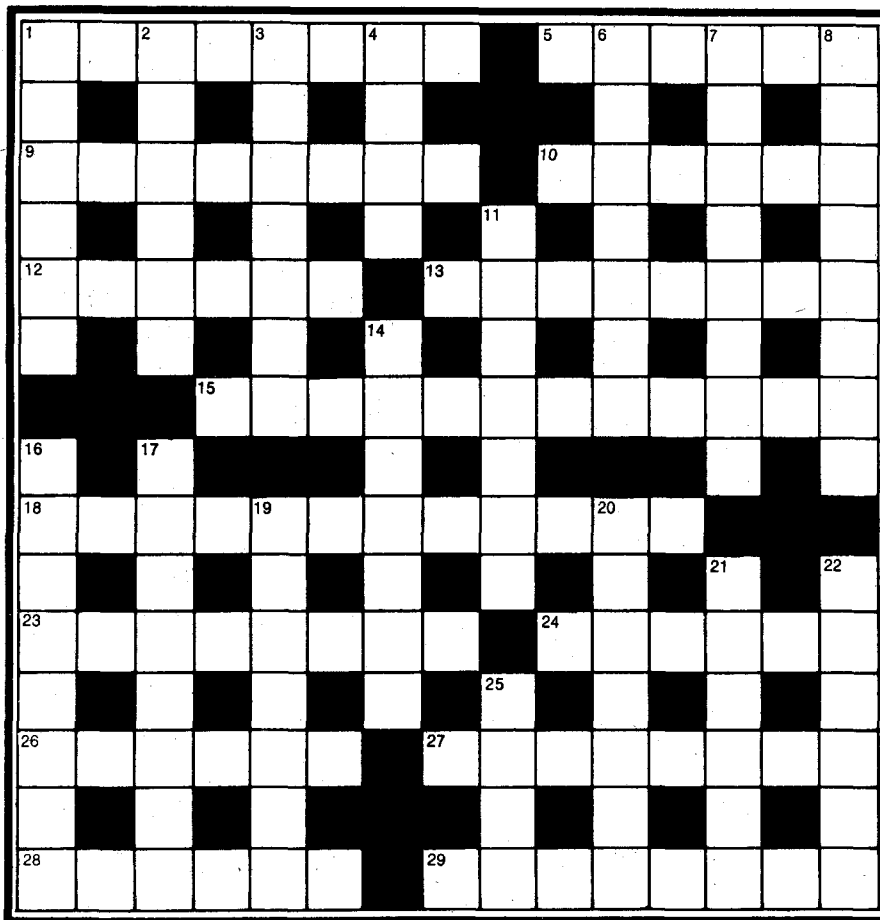
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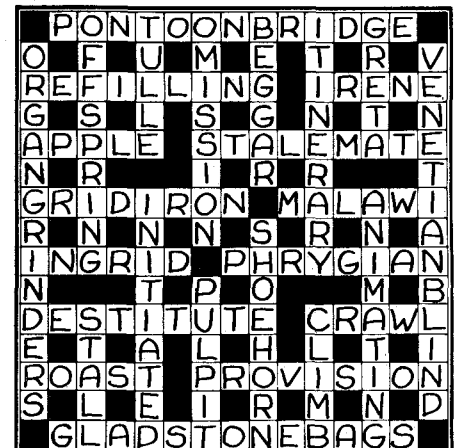
- 1 Gets prepared to shout at golf clubs perhaps? (8)
- 5 Plant of doubly little account, but first-class overturned. (6)
- 9 By the way, egg on swimmer! (8)
- 10 Put everything in favourite bed. (6)
- 12 Rex, though short, makes good counsel. (6)
- 13 Maybe saw letter in a roundabout way. (8)
- 15 Really hard-working ship's cooks in a row? (6-6)

- 18 How various men speak—bad language? (12)
- 23 Assessment of the fisherman's assets? (3, 5)
- 24 Not just an international entertainment. (6)
- 26 Pope's letters—old notes. (6)
- 27 Gray guns arranged in comfortable spot. (8)
- 28 Tries to produce work for one's tutor. (6)
- 29 Take a breather more than once, but still display glaring signs of inebriation. (3, 5)

DOWN

- 1 Not safe with nothing missing, so repair and fix. (6)
- 2 Ruffles hooligans. (6)
- 3 Nation only just getting into the rail age. (7)
- 4 Like Othello, as in one. (4)
- 6 Fortuitous novice in church. (7)
- 7 Childish affair of the leg-fancier? (4-4)
- 8 Seat collapses with danger to star. (8)
- 11 Takes a small part in a carol? (4, 3)
- 14 Timekeeper excited to record a speed. (5, 2)
- 16 Word of approval, fit for the docile. (8)
- 17 Apartment going to your head? Such monotony! (8)
- 19 Sliced pear in dry storage—but surely this isn't green-grocer's stuff? (7)
- 20 Old horse in midday setting cuts a strange figure. (7)
- 21 Use your pay right inside for making bets. (6)
- 22 Ilium taking different directions in France. (6)
- 25 Fairy-tale beginning. (4)

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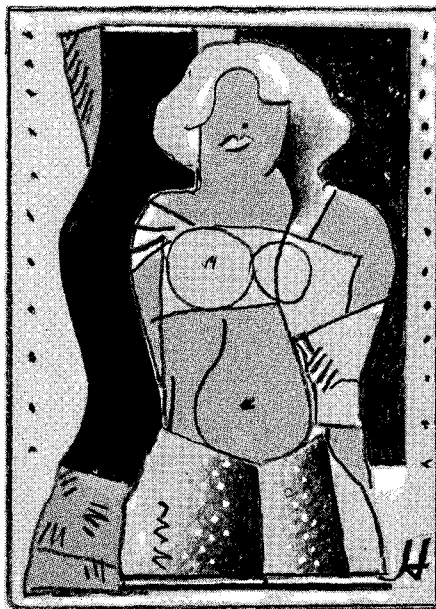
WELL, MAYBE MOLYBDENUM

“... In *Platinum*, Alexis Smith exudes grace and sexiness in equal measure, but the cast ranges from uninspired to disastrous ...”

The only thing that is platinum about *Platinum* is Alexis Smith, who acts with great poise and style, and exudes in equal measure grace and sexiness. She can also sing and dance adequately, and when her material is good—as it distinctly is not here—she can invest it with a fastidiously muted radiance, a sort of elegance of spirit that may well be the equal of all but the most consummate technique. Still, during the scenes when she is not visibly embarrassed, she is able to do quite a bit even for this show.

Miss Smith plays Lila Halliday, a star of movie musicals of the forties and fifties, who, sick of touring the hinterlands in *Mame* and *Hello, Dolly!*, tries for a comeback with a pop single that Jeff Leff, the boy millionaire who owns Platinum Records, will let her cut, for reasons that, like so much else in the book by Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch, remain nebulous. But Lila is unable to cut the disco mustard (I hope that my metaphor is sufficiently distasteful), and is about to go back to doing *Mame* in Ohio (which, on balance, seems preferable to doing *Platinum* on Broadway), when in come Dan Danger, a glitter-rock star who, at age 31 and as number 29 on the charts, feels justly insecure and slipping; and his twentyish girl friend, Crystal, number four on the charts and climbing fast. From his late-night TV-watching in countless hotel rooms, Dan has become a Halliday freak, and offers to write a hit single for Lila, whom he promptly embraces both artistically and physically. And so the cliché backstage musical, here turned into a recording-studio musical, burgeons into a cliché May-December romance, only with the roles, according to the current fashion, reversed.

That all this is old hat might not matter if the hat were worn with a stylish difference. But only rarely can Will Holt, either as librettist or as lyricist, lift himself from the depths of banality to the heights of triviality. The usual level is repartee like “You’ve been on the road?” “My dear, I *am* the road” or exclamations like “Mother of Gucci!” When a better line comes along



(like a young rock-and-movie addict's answer to the question “Ever heard of World War II?” “Yeah, that’s my favorite!”), it sticks out like a healthy thumb from a hand afflicted with advanced leprosy. Will Holt’s work has always struck me as marred by a spineless sentimentality and lack of invention, even back in his old cabaret days when he was reducing Kurt Weill songs to mush with his renditions. Under the circumstances, it may seem supererogatory to carp at Holt’s use of “nauseous” for “nauseated,” and his casual reference to Daumier portraits, which must be even rarer than good lines in *Platinum*.

This kind of show needs, of course, a bittersweet ending, but seldom has a less likely-looking bittersweetness been dragged in, kicking and screaming, from the depths of the improbable. The contrast between the musical worlds of the hero and heroine is another device, meant to provide the composer, Gary William Friedman, with the opportunity to write in both new and nostalgic idioms; but, though Friedman has displayed talent on previous occasions, this score, except for an opening number that is both pert and rousing, proves disappointing, perhaps because the lyrics supply insufficient challenge.

The cast around Miss Smith ranges from uninspired to disastrous. As Dan Danger, Richard Cox has the elongated, undernourished physique and plebeian features that characterize so many of rock’s glittering lumpenproles, but none of their demonic energy, animal magnetism, or even obscene fascination, which might account for Lila’s, or anyone else’s, prolonged interest. At that, he is preferable to Lisa Mordente as Crystal, the rising rock star, who, except for the undeniable ability to outstrut a bantam rooster, gives off worse vibes than a buzz saw. Whether or not she was born in a trunk, as the program notes claim, she was clearly raised in, and molded by, a hatbox. And as if Cox and Box were not bad enough, we must also contend with a back-up group consisting of Damita Jo Freeman, Robin Grean, and Avery Sommers, whose acting and singing should get anybody’s back up. However, the fairly loathsome role of the baby tycoon at least doesn’t break Stanley Kamel’s back.

David Hays has designed a Hollywood “environmental recording studio” that is brashly metallic enough, but as little fun to look at as it must be to dance on; and although John Gleason’s lighting is appropriately maniacal, it is, perhaps unavoidably, not easy on the eye. Bob Mackie’s costumes, though a little short on satirical inventiveness, are wonderfully slinky and seductive when that is what is called for. Joe Layton’s direction and choreography are exactly what the show merits, but someone had better hurry up and give Miss Smith the vehicle she deserves: In a musical theater so full of unsightly hysterics her cool charm is a badly needed antidote.

By a regrettable oversight, I did not get to the limited engagement of Sam Shepard’s *Buried Child* until its penultimate performance. This is the best Shepard play I have seen in some time (though I cannot claim to have kept up with this author’s prolific, indeed ubiquitous, output), which means that it is powerful, obsessive stuff, intensely theatrical, not always disciplined but

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always wildly poetic, full of stage images and utterances replete with insidious suggestiveness even if they don't yield unequivocal meanings. This tale of a silent-American farm family that seems to go crazier by the minute—but with a crazedness containing both sardonic bite and the gift of holy terror—bears some resemblance to Pinter's *The Homecoming*, which, in my estimation, it far surpasses.

Here, as in other Shepard works, the effect is rather as if Pieter Bruegel and Hieronymus Bosch had set about improving a Grant Wood canvas, until rustic creepiness grew into manic vitality and visionary madness. The one sane outsider who wanders into the familial, do-it-yourself inferno in which the action is laid is helplessly torn between acute, incredulous fascination and the fearful need to run for the sake of her sanity, indeed life. This young woman, who thinks she has seen everything until she meets up, on an Illinois farm, with a rampaging dementia as folksy as homemade ice cream, was beautifully played by Mary McDonnell, with a tremulous mixture of bravado and vulnerability that gradually acquired the strength of desperation.

There were other very fine performances, notably by Richard Hamilton and Tom Noonan, in this Theater for the New City production, expertly directed by Robert Woodruff, and lavishly mounted by Off-Off Broadway standards, what with costly onstage destruction and huge heaps of carrots to be sliced and corn to be husked at every performance. Could it be that the show, which had been doing land-office business, was forced to close because the season for fresh corn was over? In any case, I shall long remember the slightly surreal images and out-of-sync dialogue that nevertheless conveyed accurately the calcification of feelings and the terrible rock slides in the brain.

Eminently forgettable, however, is **The Tennis Game**, written by George W. S. Trow, and directed and designed by Timothy S. Mayer, chaps with more middle initials than talent. This piece of pretentious claptrap purports to render our twentieth-century social history as centering on changing attitudes toward tennis, though for all the use that is made of that image, it might as well have been radish growing or pick-up sticks. It is all plotless, unfocused Gertrude Steinian verbiage, indiscriminately slung about by unfunny grotesques. Among the cast, only the gleamingly comic Karen Ludwig is able to rise above her material; among those unable to do so, only Leora Dana deserves our sympathy.

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Dansk warehouse sale—Over the Thanksgiving weekend, if you take a ride up to Mt. Kisco you will find a lot of famous well-designed Dansk kitchen, serving, accessory, and gift pieces, seconds, closeouts, and discontinued items, at hefty savings. Examples: first-quality discontinued teak carving boards, rectangular with deep wells, were \$46.95, now \$25; 13-in. teak cheese boards, with holes for hanging, were \$13.95, now \$6; teak bar boards, each with a knife, were \$19.95, now \$6; Statement-pattern porcelain, was \$32.95 for a perfect five-piece place setting, is \$15 here for seconds; bar glasses in two patterns—Gustav and Silhouette—regularly \$3.65—\$4 apiece for first-quality, here \$2—\$2.25 for seconds. Also available will be Købenstyle cookware, Generation stoneware, hurricane lamps, and lots more. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. Take the Saw Mill River Parkway to the Kisco Ave. exit. *Dansk Warehouse, 275 Kisco Ave., Mt. Kisco (914 666-2121); Fri. 8 a.m.—6 p.m., Sat. 8:30 a.m.—6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.—5 p.m.; 11/24–26 only.*

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Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.

Audio and video—Capital would like to capture some of your Christmas money and is therefore lowering its already discounted prices on a number of its most popular items. We won't give you list prices, as these are increasingly meaningless, but here are the bottom-line figures: JVC two-hour video recorders, HR-3600, \$849; JVC two-hour video recorders, HR-3300, \$679; 19-in. Sony Trinitron-Plus TV's, KV-1922, \$439.95. Sony AM-FM clock radios: ICP-310, \$24; ICP-820, \$58.35. Panasonic RC-6035 clock radios, \$24.99; Sharp EL-8145 business-card-size calculators, \$26; Canon desk calculators, use standard paper and also give digital readout, \$65; Pioneer KP-4000 AM-FM stereo cassette players, for automobiles, \$125; Sony Betamax, use two- and three-hour tapes, \$819. Checks accepted; no credit cards; refunds and exchanges possible. *Capital Audio Electronics, Inc., 161 West 44th St. (354-4760); Mon.–Thurs. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Fri. till 2 p.m.; through 12/22.*

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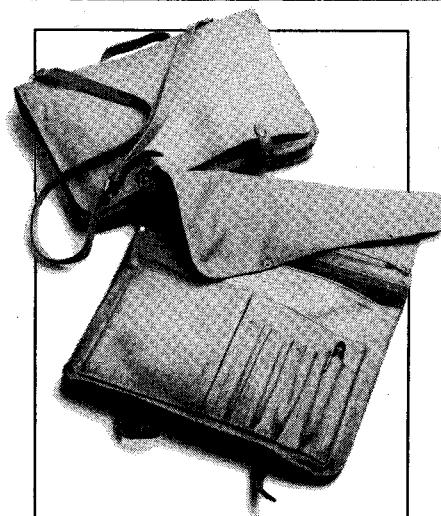
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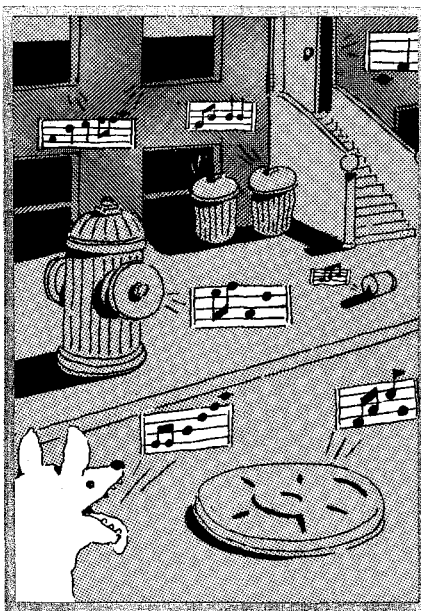
MISHEGOSS IN MICHIGAN, OR GRAY LIB COMES TO DETROIT

"... For once, I would have liked to spend more time there, in a city made suddenly, if temporarily, lovely by Franz Schubert ..."

One thinks of Detroit, if at all, as the paradigmatically (wow) gray American metropolis. And with reason; the grayness of Detroit becomes more a state of mind than merely a color. Its sports teams play a gray kind of game; its symphony orchestra makes a gray kind of sound; the lobby of its newest showplace, the Detroit Plaza Hotel, is the ultimate celebration of grayness, sheathed in that unfinished concrete for which the soul of Le Corbusier must endure eternal gray damnation.

Yet, Detroit this month was the scene of an outpouring of gray pride, in the form of a fortnight of Schubert celebration as vast, surely, as any in the world in this anniversary year. A scholarly congress was held, to which international authorities were bidden; fourteen concerts were given in the city's several halls—songs, chamber music, orchestral and choral concerts, solo recitals. Schubert's music was presented in context, conjoined with works of his predecessors and contemporaries, and also with some other music which traced the persistence of his spirit practically until our own time. I would have liked to have spent more time there, in that city suddenly (if temporarily) rendered lovely by its music; I did arrive for the climactic event, a virtually complete concert performance of Schubert's three-act opera *Alfonso und Estrella*. It was the first professional reading of this music in the United States, a joy and a revelation.

The opera was composed in 1821 and 1822, making it roughly contemporaneous with the two unfinished symphonies (the familiar B minor and the E major full sketch) and the *Wanderer Fantasy*. The text was by Franz von Schober, whom we most honor as the author of the poems for "An die Musik" and the delicious quasi-operatic *Terzett* called "Der Hochzeitsbraten." The current cliché is to pronounce Schubert's operas unmountable because of their absurd plots, and Schober's text does nothing to refute that belief. It is set in a never-never medieval Spain (the kingdom of Leon, as in Ponce de) and is a turgid, insanely complex folderol involving a deposed



king, a double-dealing villainous knight, a pair of pure lovers from opposite sides of the conflict, and a usurper whose heart turns to pabulum when confronted by his old enemy. Nonsense and unreason ride rampant, although neither plot nor language is any worse than those of Weber's *Euryanthe* or Rossini's *Tancredi*; this was the time, after all, of Ossian and his playfellows, and such epic mush was apparently much loved in some quarters.

Yet, *Alfonso und Estrella* was not given during Schubert's time, and the score joined the company of other manuscripts that were to gather dust for decades after his death. It was first performed, much abridged, under Franz Liszt's direction, in Weimar in 1854, and again fared badly after that time. In modern times, it was broadcast in Italian by the Italian Radio in 1957—that performance is still available on one or another pirate record label—and staged at Edinburgh in 1968.

This spotty history becomes somewhat incredible when considered against the worth of the score, which is astoundingly high. Perhaps Schubert, in his operatic music, did lack the power of dramatic propulsion of, say, Weber. (Heinrich Kreissle von Heilborn, in his 1865 biography of Schu-

bert, records an amusing exchange in which Schubert and Weber swapped insults as to the relative merits of *Alfonso* and *Euryanthe*.) But in Detroit I heard nearly three hours of radiantly beautiful music: ensembles, arias, and recitatives, sublimely fashioned, and with a panoply of orchestral usage that in itself illuminated facets of Schubert's art I had never before realized. His use of the clarinet, for example, as the most "human" of orchestral instruments and, thus, as intermediary between singer and ensemble, rivals Mozart's. There is, to begin the second act, a bardic ballad for the deposed king, in which the harp is brought into the ensemble this one time, and your jaw just drops at the sheer magnificence of it all. (An accompaniment figure in this song showed up later, in "Täuschung" from *Die Winterreise*.) Just before this, as the finale to the first act, there is a trio leading to chorus, voices and orchestra gloriously intertwined in a sublime flood of melody; surely this one moment established by itself the level of dramatic writing Schubert could attain when so moved.

What can be done to redeem such valuable, stirring, magnificent music? Perhaps it could be decked out with an entirely new book—as Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* was treated by Victorians who found da Ponte's text too lascivious. But that would deprive us of Schubert's uncanny power to find the right music for poetry of any level of quality. Perhaps a concert performance, like that in Detroit, is the best answer; surely, a recording is urgently needed. There is still too little of Schubert's operatic music on records—a couple of his lightweight *Singspiels*, and one or two discs of excerpts.

The Detroit performance was, for the most part, admirable. Antal Dorati, whom I have always regarded as a particularly gray conductor, got from his orchestra some very edgy, uninflected playing; the overture, which is fairly familiar, was much brutalized. But the soloists were excellent, particularly Elisabeth Söderström, the *Estrella*, and Peter Lager as the mean knight Adolfo. As Alfonso, the young tenor

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Curtis Rayam (who had sung the lead in the Houston Opera's *Treemonisha*) was also outstandingly good, aside from some insecurity in German diction.

Dorati has now had the Detroit Symphony for over a year. It is not a first-class orchestra—nor could it be, when its best players must surely want to move up the cultural ladder. It is stuck with an awful hall, another of those all-purpose civic auditoriums in which nothing can ever sound really good, and ugly even of its kind. The crowd was small, and people I talked to at the party afterward seemed uncommonly frank (i.e., pessimistic) about the city's cultural future. Yet, Dorati deserves points for putting together this year's Schubert celebration; if Detroit flops off the cultural map, it won't be for lack of trying.

Two events recently in Tully Hall cast some interesting light on the current resurgence of chamber music in New York. The opening concert of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center drew a capacity crowd, a large part of it young; the first night of Music From Marlboro drew another large crowd, almost all of it elderly, much of it German-speaking—the old New York chamber-music audience, in other words. Why this should be, I don't know; certainly Marlboro in the summertime is a young place.

Moreover, it was at the Marlboro concert that I heard a superior level of playing: a quartet with Bruno Canino, pianist, and three young string players, Mitchell Stern, Sarah Clarke, and Jerry Grossman, in the most elegant, sensible, and witty reading of Fauré's C minor Quartet I have ever heard, and, by Grossman and Canino, a loving revelation of an early Janáček work for cello and piano called *Pohádka*, full of that composer's warm-hearted wit.

The Chamber Music Society concert was fine but strangely suggestive of the dangers of pulling together groups for one performance at a time. This was evident, for example, in the wondrous G minor Quintet of Mozart, played by three members of the society plus two outsiders, and played in such a way (inconsistencies in the voicing of sforzandos in the Menuetto, and in the slow introduction to the finale) that one had to miss the single voice and mind of chamber groups that stay together and play together week to week and year to year. The program also included a new work, William Schuman's *In Sweet Music*, a setting for singer and instruments of Shakespeare's "Orpheus and His Lute," nicely sung by Jan de Gaetani but of no musical profile or consequence whatever.

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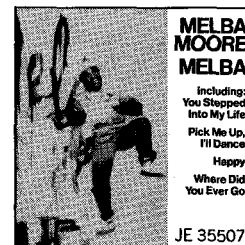


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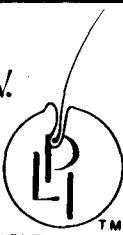
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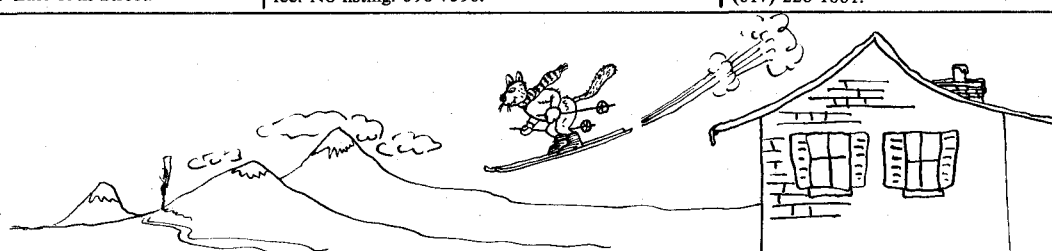
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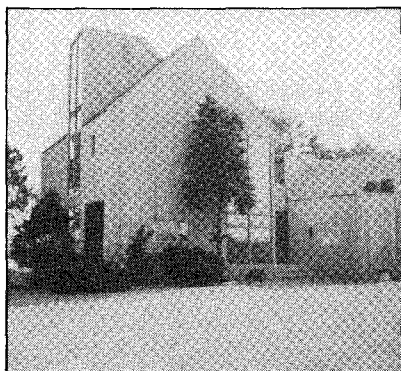
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Above, extracts from our business-better directory. Competitors are invited to supply one new name by means of which a stodgy image, corporate or otherwise, may be changed.

Results of Competition 333, in which you were asked to supply a definition for a mangled or near-miss aphorism.

Report: Advance your token to the nearest utility. Yes. Well, despite some confusion with fractured definitions, arbitrary rhymes, and/or forced spoonerisms, a homogeneous group. Thus, difficult to single out winners. This report may be kept until needed or sold. I mean, don't they all sound alike after a while? How would you list the repeats? This is how I do it. The repeats: IN THE STILL OF THE KNIGHT. YANGTZE DOODLE. O TEMPURA, O MORAYS. TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD. SOME DAY MY PRINTS WILL COME. INGOT WE TRUST. FOR MANY ARE COLD BUT FEW ARE FROZEN. What with homogeneity and all, no prizes this time, but you have been elected chairman of the board. Pay each player fifty dollars.

Thanks and honorable mention to all:

VLAD IS THICKER THAN WOJTYLA—comment on pope's report card.
Rob Cassie, Old Saybrook, Conn.

THE REST IS ISLANDS—motto, Aleutian Tourist Council.
D. Mamet, NYC

HABEMUS POPEYE—Olive Oyl's wedding announcement.
Jan Leighton, NYC
sp. mention: Fran Ross, NYC

EINE KLEINE NICHTMUSIK—least appealing Mozart opus.
Nick Skedgell, NYC

HAL GREEN WAS MY VALET—book title.
C. Z. Gregory Sr., Towson, Md.

THE WIZARD OF ODDS—Jimmy the Greek.
James N. McNash M.D., East Point, Ga.

HERE'S LOOKING AT EUCLID—geometry test widely used in Casablanca.
Linda Tremont, Brighton, Mass.
similarly: Miles Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.

ALL HOPI FAMILIES ARE ALIKE—from annual report, Bureau of Indian Affairs.
Alice Wofford, Port Washington, N.Y.

TRANSOM DENTAL MEDICATION—toothache remedy sold door to door.
Albert G. Miller, NYC

PLAY ACCORDIAN TO HOYLE—Lawrence Welk's all-request program.
Tom Hudson, Ashland, Ore.

NO MANNERS IN IRELAND—cause of IRA troubles.
Walter Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

ONE SIS NOT AN OAF—Marie Osmond.
Jack Paul, Brooklyn

WADING FOR GOOD DOUGH—play about successful bathing beauty.
Beatrice Malon, Rego Park, N.Y.

I AM NOT A CROAK—frog prince to his subjects.
Irene Barrett, Huntington Station, N.Y.

A SITE FOR SOUR RYES—Levy's bakery.
Vic Goldfarb, Brooklyn

NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCO TENT—Steve Rubell upon the opening of Studio 55.
similarly: David E. Diener, Irvington, N.Y.;
Ross Allen, Bloomington, Ind.

SEVENTH AVENUE ADVENTISTS—worshippers of Sanforizing.
Charlie Laiken, NYC

EVELYN READ'S WOODING SCHOOL—speed forestry.
Georgeann Rogers, NYC

THANK YOU, PAYNE WHITNEY—greeting card from Hoffmann-La Roche.
Penny Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

ALL CHEFS AND NO INDIANS, or *Who's Killing the Great Chiefs of Europe?*
Andrew Mezzetti, Flushing Meadows, N.Y.

JE PENTAX DONC JE SUIS—I think therefore I am a camera.
Lewis Terman, South Salem, N.Y.
sp. mention: E. G. Radick, Mercerville, N.J.

KNEE BONE SCHENECTADY THIGH BONE—upstate discotheque.
Janet Lemkau, Plandome, N.Y.

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER KARPOV-KORCHNOI—slogan, International Chess Federation.
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

THE STORY OF O-NEGATIVE—domination and submission in a big-city hospital.
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

THEY ALSO SURF WHO ONLY STAND AND WADE—Milton's Sonnet XV, "On Life-guarding."
Michael B. Kirschen, Rochester, N.Y.

THERE'S A SACHER BORN EVERY MINUTE—sign in Viennese bakery.
Art Finley, San Francisco, Calif.
sp. mention: Tony Angell, Greenville, R.I.

THE WHOLE KITTEN CABOODLE—cat adoption agency.
Abigail Burnham, NYC

EMINENT PTOMAINÉ—the right of some foods to bypass others in the digestive system.
B. Kemler, Brookline, Mass.

MARVIN'S GARDEN—home of the New York Knicks.
Stephen Solomon, NYC

GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEM ELVES—leprechaun adage.
Wendy S. Ellner, Richland, Wash.

N'EXPECTRE DE LA ROSE—no spitting on third base.
J. Kimmel, NYC

I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE, SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU'RE NUURMI—Olympic torch song.
Judith Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

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tant college.

Debbie Bennett, Washington, D.C.

FOE DE MIEUX—a bowwow.

John D. Rockwell, NYC

THESE ARE THE SOULS THAT TIME MEN'S
TRIES—officials at a track meet.

David Zinman, Point Lookout, N.Y.

SEATED ONE DAY ON THE ORGAN, I WAS
WEARY AND ILL AT EASE—the monkey's
lament.

Oliver M. Neshamkin M.D., NYC

GOD'S LITTLE ACHER—the hypochondriac
nun.

Martha McDaniel, Little Rock, Ark.

OH, GUARD—new film by Patty Hearst and
Susan Ford.

Karl Levett, NYC

DRAT THE SEIGNEUR—peasants' rallying
cry, with "Serf's up!"

William Buckley, St. Petersburg, Fla.

THE TENNESSEE WALLS—Memphis prison.
Lawrence Greene, Sayville, N.Y.

THERE'S NO FUEL LIKE AN OLD FUEL—sign
in Arab sheikh's palazzo.

Mrs. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

TIMEO DAN AOS AT DONNA FERENTES—
wanted poster in the Lesser Antilles.

Wm. J. O'Malley S.J., Rochester, N.Y.

LAUGH INN—sequel to Fawltly Towers.

Cookie Gray, Closter, N.J.

RENDER UNTO SEIZERS—motto of Gomor-
rah Friendly Loan and Repossession Com-
pany.

John W. Shipley, Cambridge, Mass.

POST HOC ERIGO PROPER HOCK—Lucrezia
Borgia, on sipping the wrong glass of
Rhine wine.

James Fechheimer, Glen Head, N.Y.

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODWRENCH—film in
which a lonely woman seeks love in East
Side plumbing houses.

Jane Fuerst, NYC

Contest Rules: One entry should be sent to
Competition Number 336, New York Magazine,
755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It
must be received by December 1. Editor's de-
cisions are final and all entries become the prop-
erty of New York. First-prize winners will receive
two-year subscriptions to New York, and runners-
up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results
and winners' names will appear in the issue of
January 8. Out-of-town postmarks are given
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December 1 catalogue \$7 sale no. 4187

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December 2 catalogue \$6 sale no. 4190

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December 6 catalogue \$5 sale no. 4191

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TEN MEMORABLE CURTAIN CALLS

"...When a lout threw Maria Callas a dozen radishes at a curtain call for *Norma*, she graciously accepted them as tea roses..."

Curtain calls have a way of bringing out the best and the worst in an audience, and New Yorkers are known for being one of the toughest. Listed below are some of the more unusual curtain calls in the city's theatrical history. For those who have felt the bite behind the roar of the crowd, it is best to remember George Bernard Shaw's retort to one heckler who hissed at him during a curtain call: "I quite agree with you, sir, but what can two do against so many?"

1. **Sarah Bernhardt, December 4, 1880**, at Booth's Theatre, received 17 calls after the third act of *La Dame aux Camélias* and 29 after the fifth act. "The play had lasted an hour longer than usual," the divine one later recalled, "and I was half dead with fatigue." A crowd of 50,000 waited outside in the winter cold.

2. **Vaslav Nijinsky, April 12, 1916**, at the Metropolitan Opera House, was greeted upon his American debut with a standing ovation, fifteen curtain calls, and a shower of rose petals. The ballet: *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

3. **Amelita Galli-Curci, February 2, 1922**, also at the Met, garnered so many curtain calls after a performance in *La Traviata* that the management feared the house would never empty. In desperation an upright piano was pushed onto the stage, and, to everyone's delight, Galli-Curci accompanied herself in an impromptu recital of such old favorites as "Home, Sweet Home."

4. "**Arsenic and Old Lace**," opening January 10, 1941, at the Fulton Theatre, included in its cast a dozen actors who did nothing but take curtain



Most striking pose: Sarah Bernhardt accepting ovation.

calls during the play's 1,444 Broadway performances. They were supposedly the bodies buried in the cellar.

5. "**Harvey**," opening November 1, 1944, at the 48th Street Theatre, continued the vogue of commedia del

l'arte one better by granting a curtain call to absolutely no one at all. Or, depending upon your state of mind, the invisible rabbit, Harvey.

6. **Maria Callas, November 3, 1956**, at the Metropolitan Opera, was so nearsighted that when a lout threw her

a dozen radishes at a curtain call after *Norma* she graciously accepted them as a bouquet of tea roses.

7. **Leonie Rysanek, February 15, 1964**, at the Metropolitan Opera, took what must be considered the city's bravest bows. Harassed by telephoned death threats, the soprano refused to cancel her performance in *Otello*, and during a solo curtain call she lectured the audience on manners in the opera house.

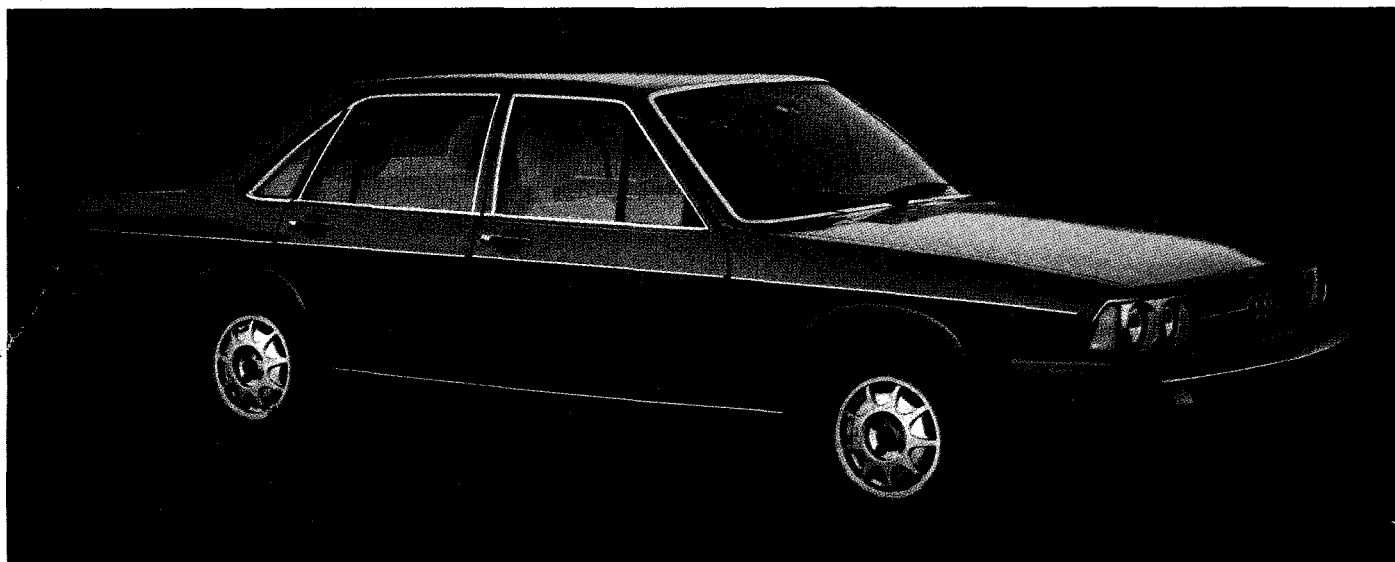
8. **The Living Theater, October 2 through 21, 1968**, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, extended its aesthetic of audience participation right down to the curtain calls. Theatergoers attending *Frankenstein* and *Paradise Now* were invited to strip and join the actors onstage for a grand finale.

9. **Natalia Makarova, August 7, 1973**, at the New York State Theater, only days after vowing that she would never dance with Nureyev again, found the Russian danseur's fans out in force to greet her performance in *Swan Lake* with boos, whistles, catcalls, and horns. By the ballet's end, however, she had scored a standing ovation and was stormed with confetti. She will dance with Nureyev in Paris next month.

10. **Nicol Williamson, May 12, 1976**, at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, slapped chorus dancer Jim Litten at a curtain call for the short-lived musical *Rex*. Williamson had taken Litten's innocent remark "That's a wrap!" for an insult. This was the same volatile Nicol who years earlier had pushed producer David Merrick into a garbage can, but not during a curtain call.

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